

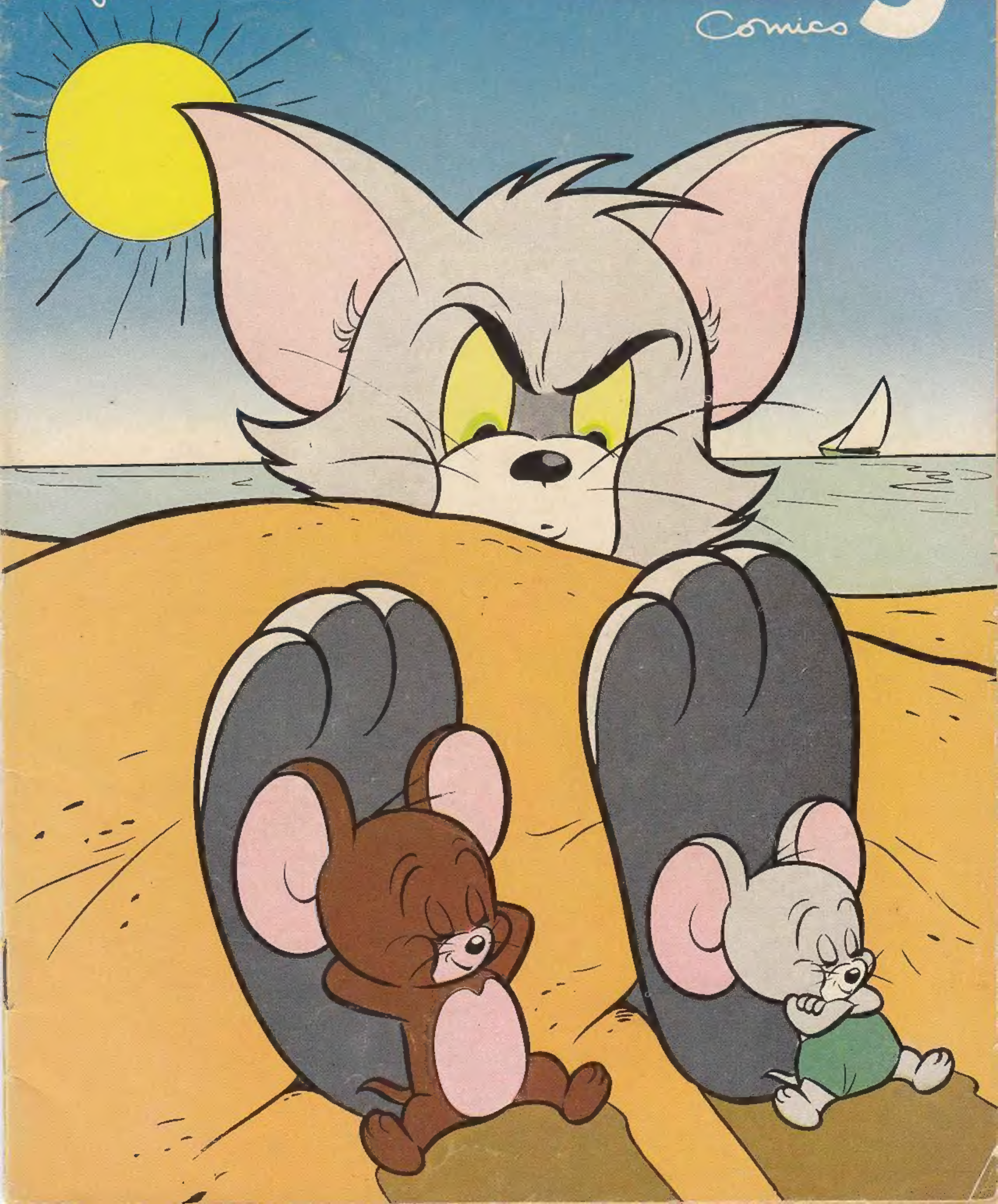
DELL

JULY 10¢

M.G.M.'s

Tom and Jerry

Comics



Little Red and the Crazy Mixed-Up Wolf

(1957 Version)

Once upon a time a hep chick



(called "Red" for short)

was walking through the woods to her grandmother's



ranch

house. Red was taking her a carton of 7-Up. (Hep grandmas would rather

get 7-Up



than anything else!) When Red got to her grandmother's,

Granny was sitting in her Hollywood bed



looking very strange

indeed. But Red was a hep chick—not a dumb bunny. "You're not Granny,

you're just a wolf!" she said. "Where's dear old Granny, anyway?" "Aw shucks,"

said the wolf, blushing, "I locked her in the closet



so I could

drink her 7-Up!" "Don't be a crazy mixed-up wolf! Let her out and

you can both have some!" said Red. "Yes ma'am." said the wolf.

And they all drank 7-Up happily ever after.



MORAL: When you're thirsty as a wolf, have the *real* thirst-quencher. But you don't have to lock people in closets to get it! You can get all you want at the store.

Copyright 1957
by The Seven-Up Company

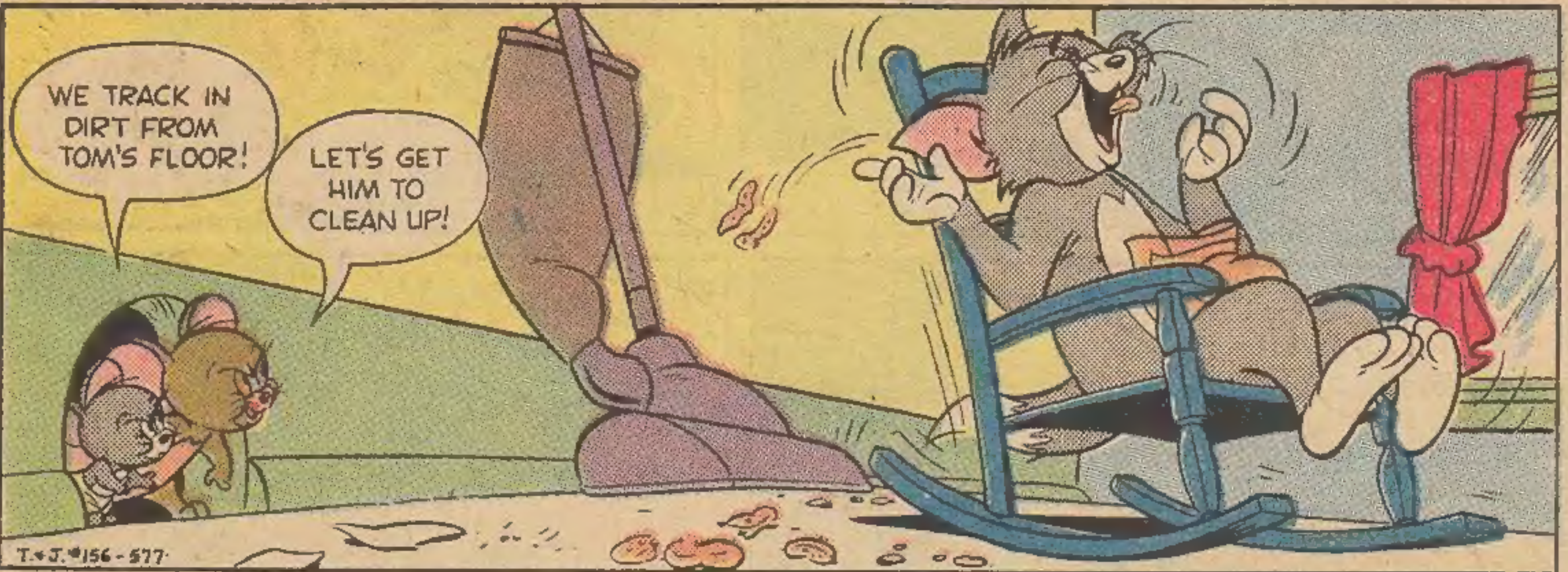
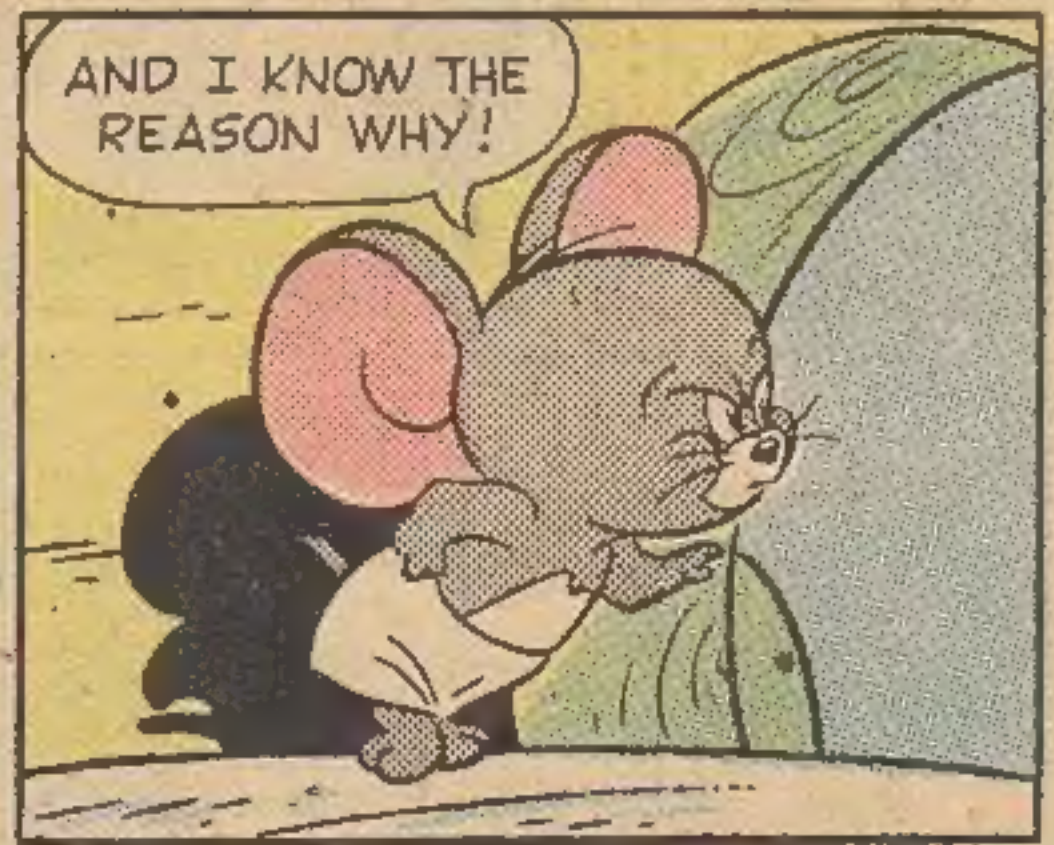
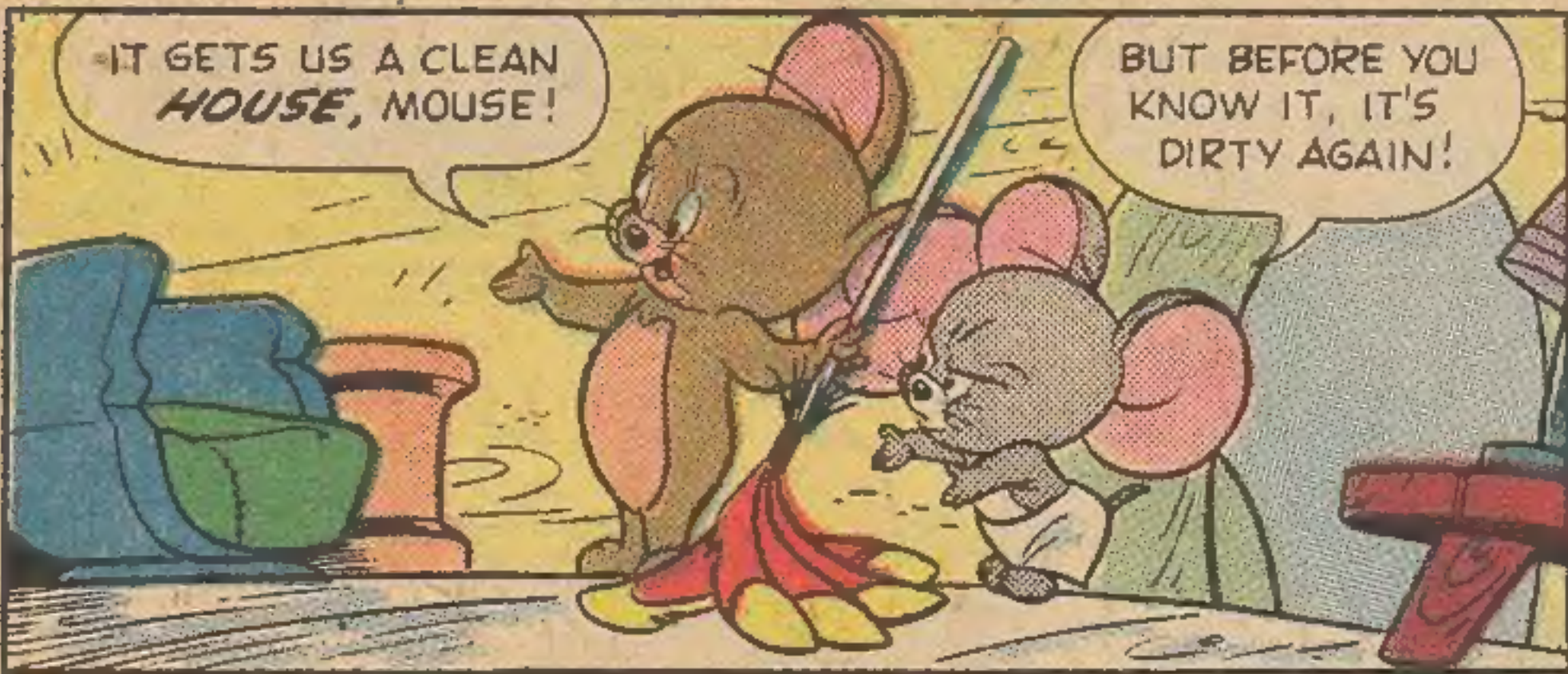


Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

M-G-M CARTOONS

Present

TOM and JERRY

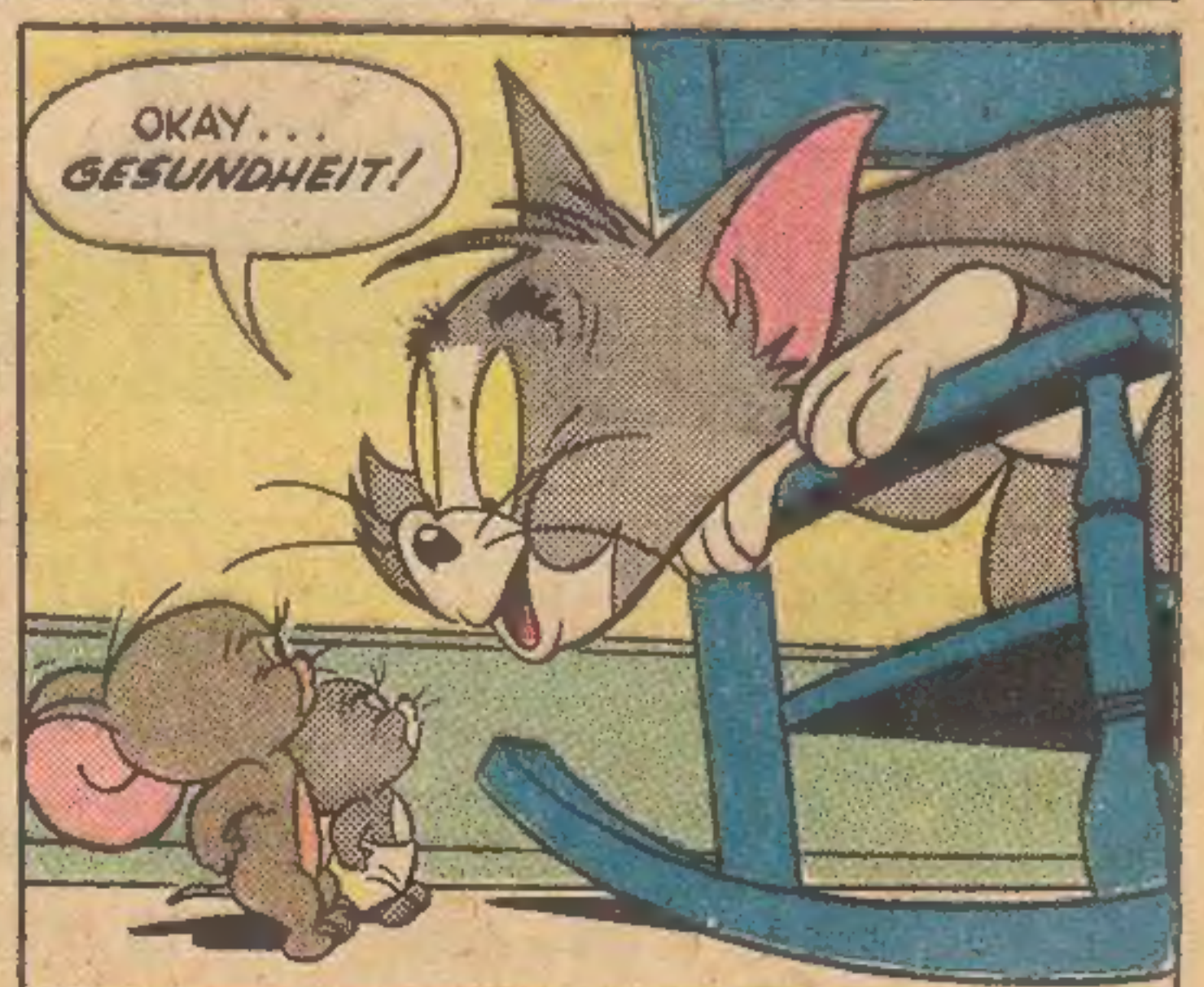
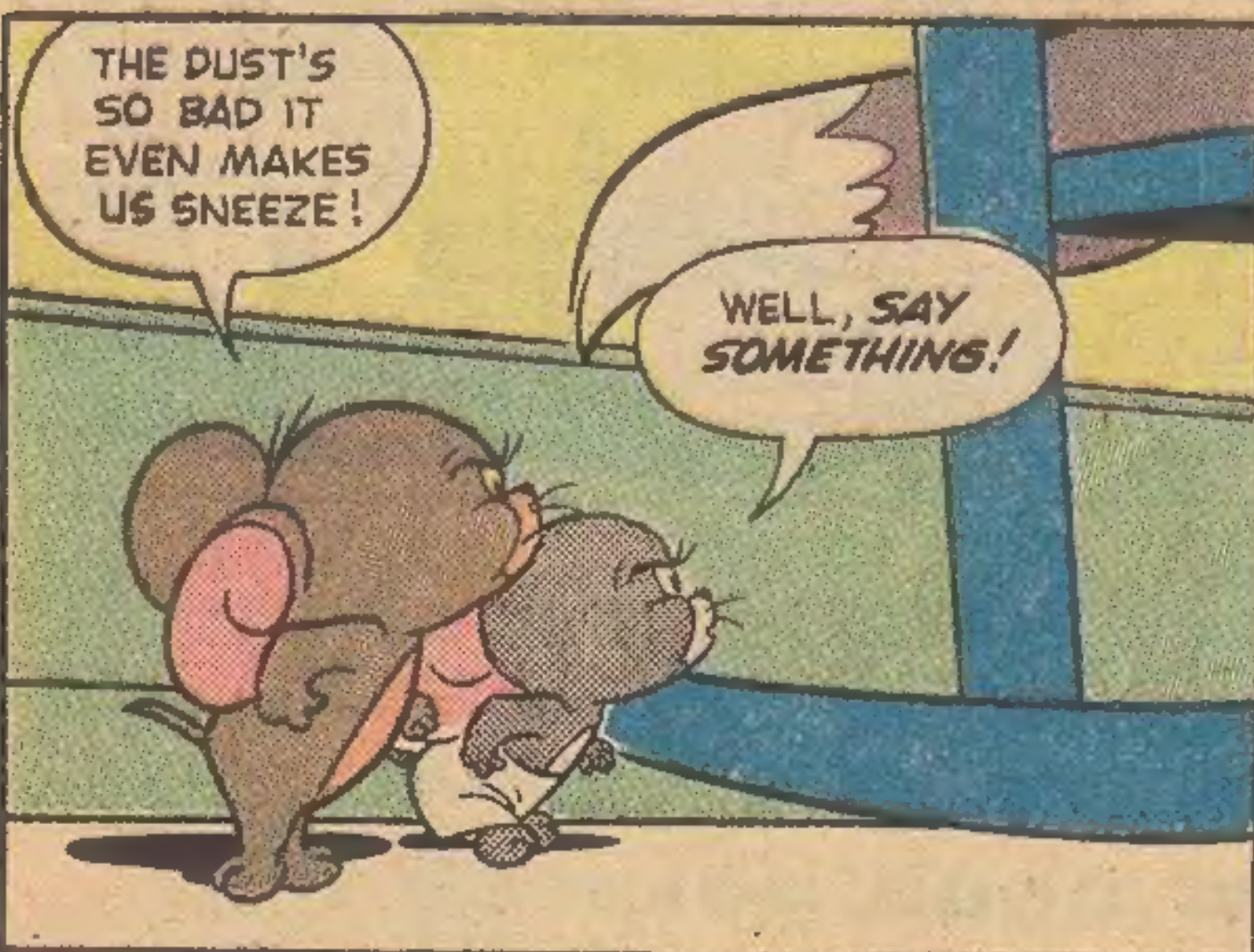
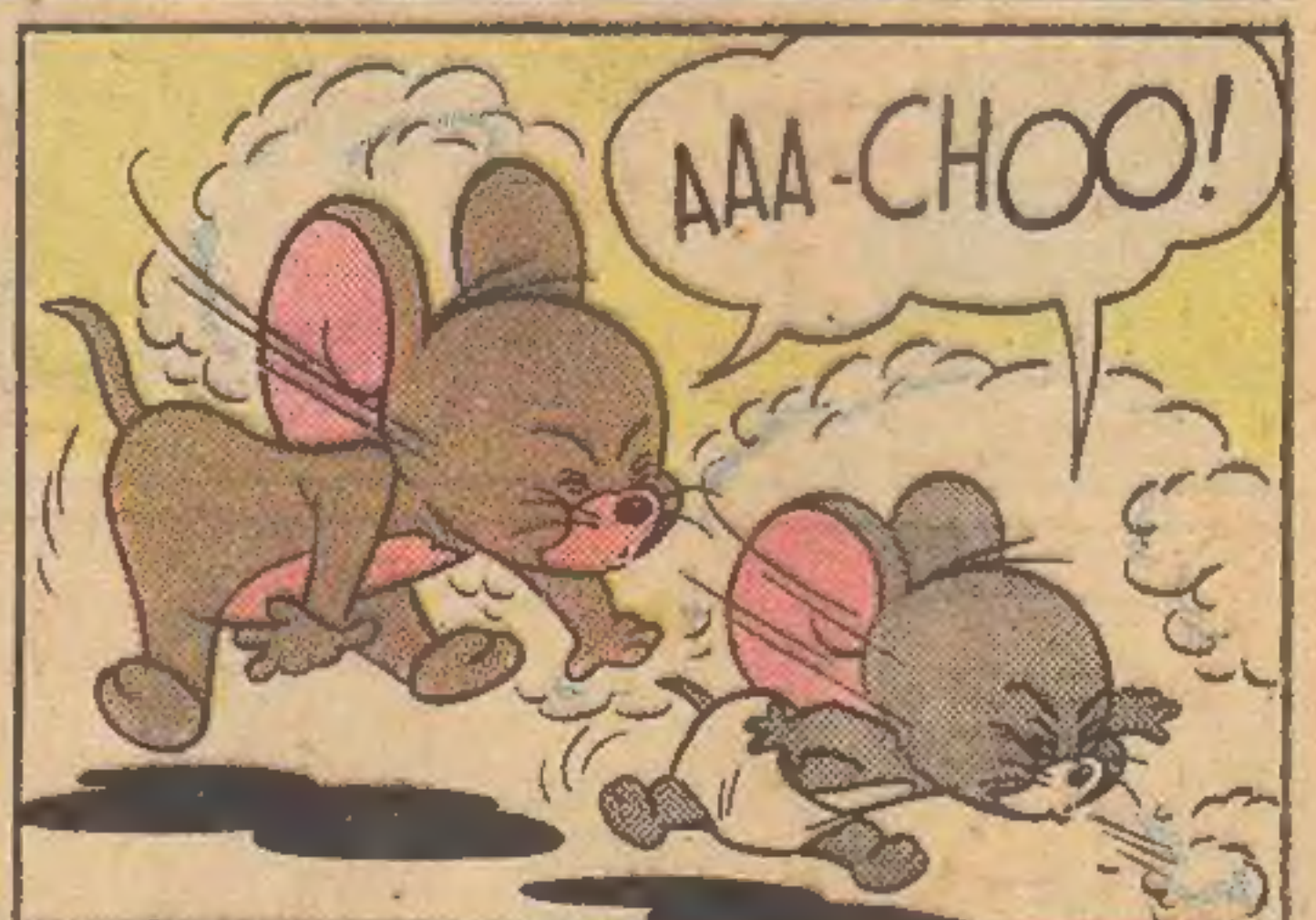
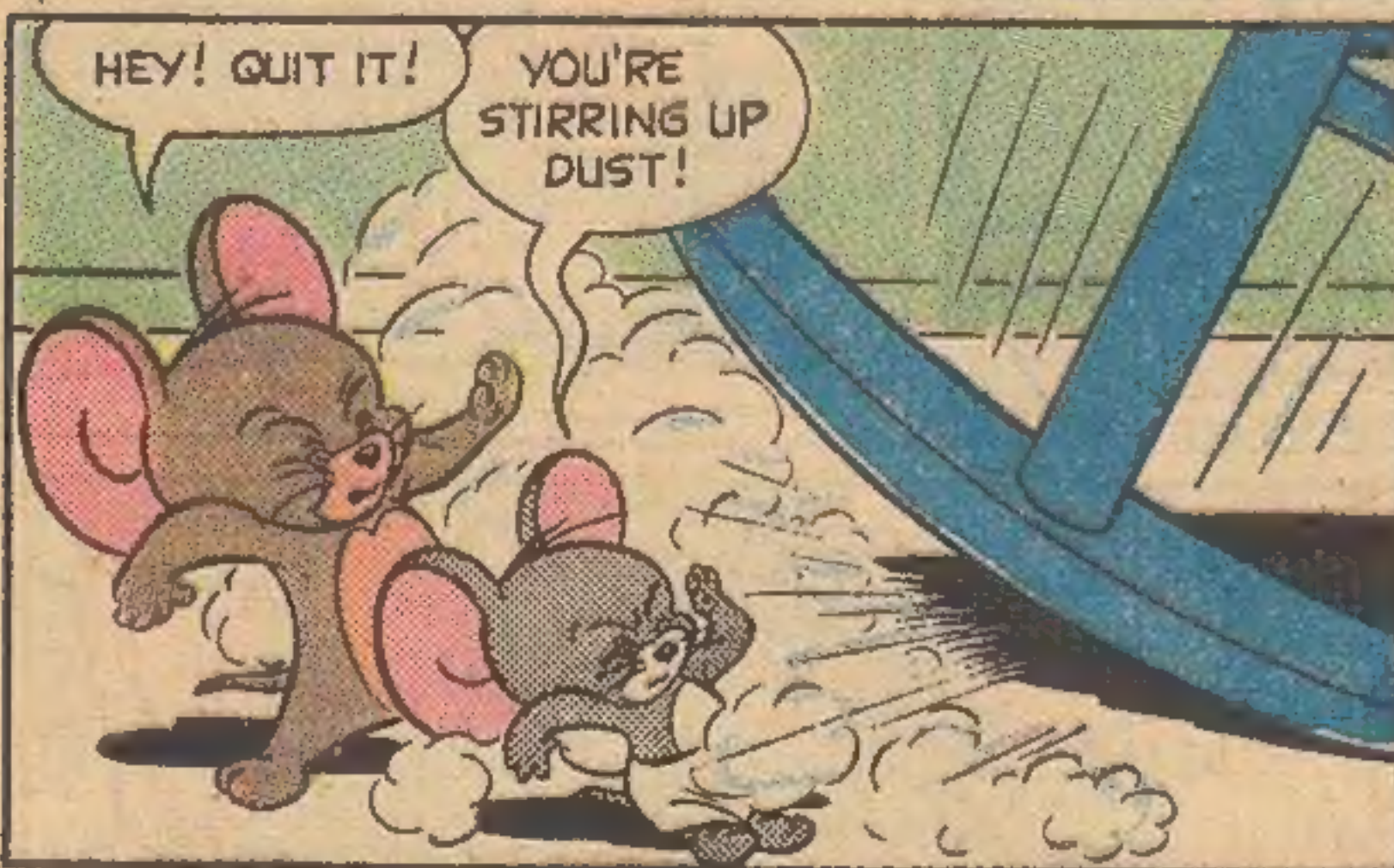


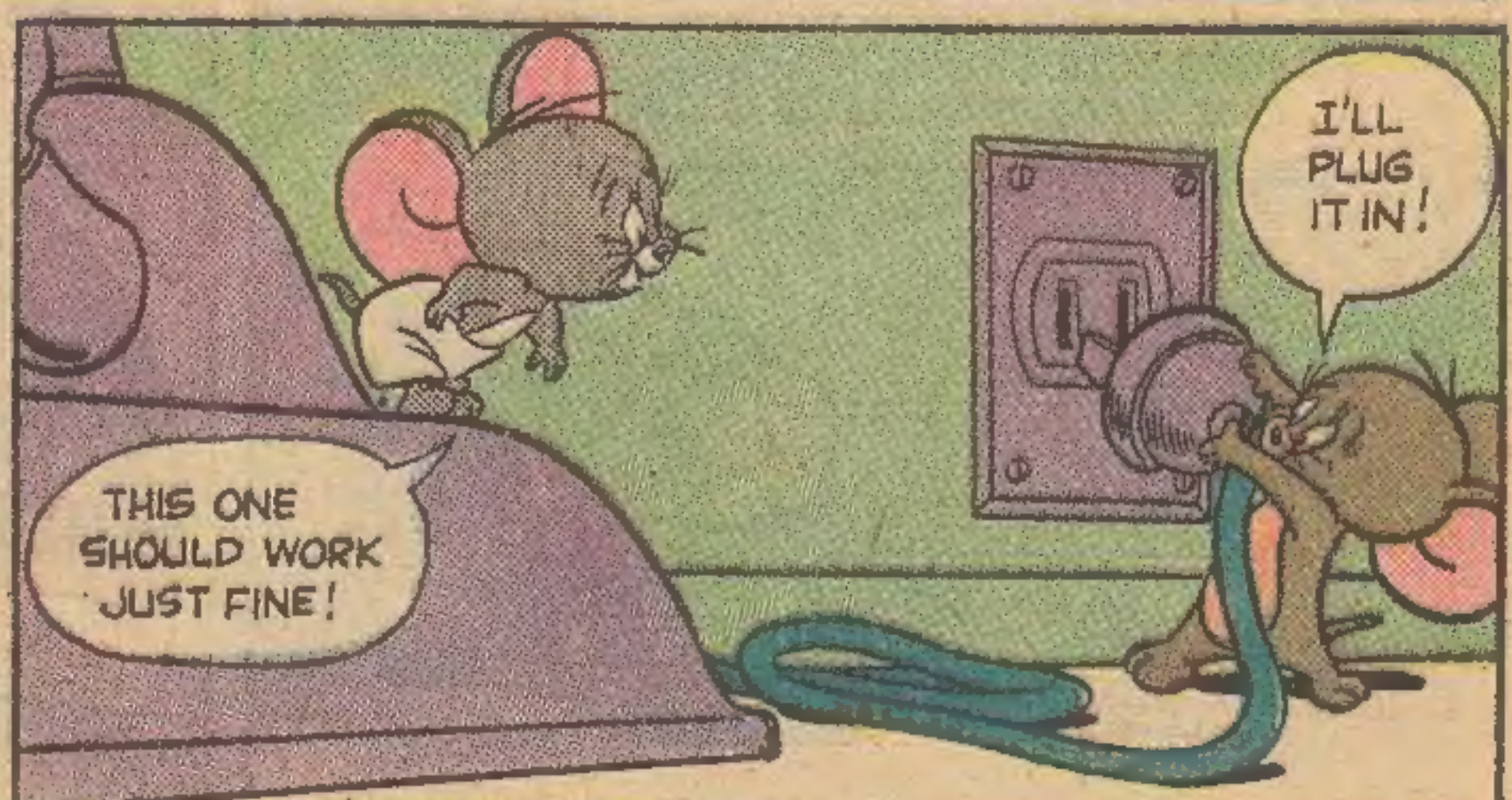
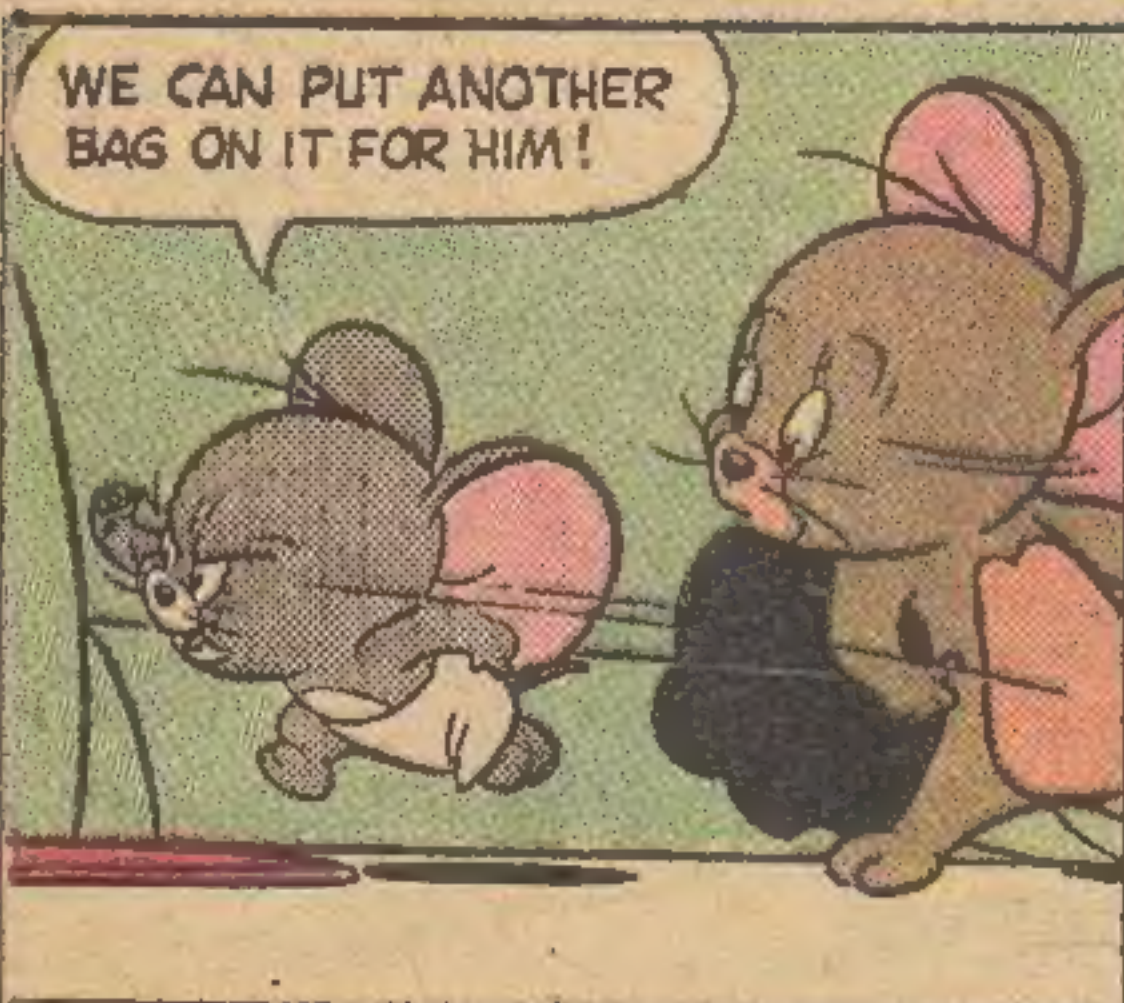
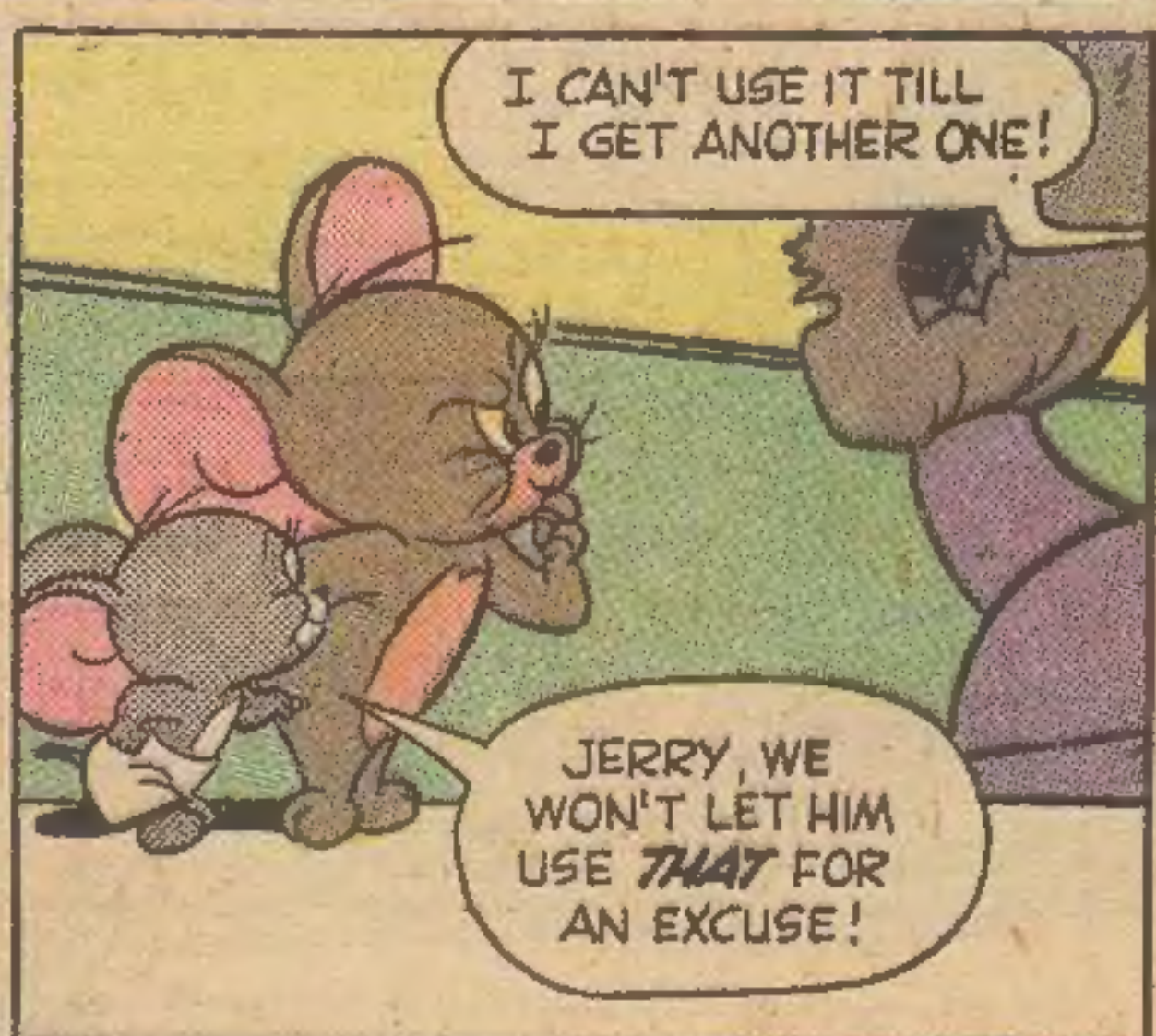
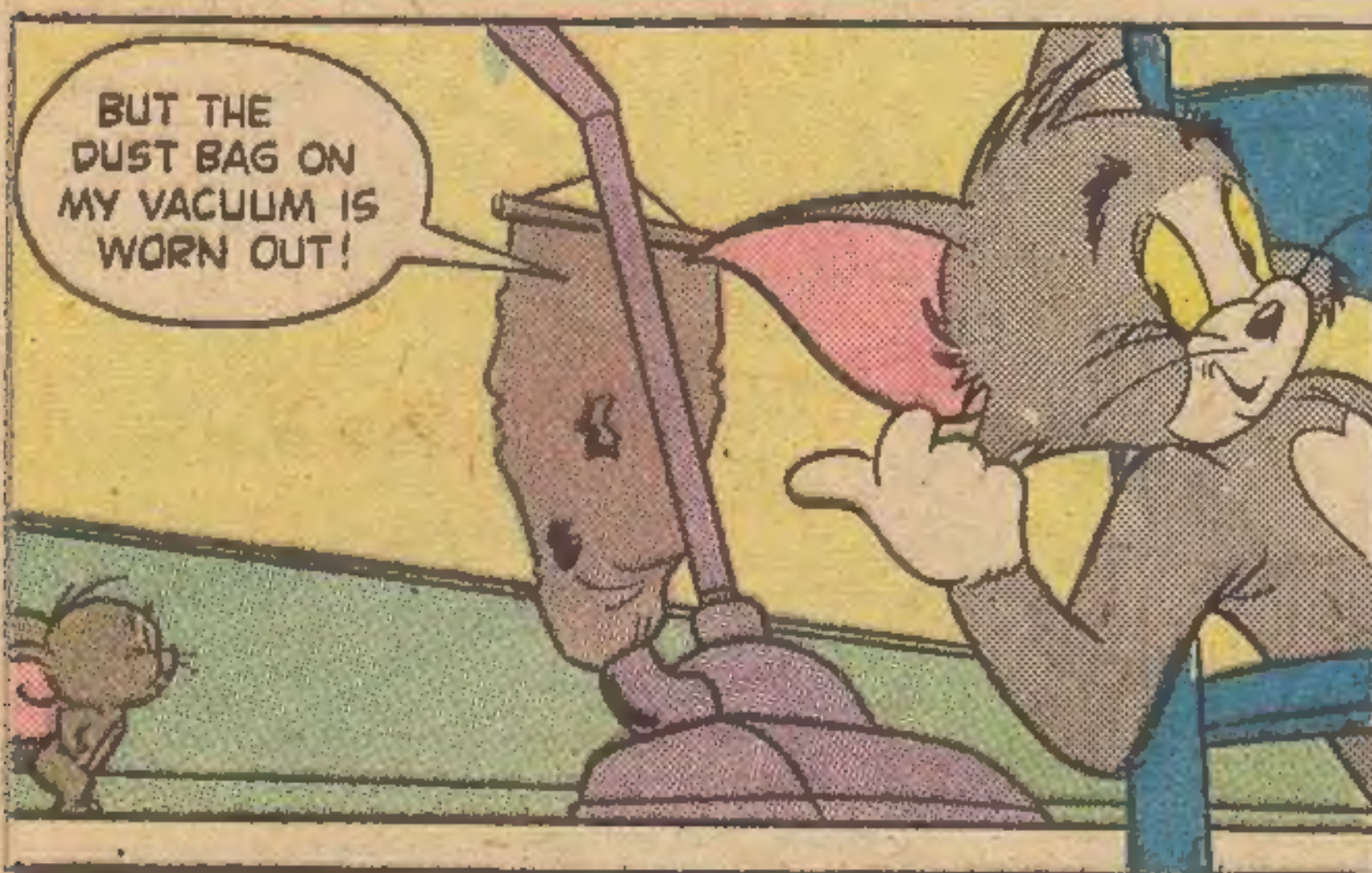
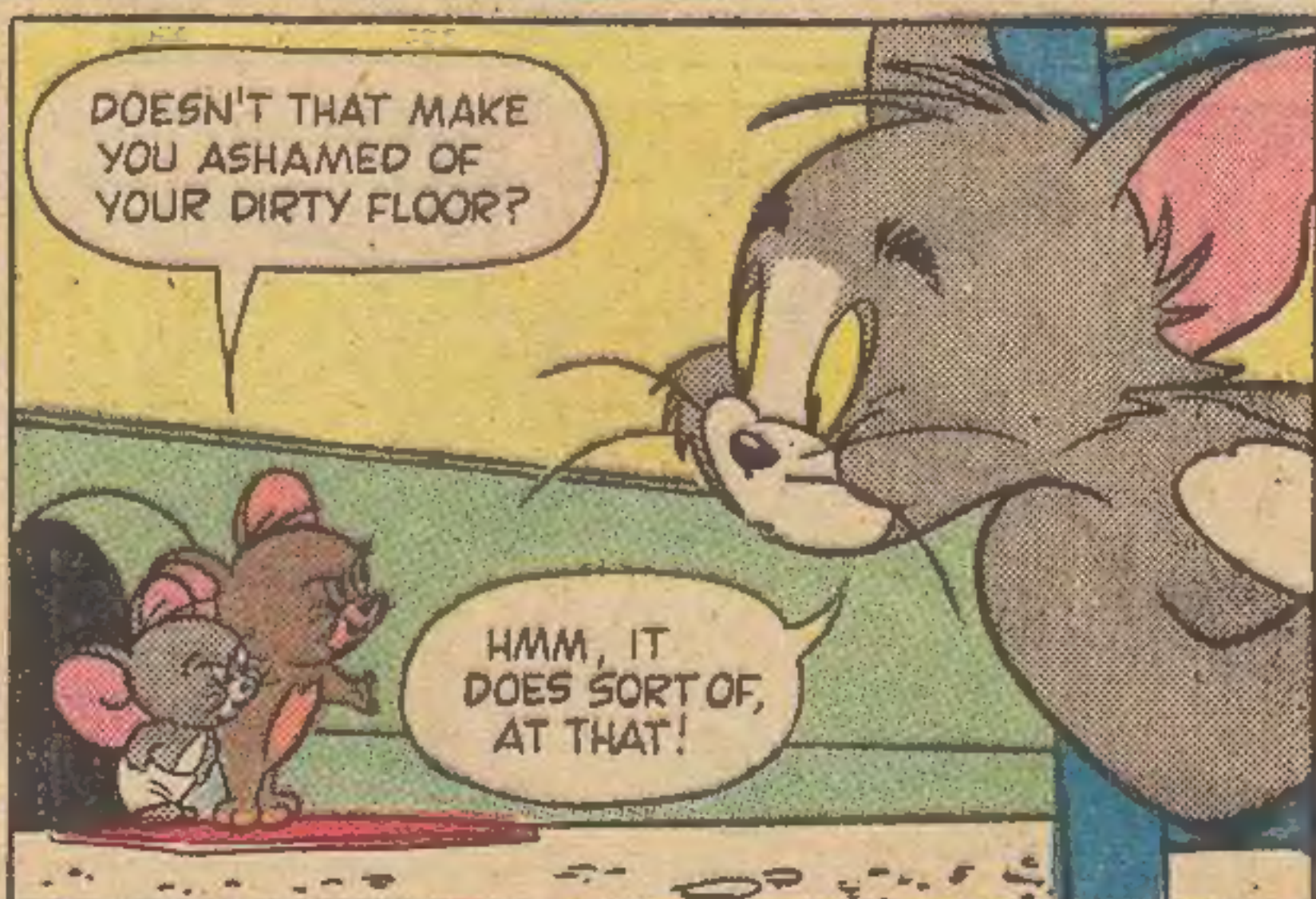
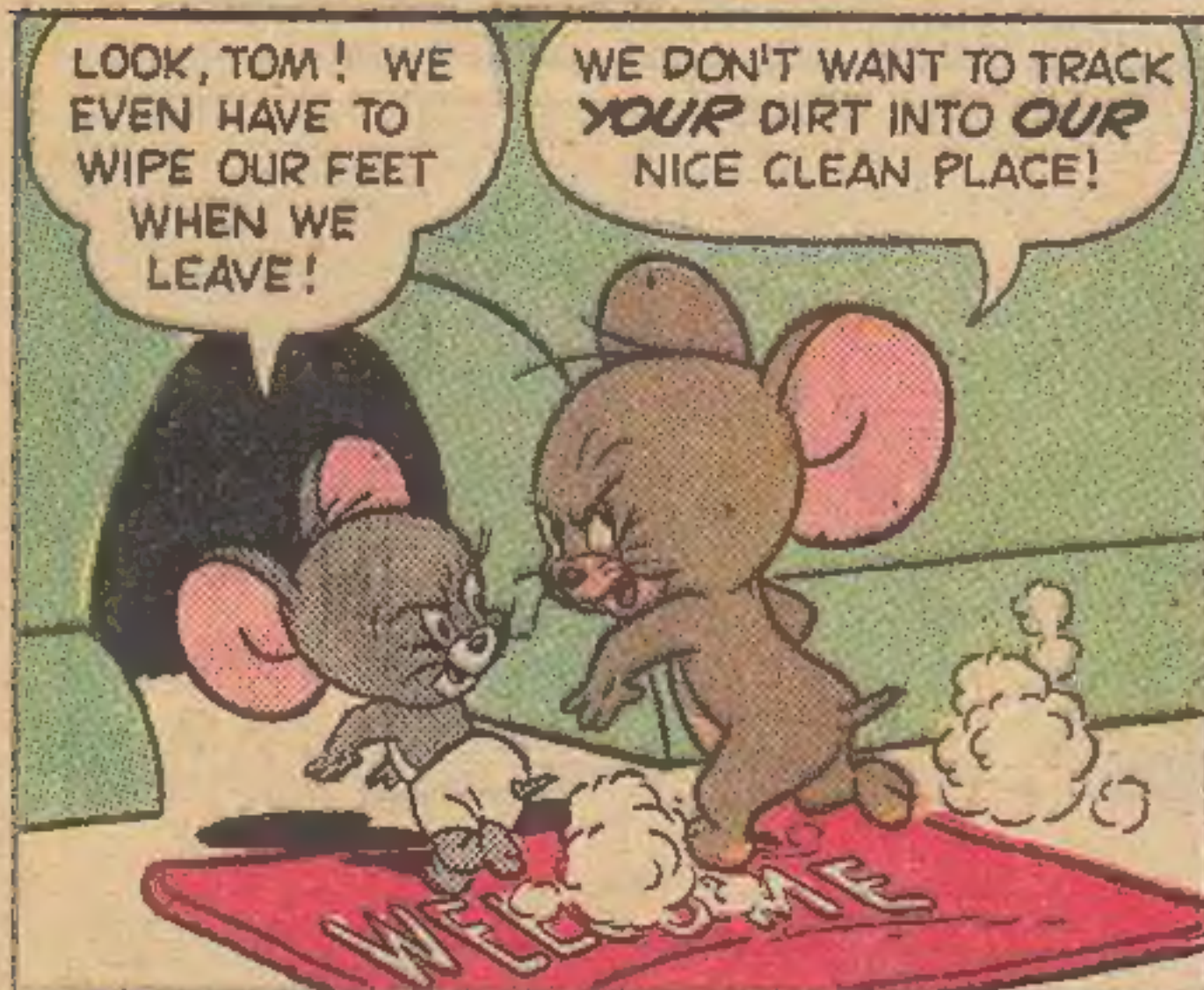
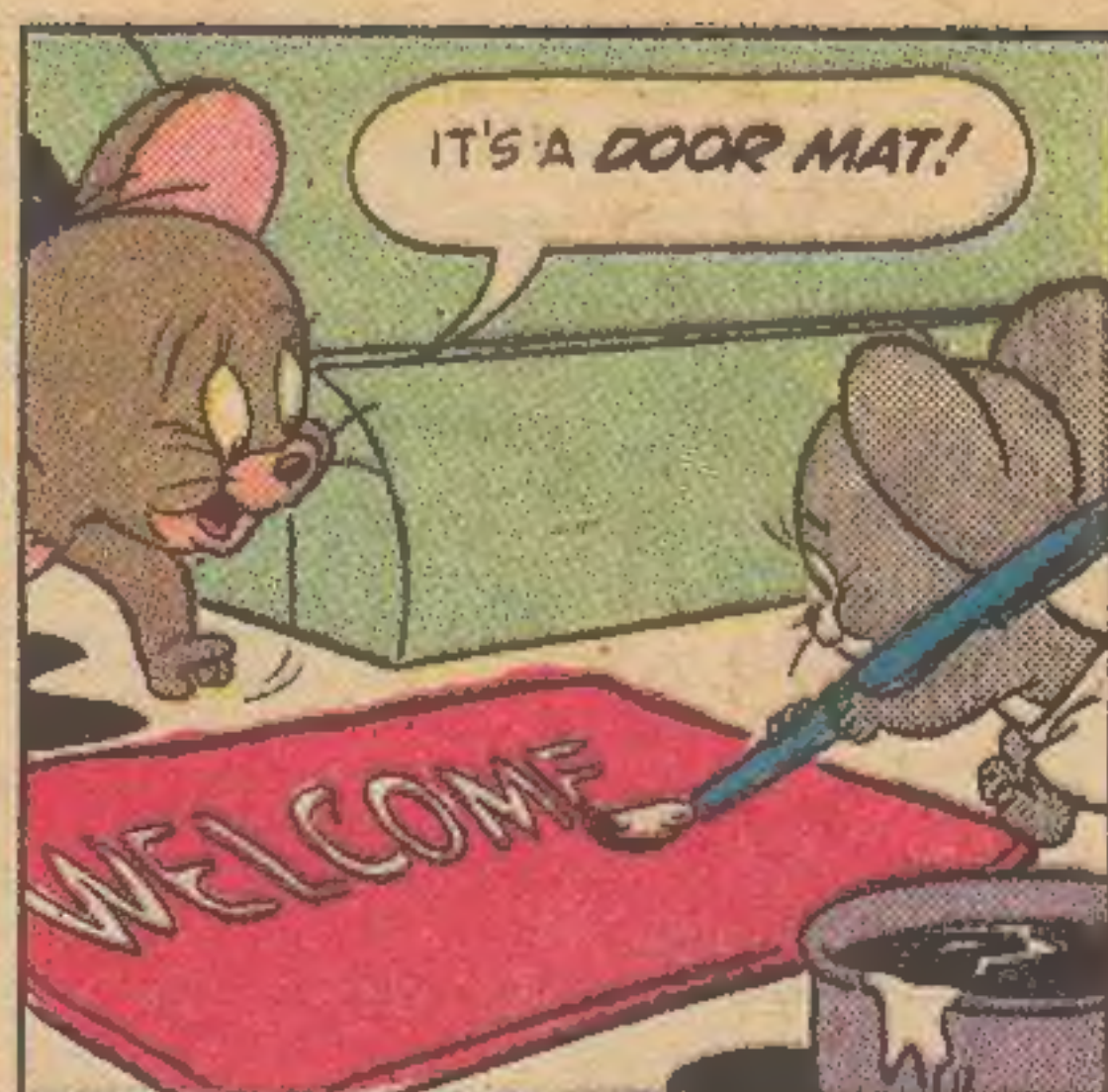
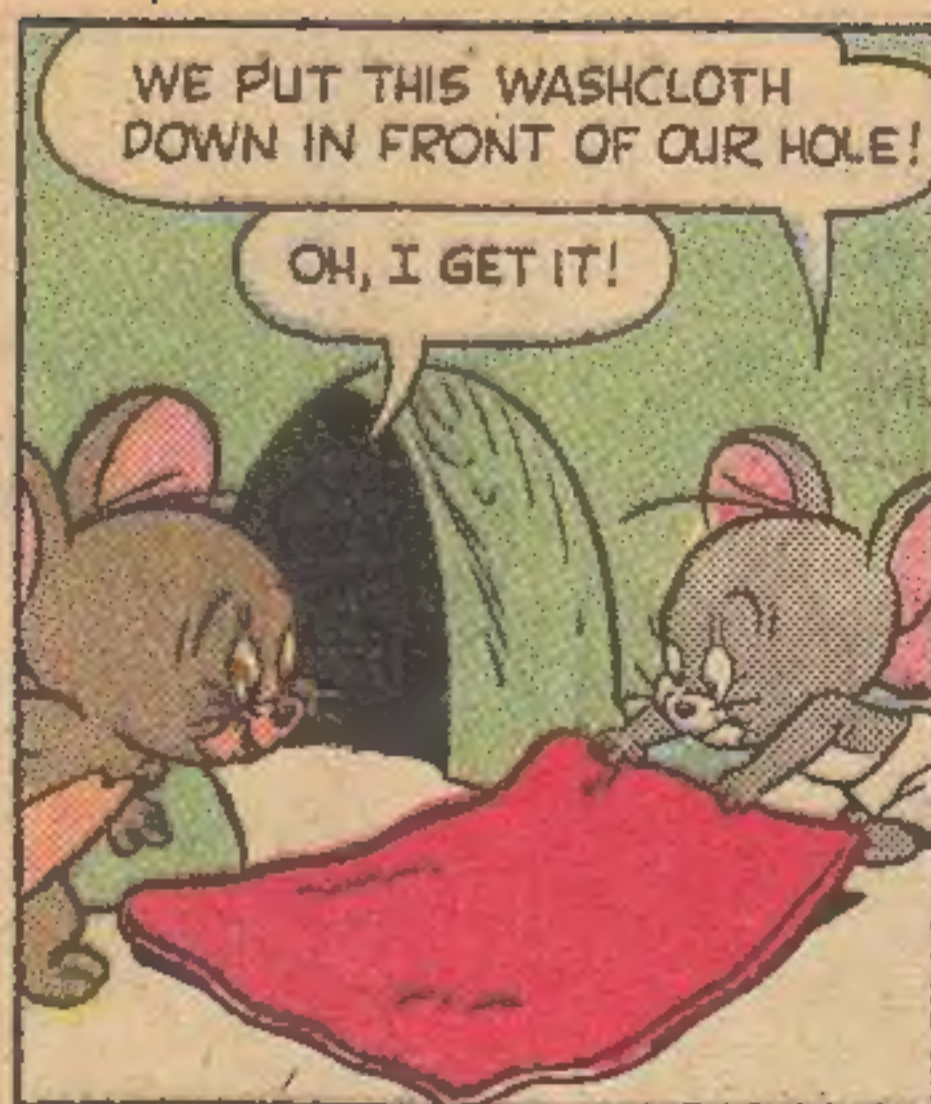
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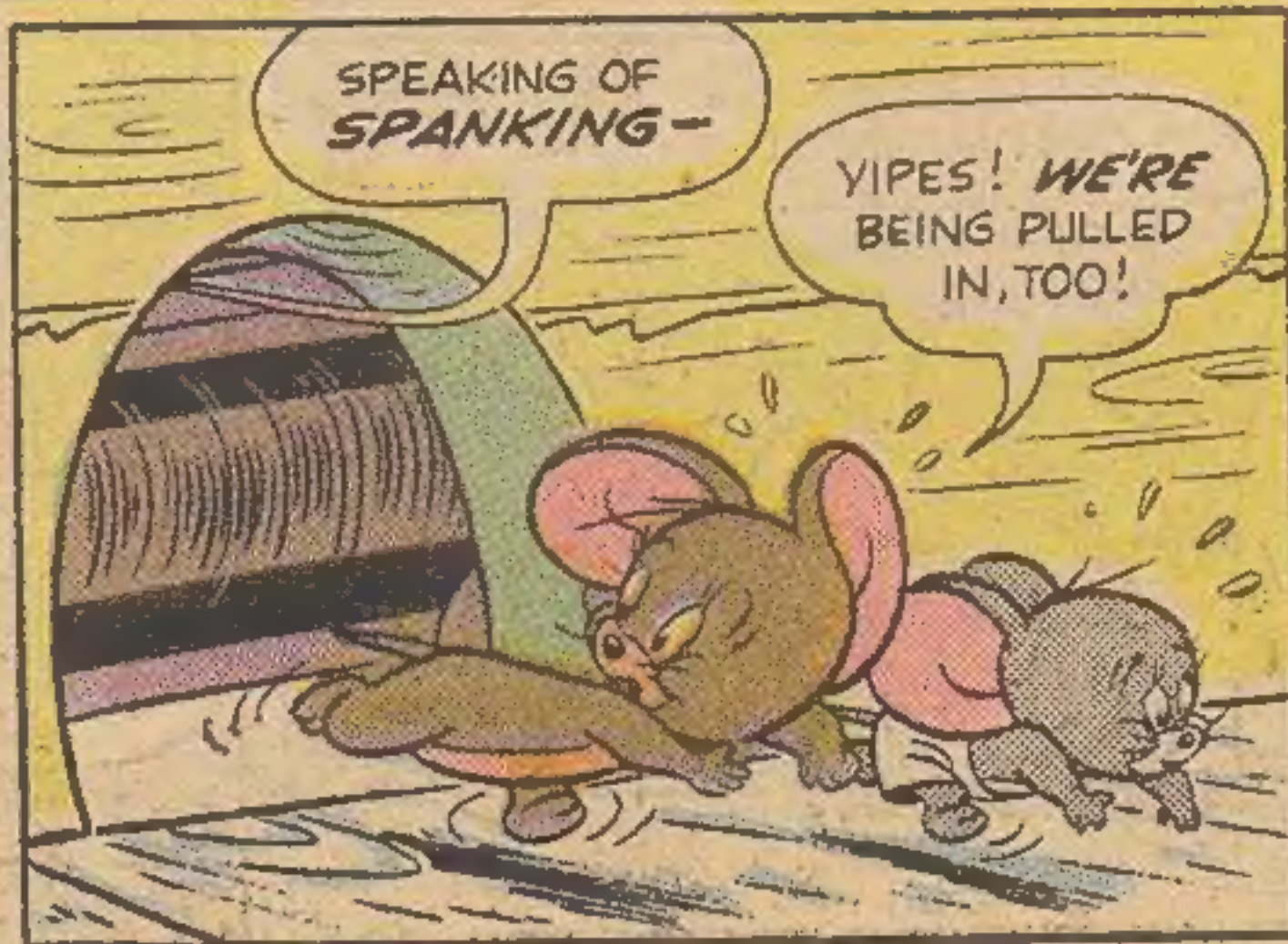
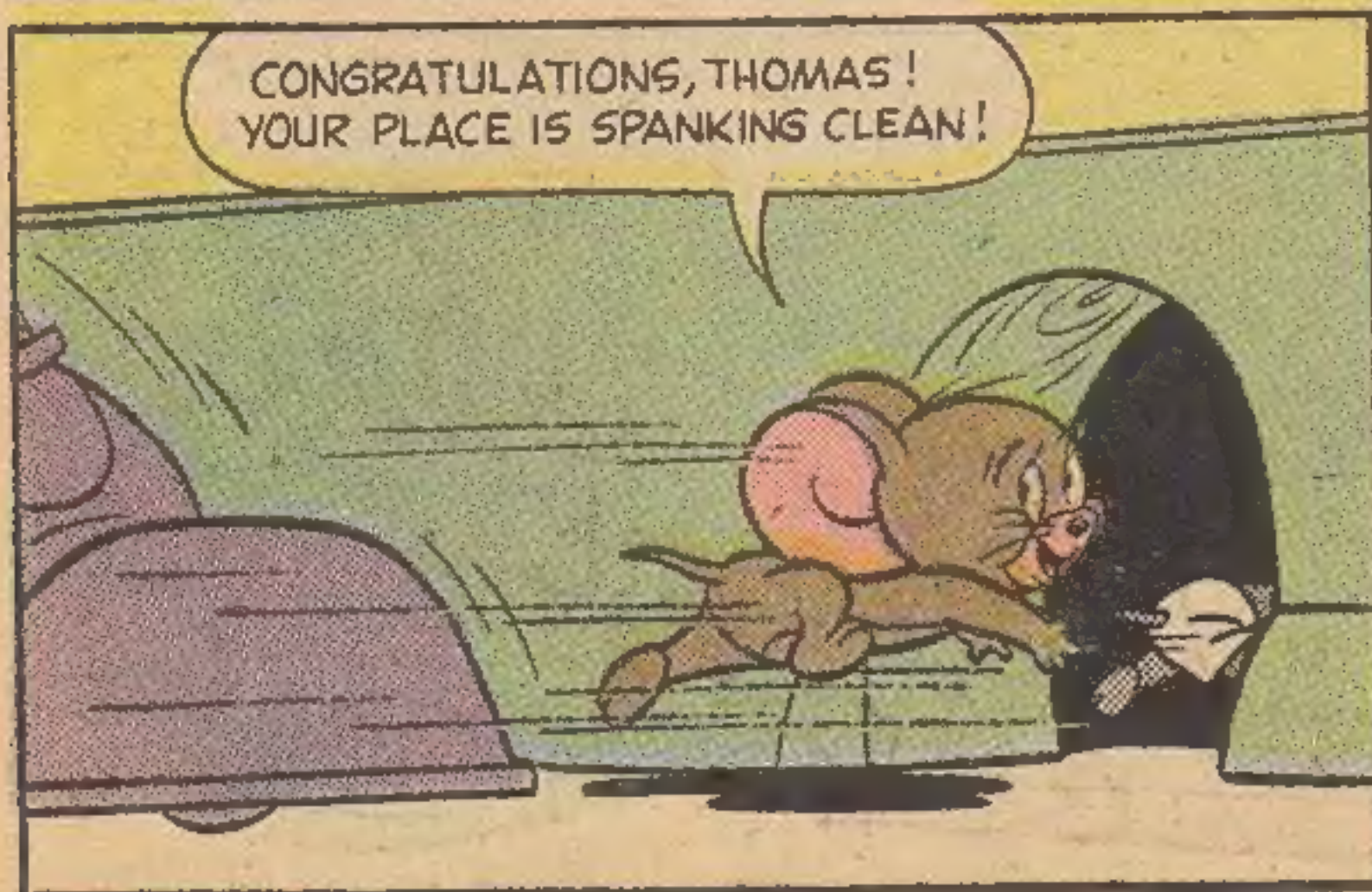
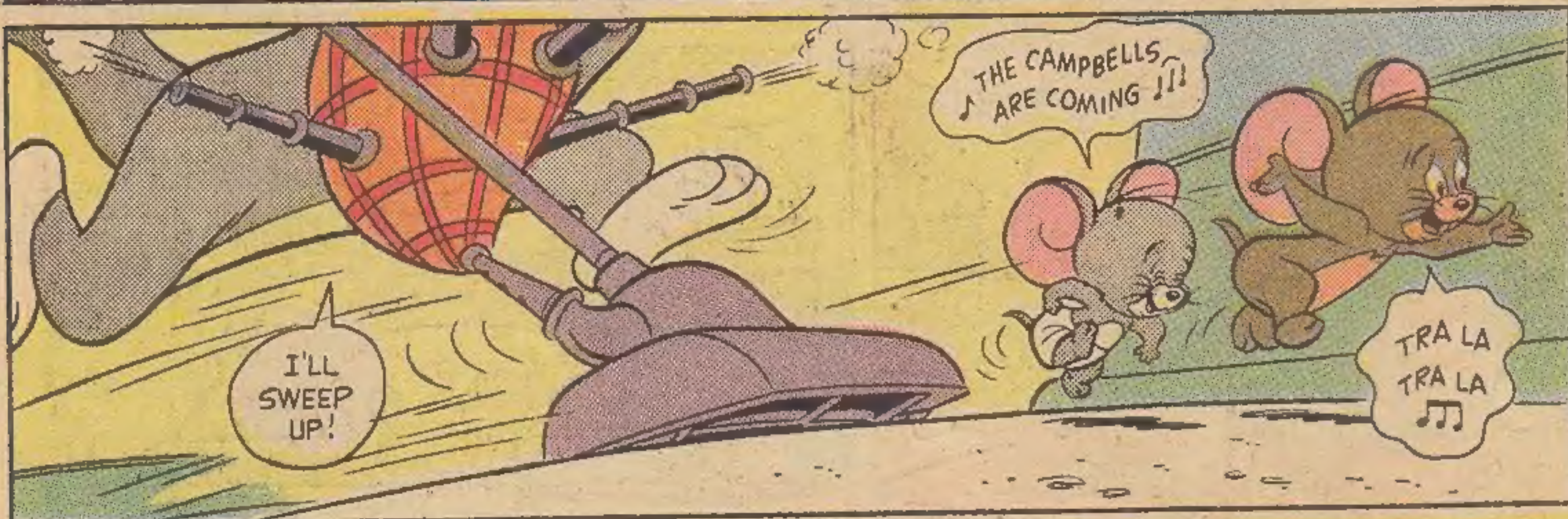
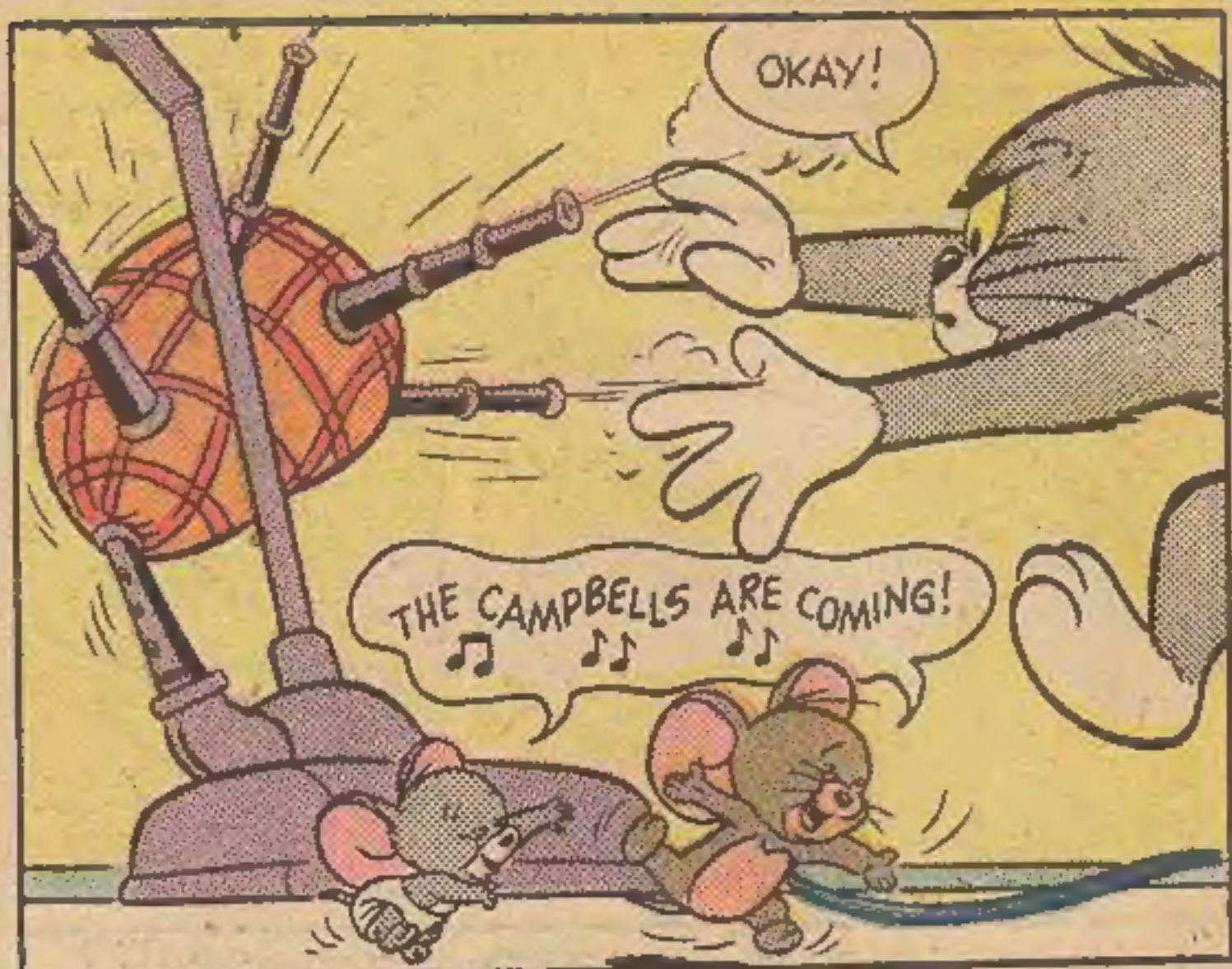
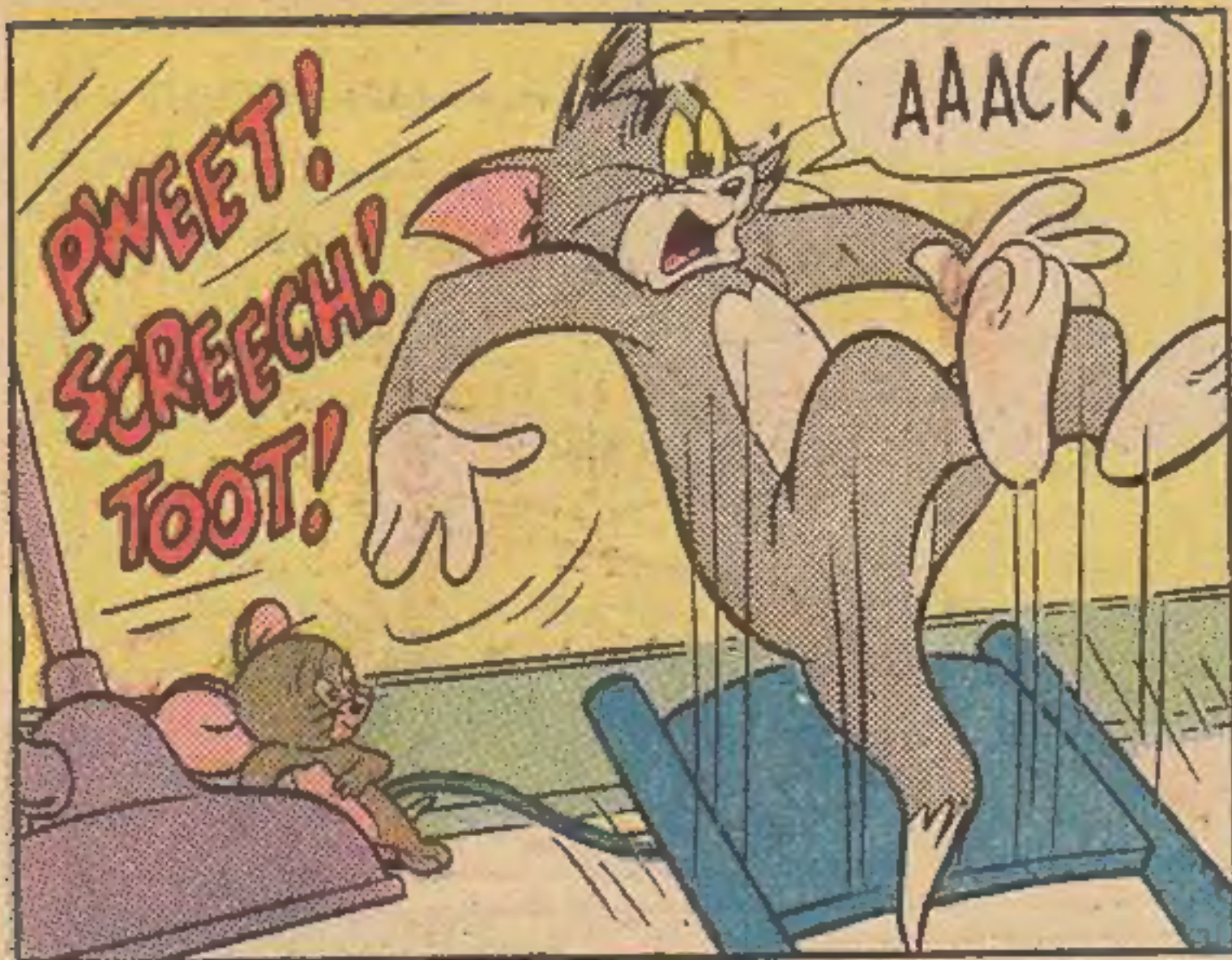
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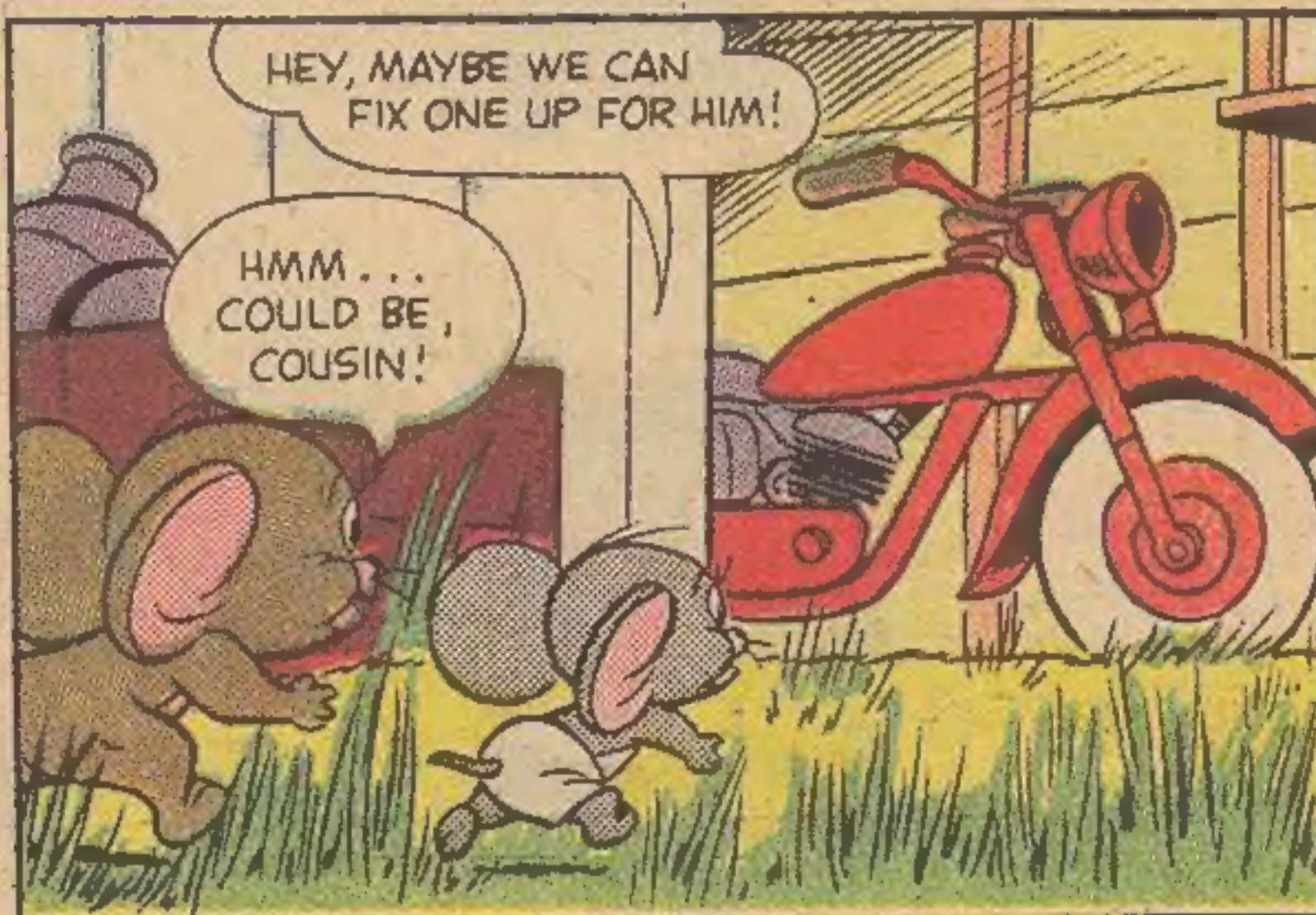
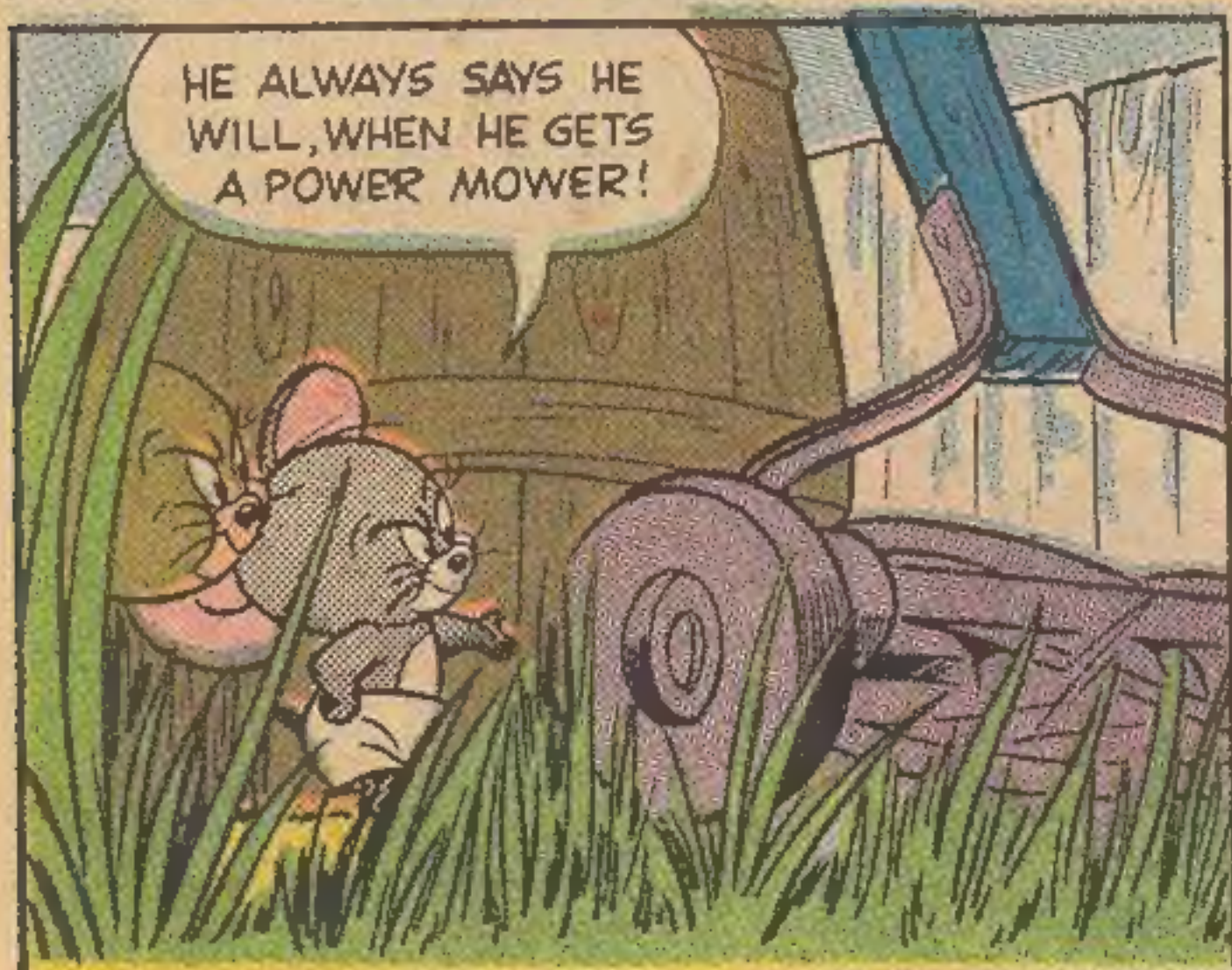
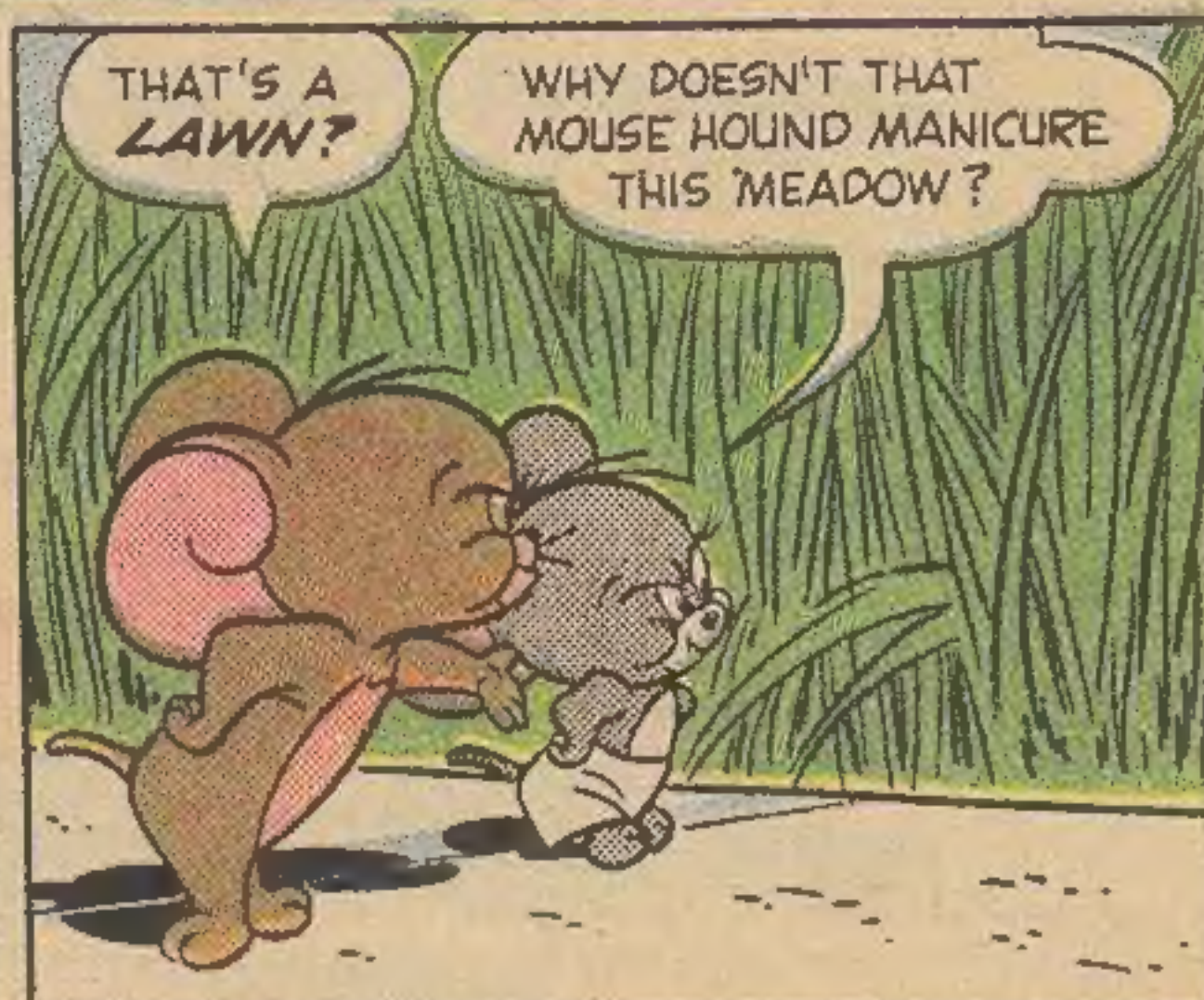
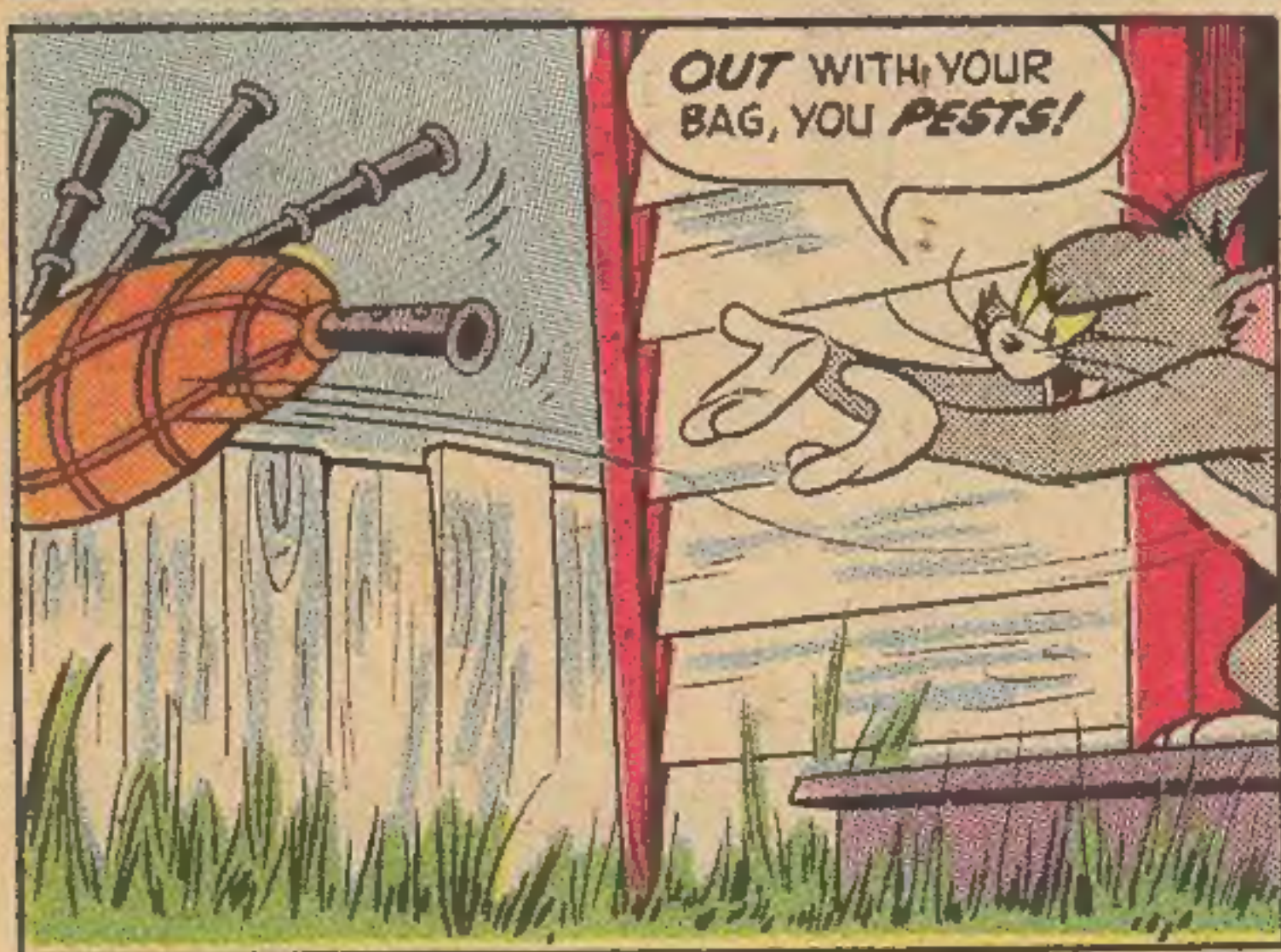
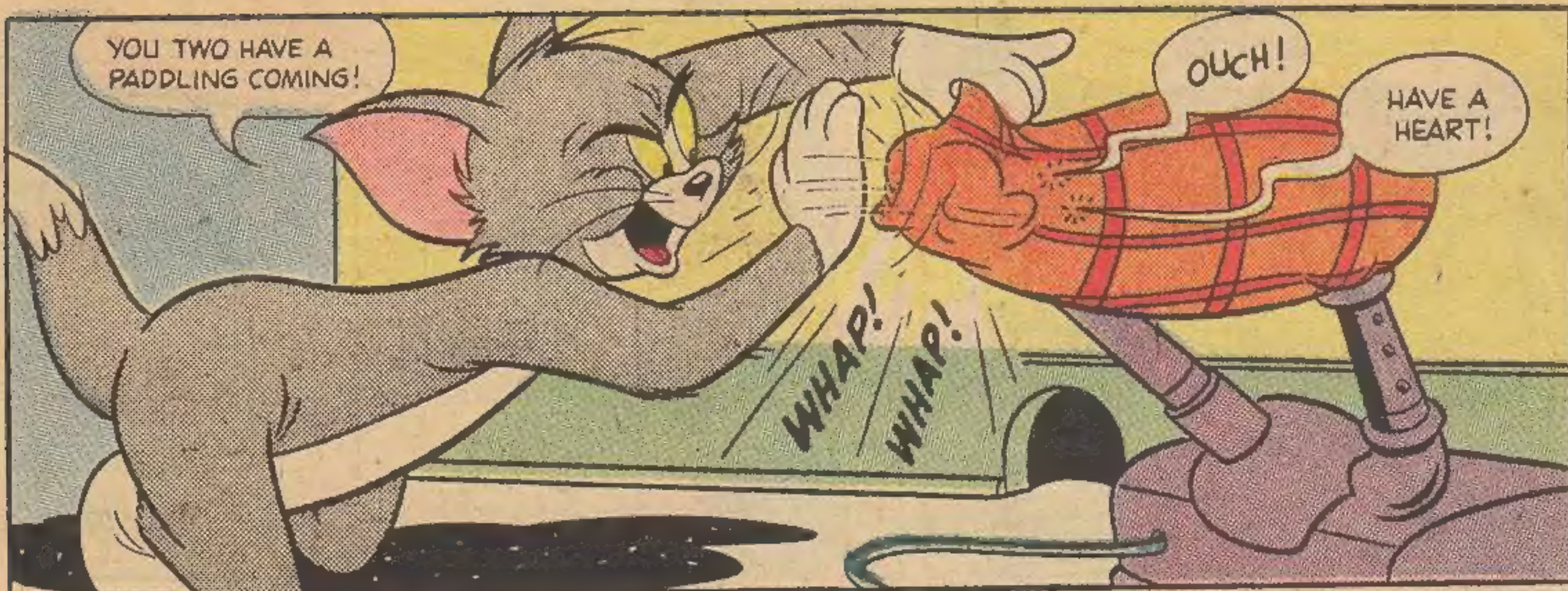
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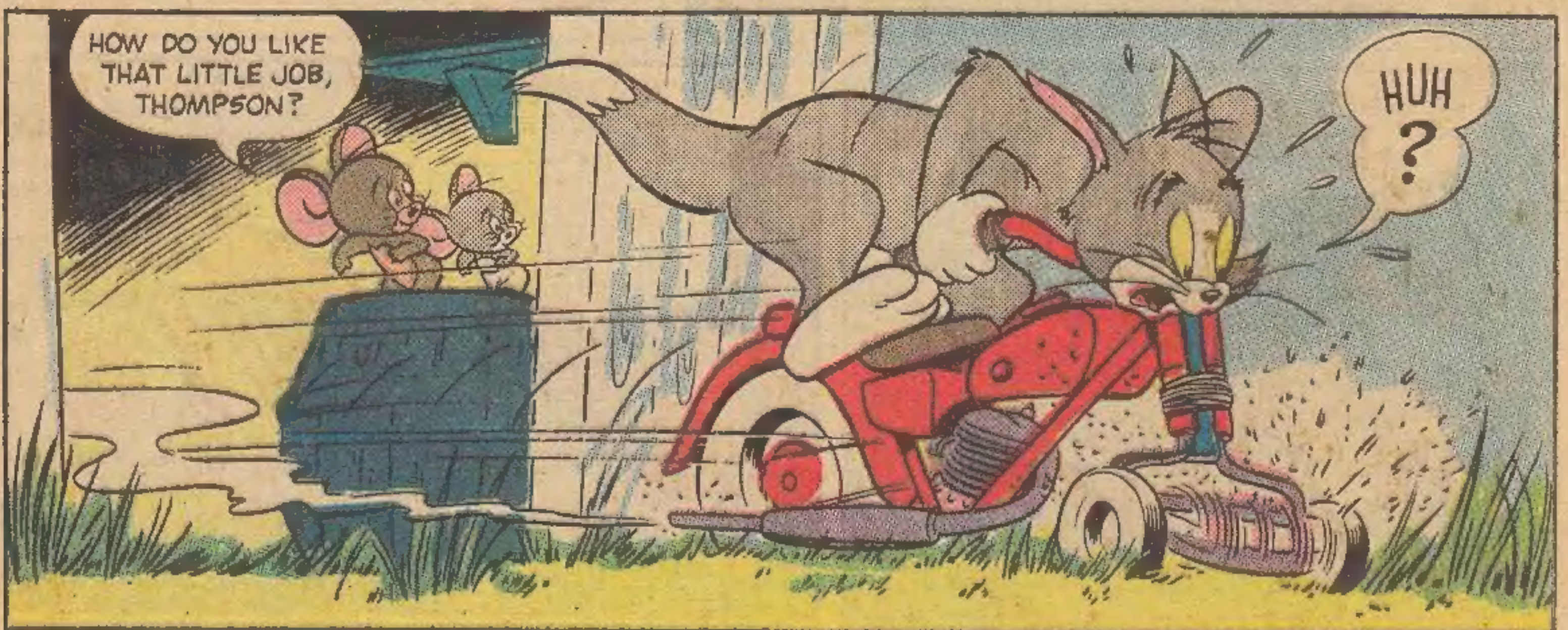
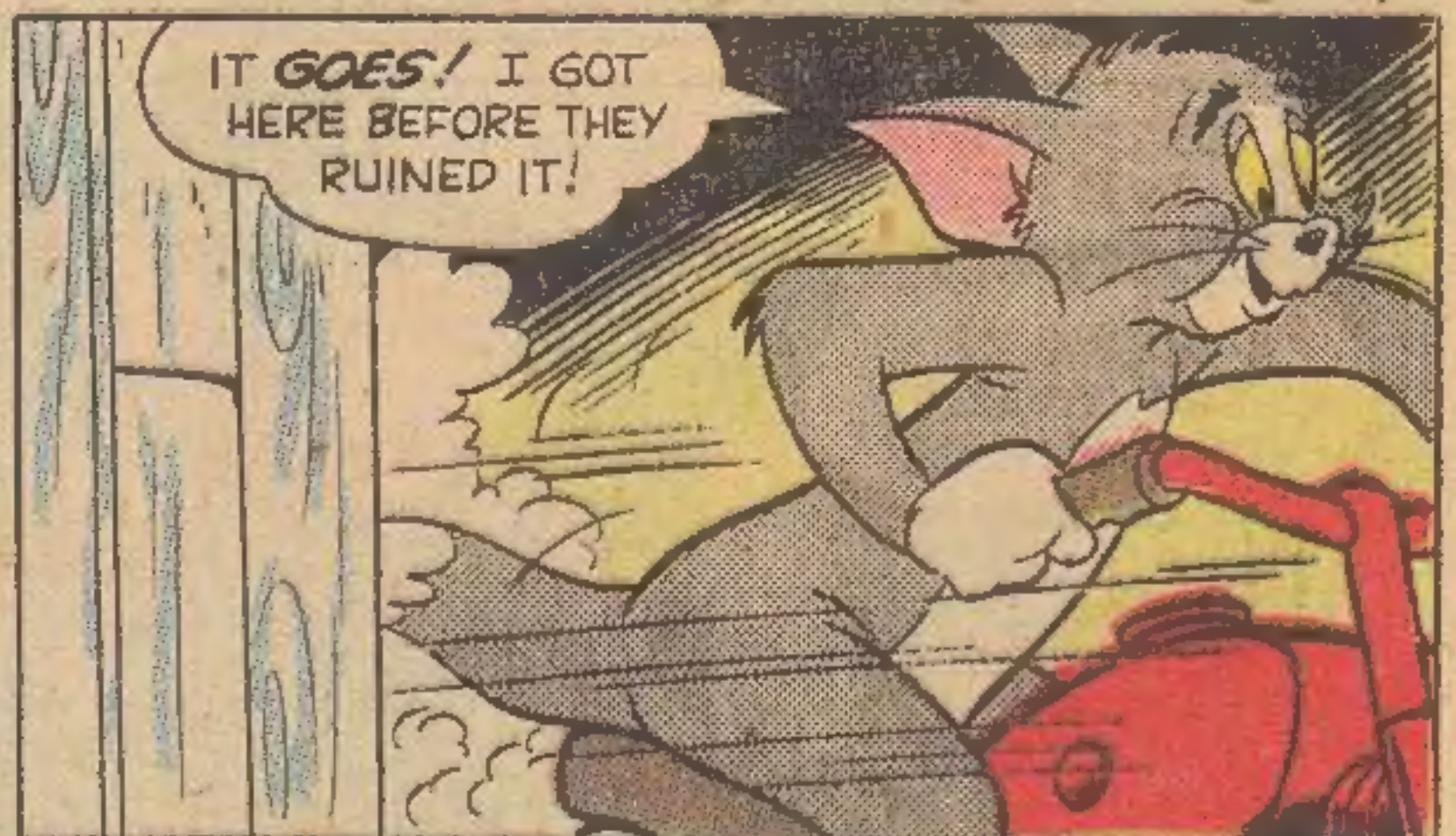
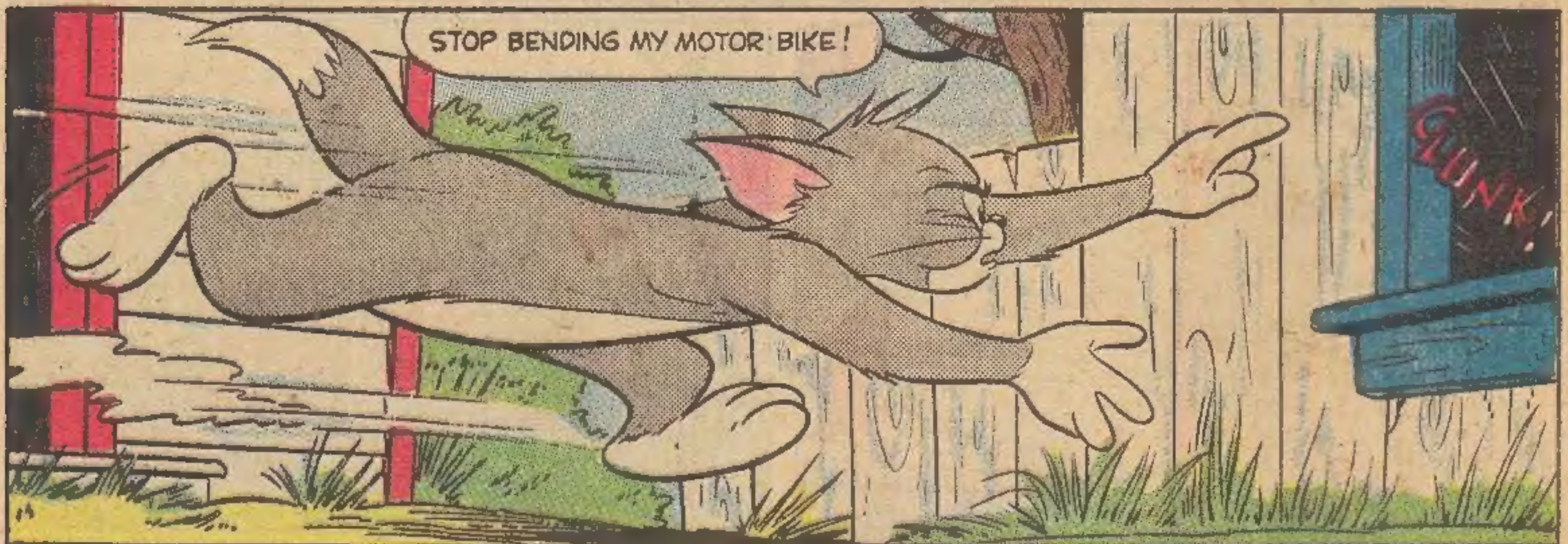
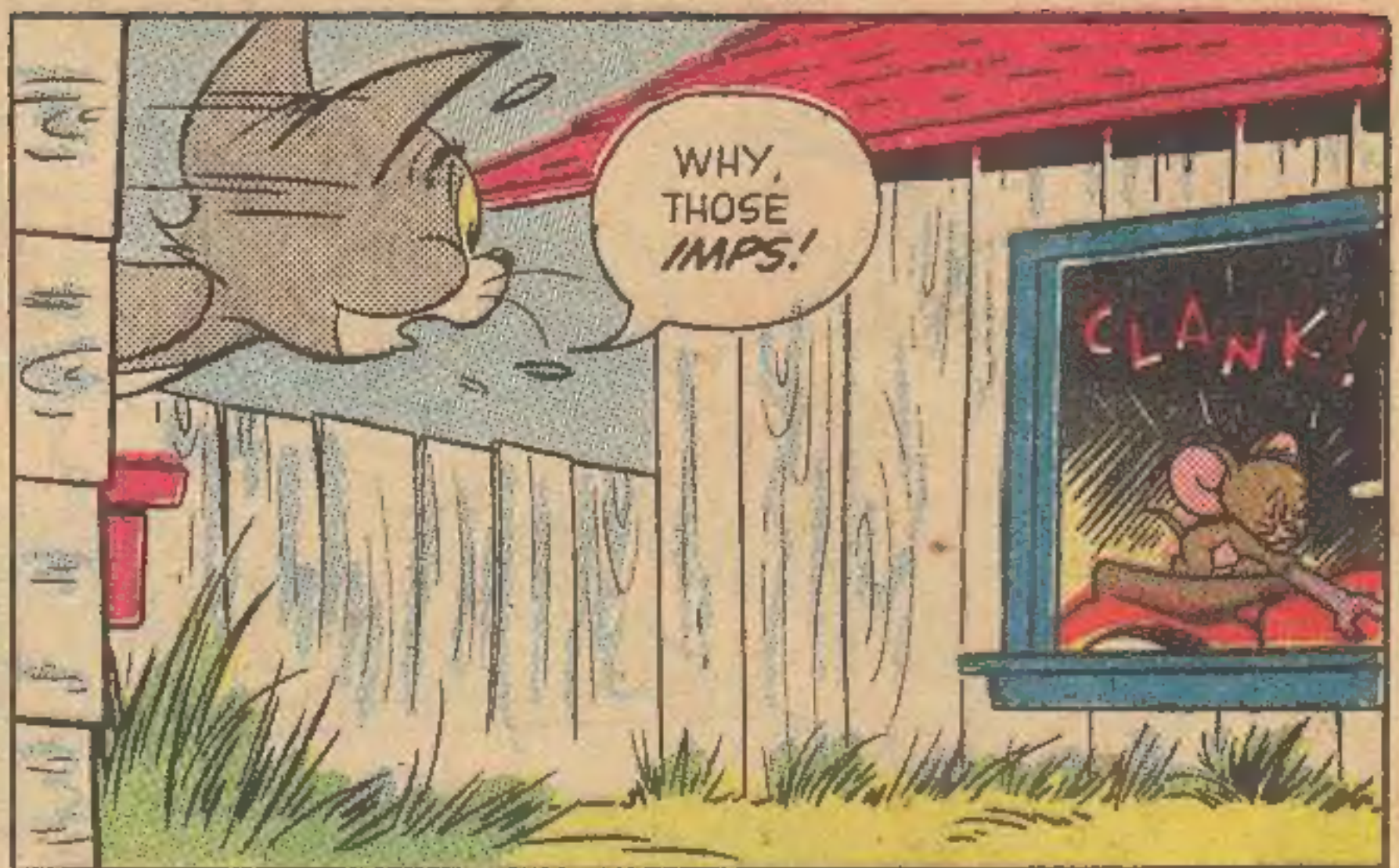
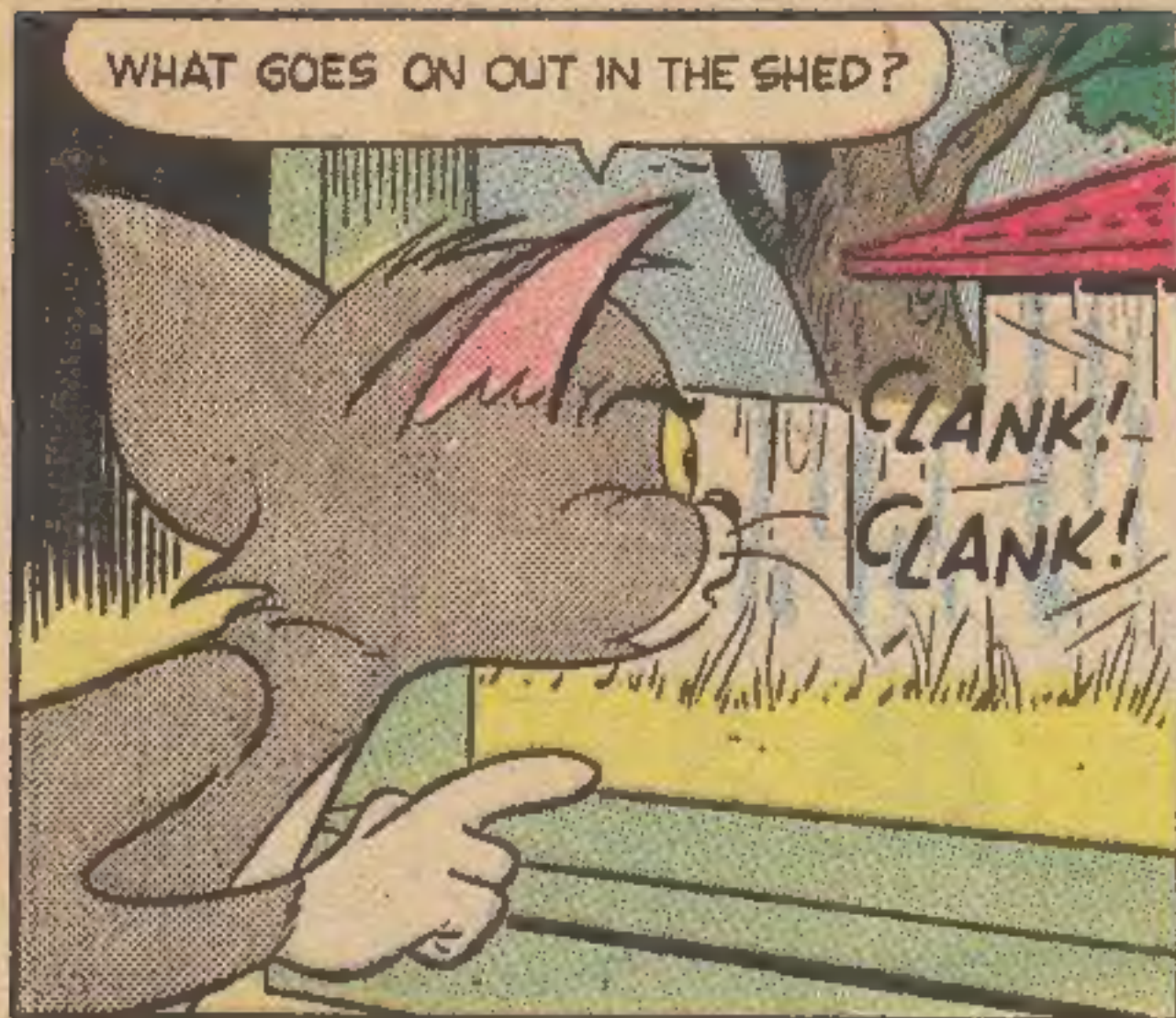
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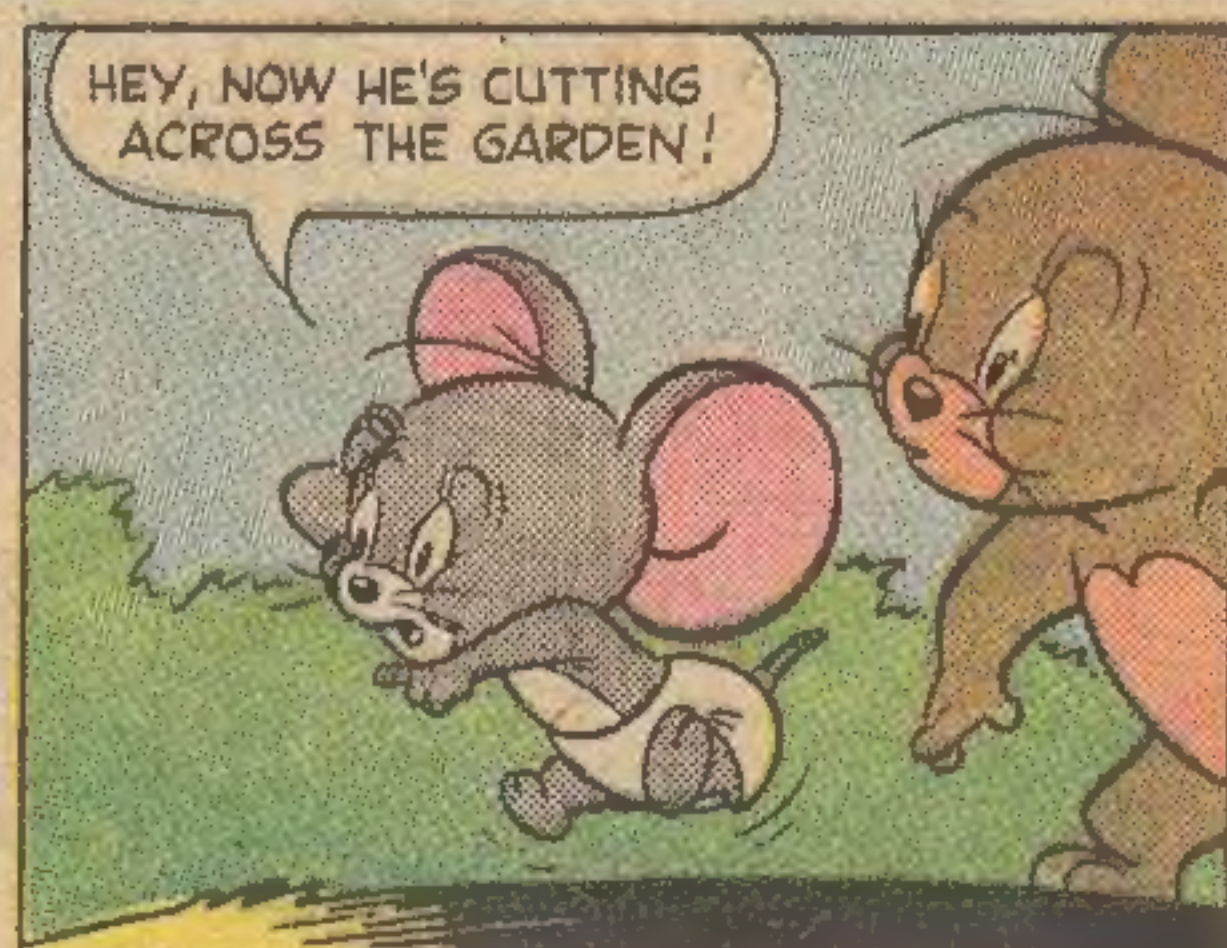
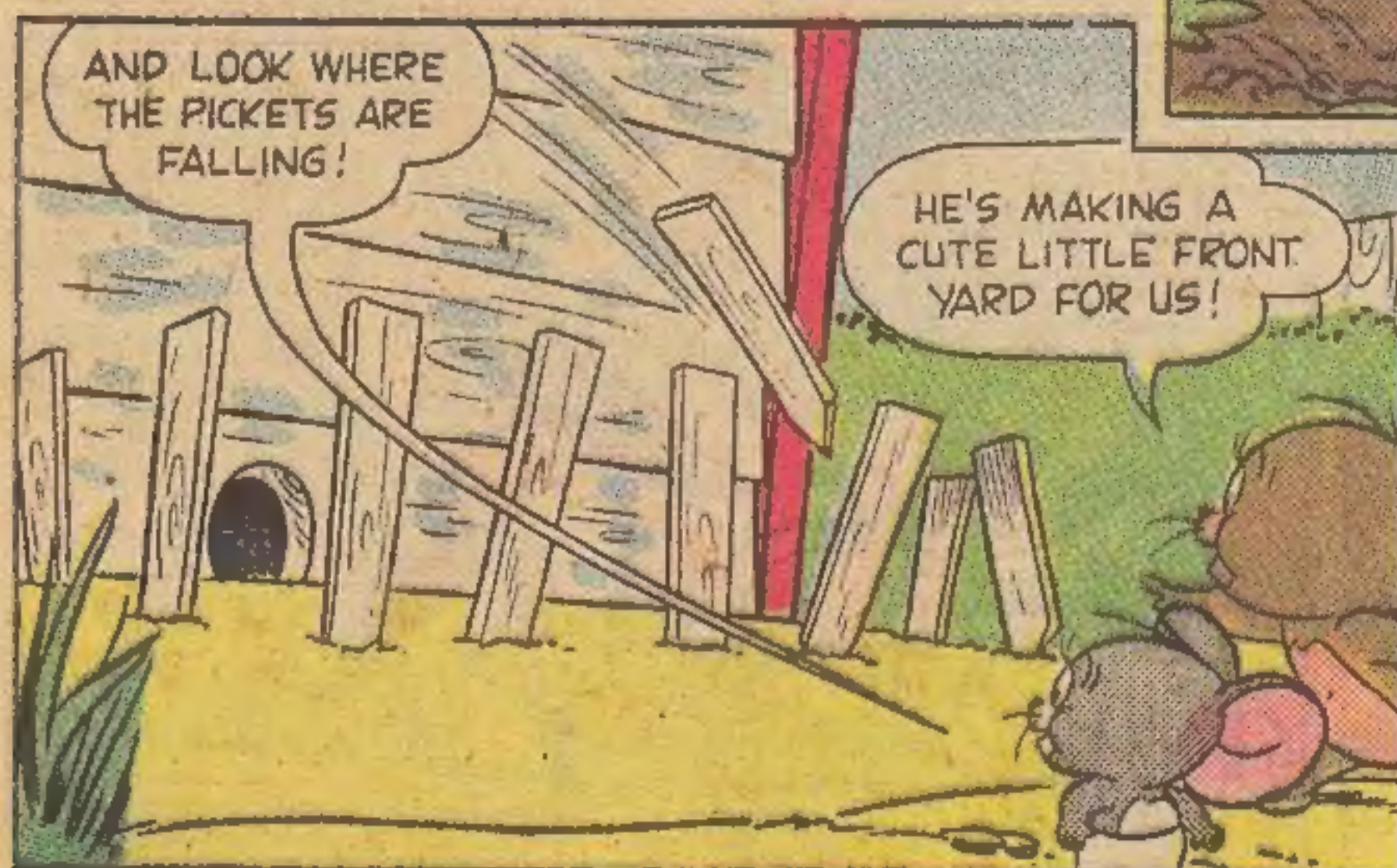
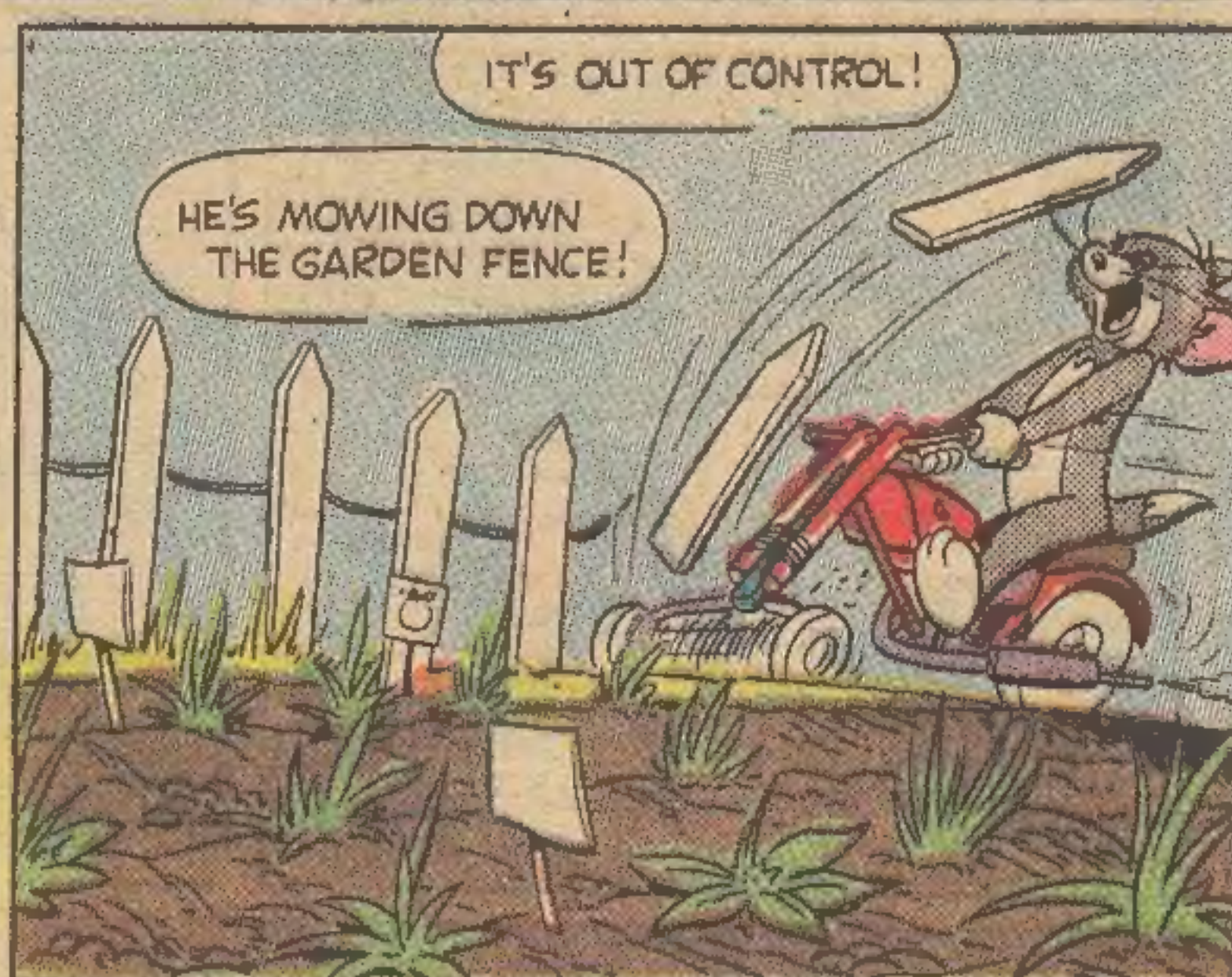
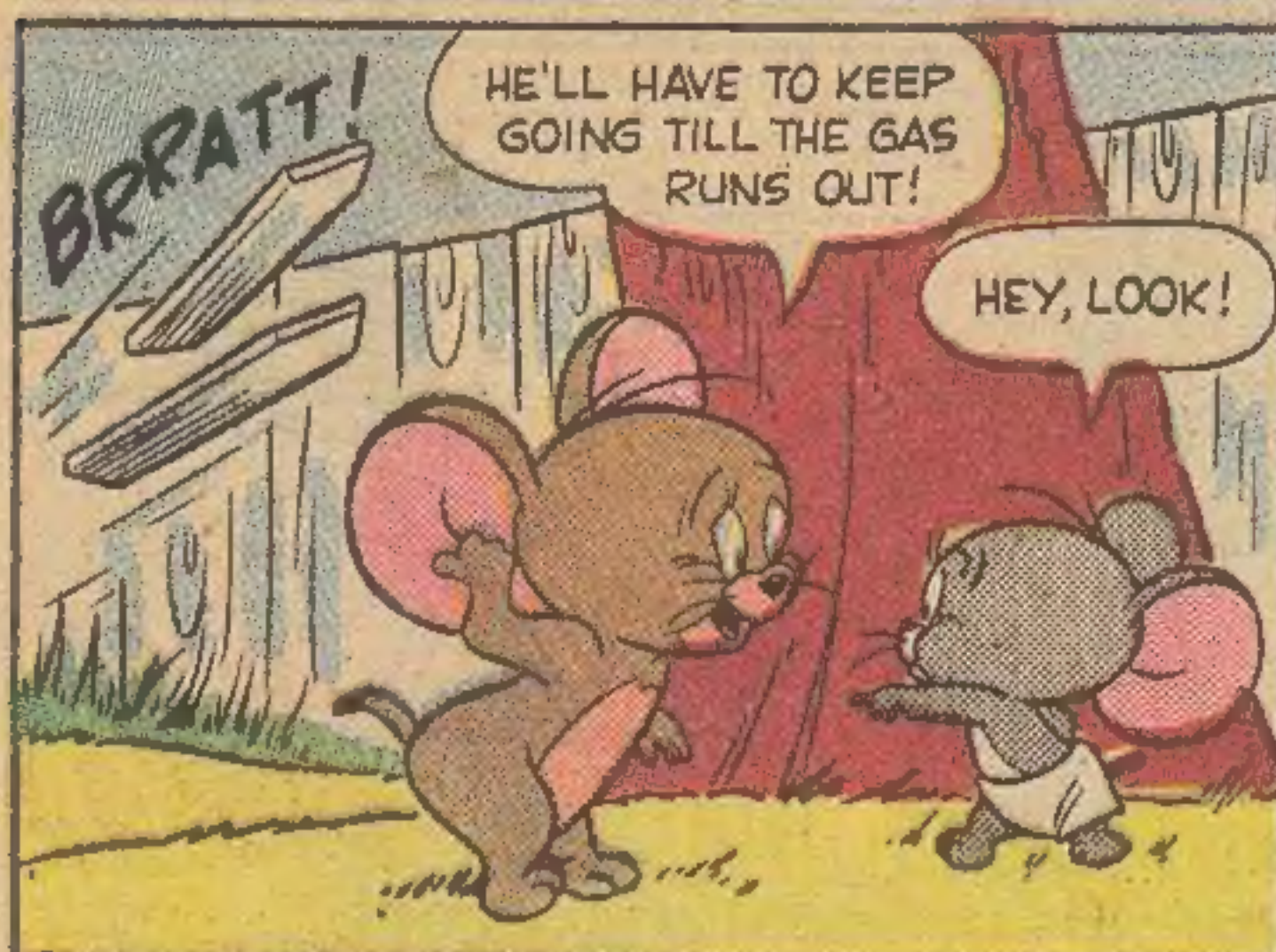
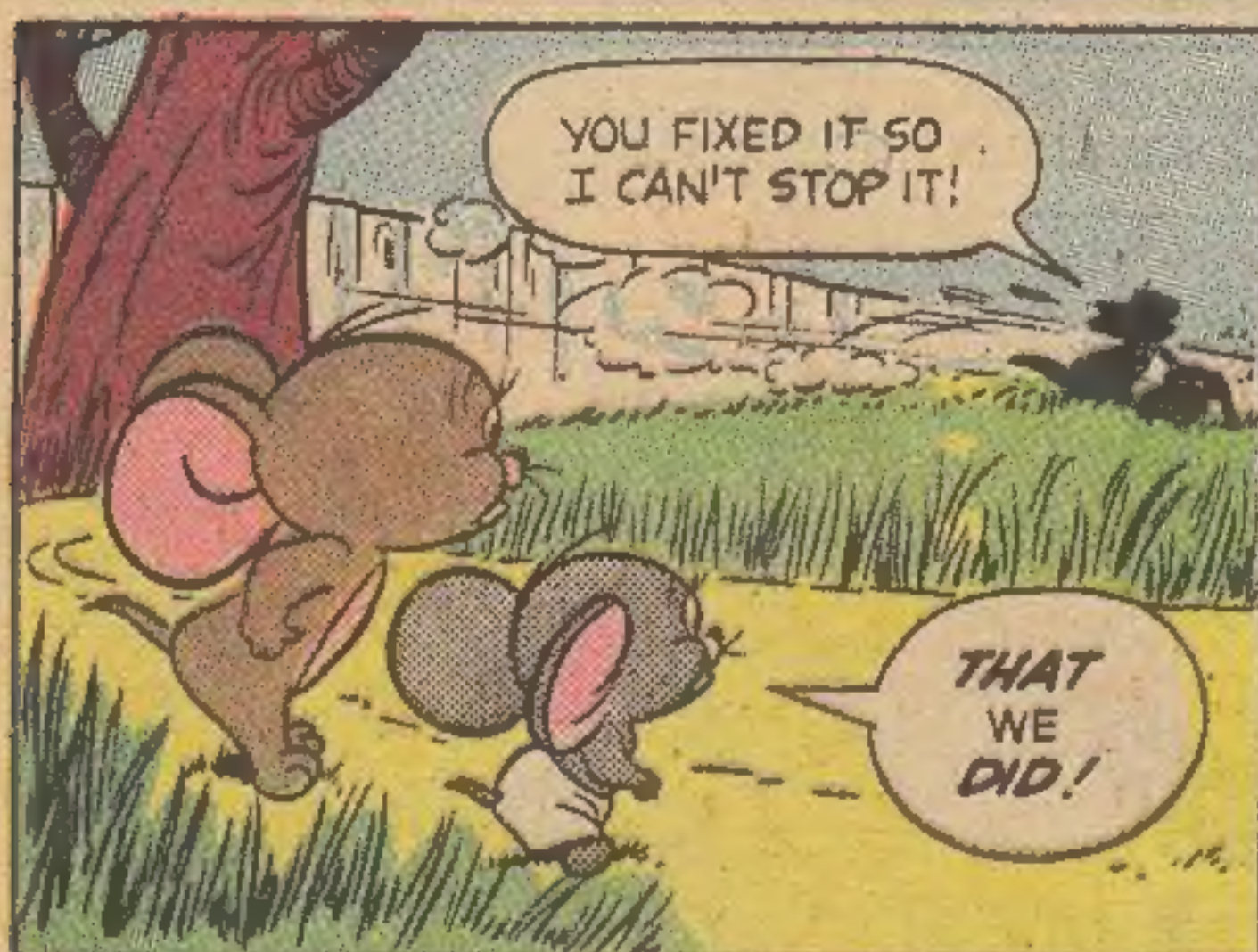
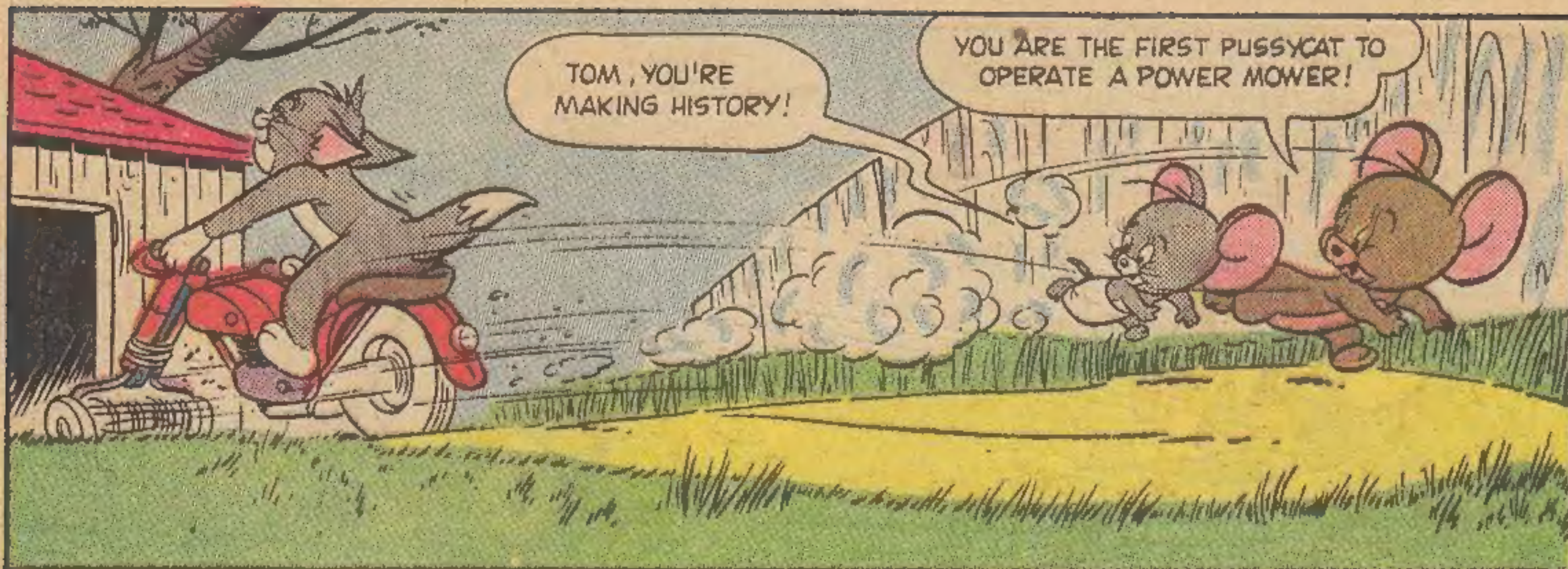


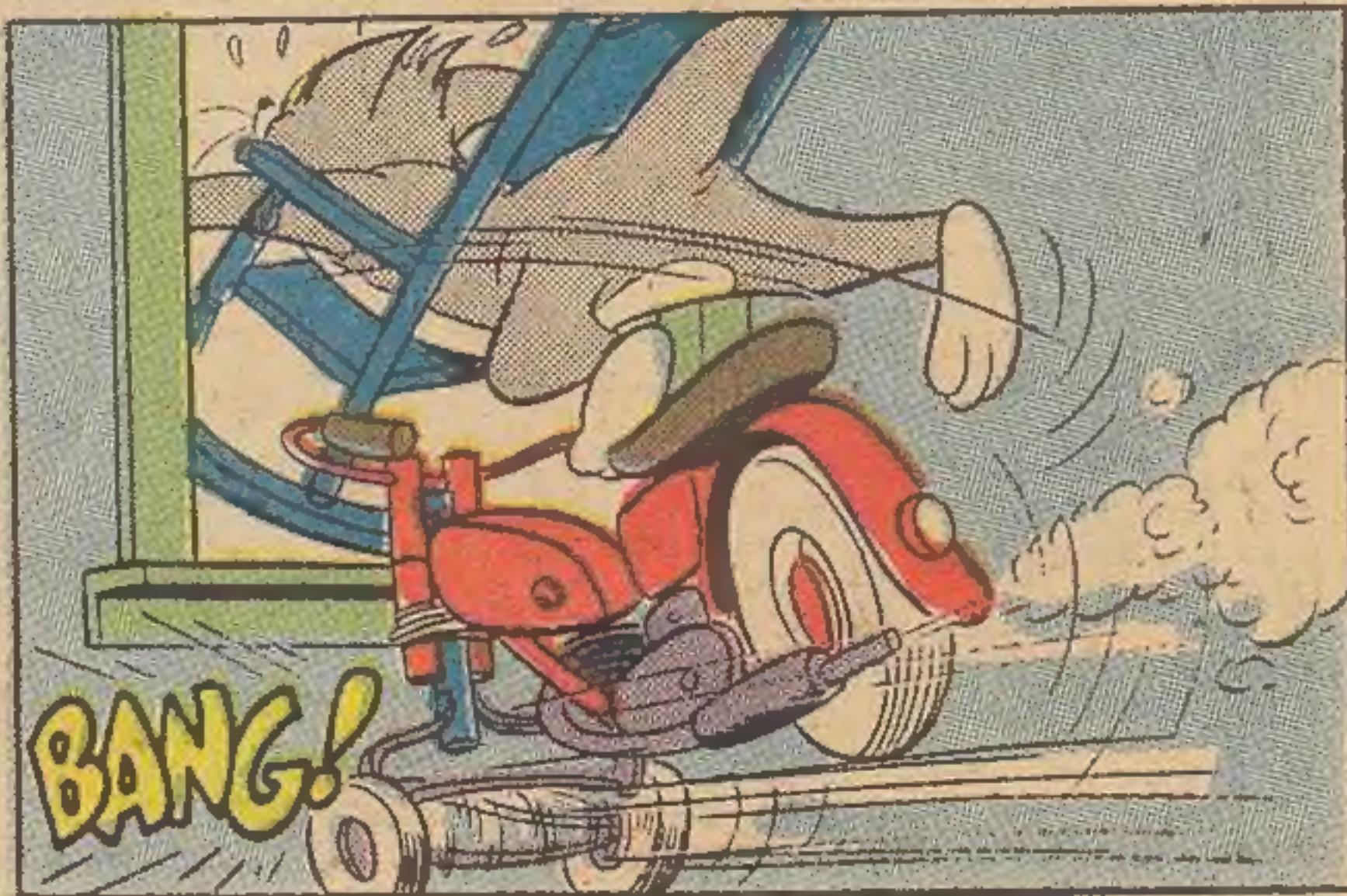
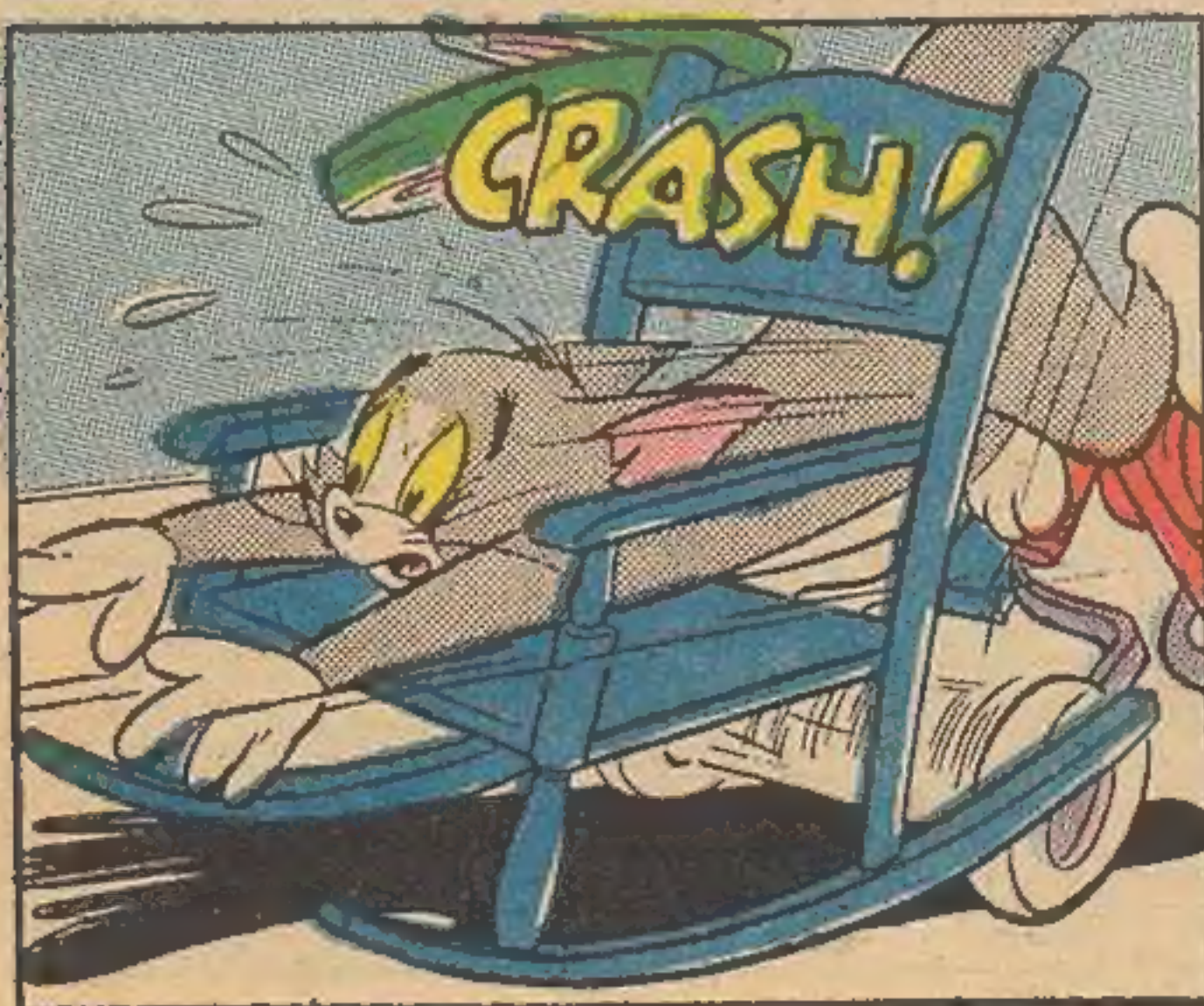
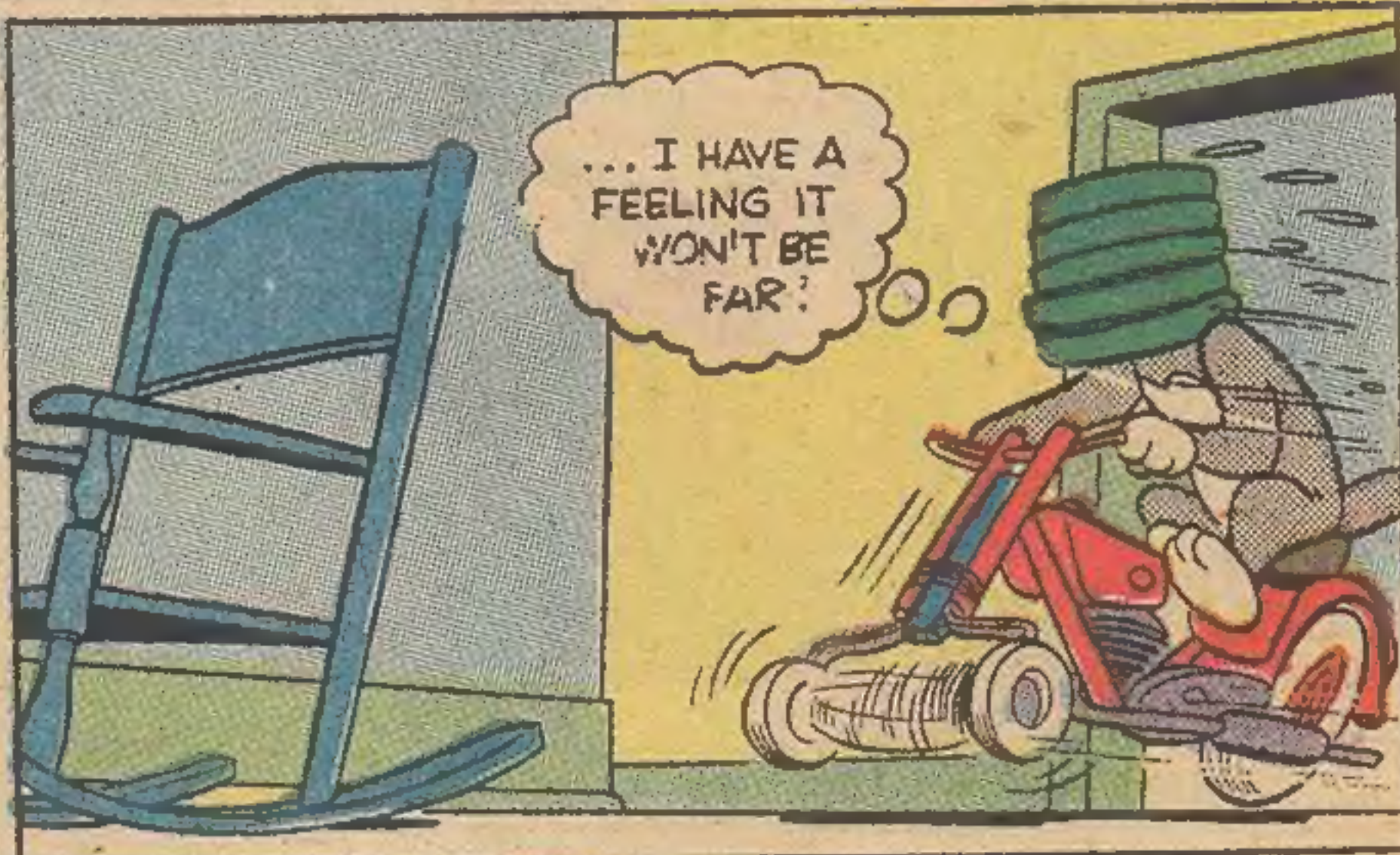
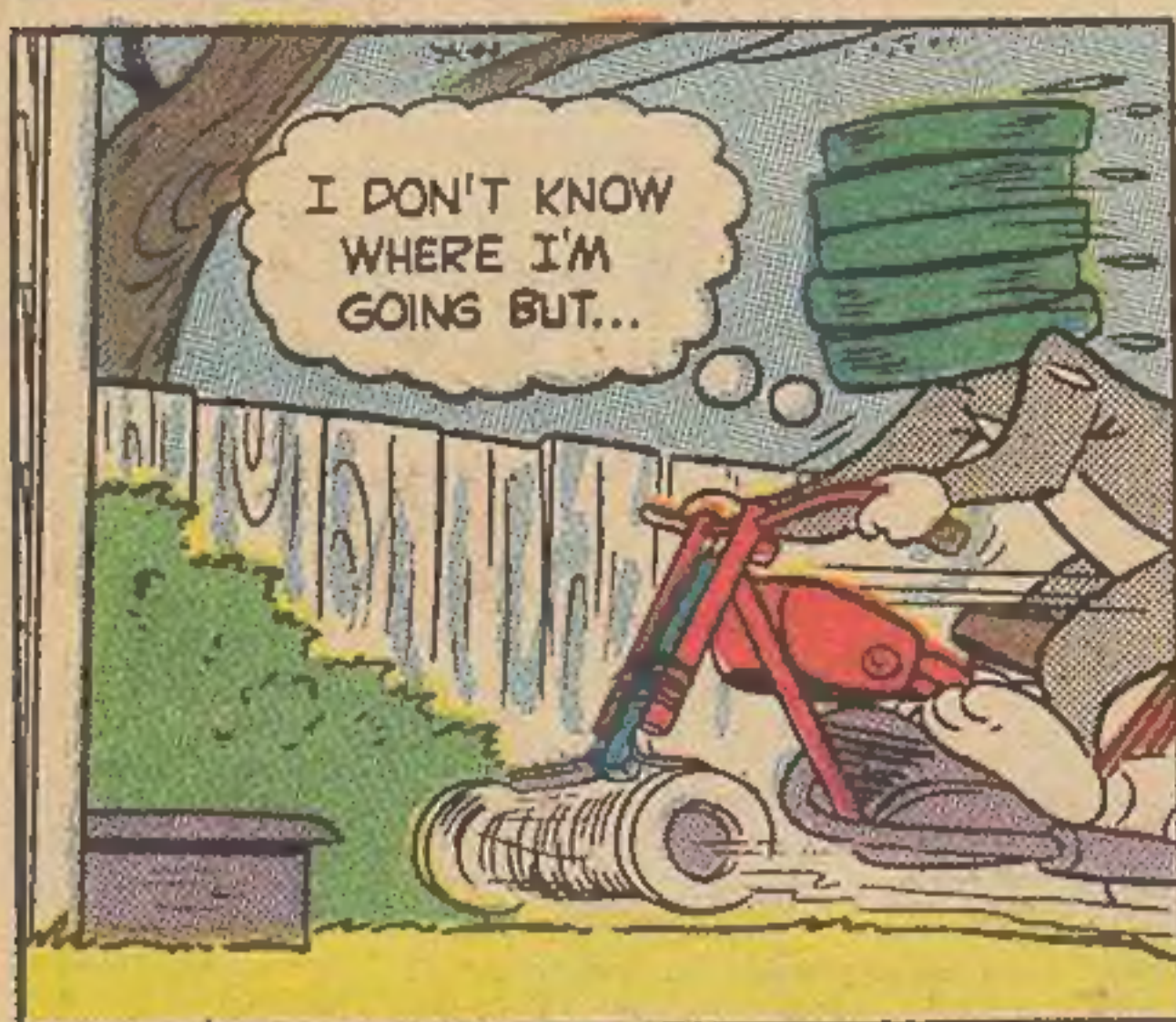
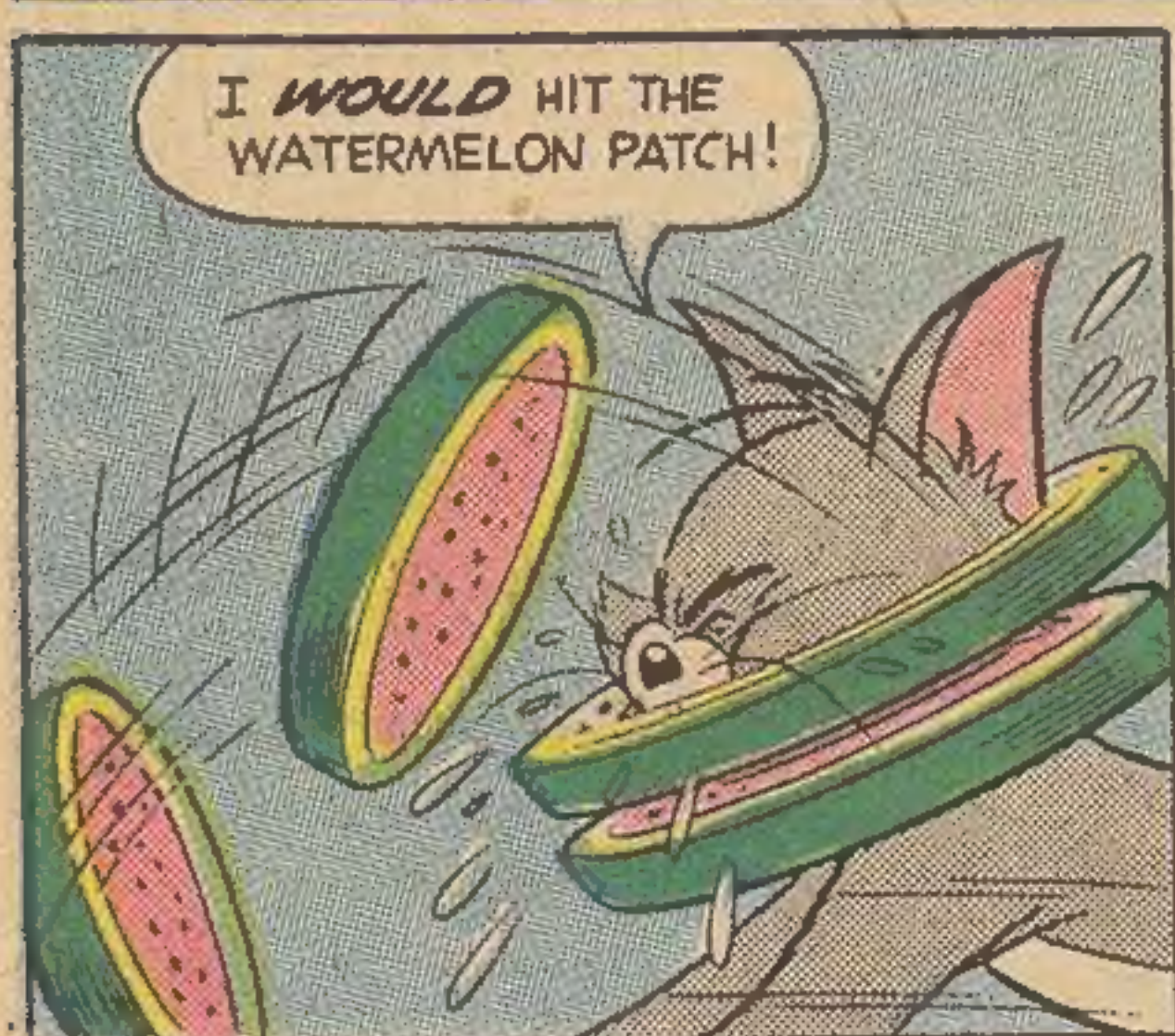
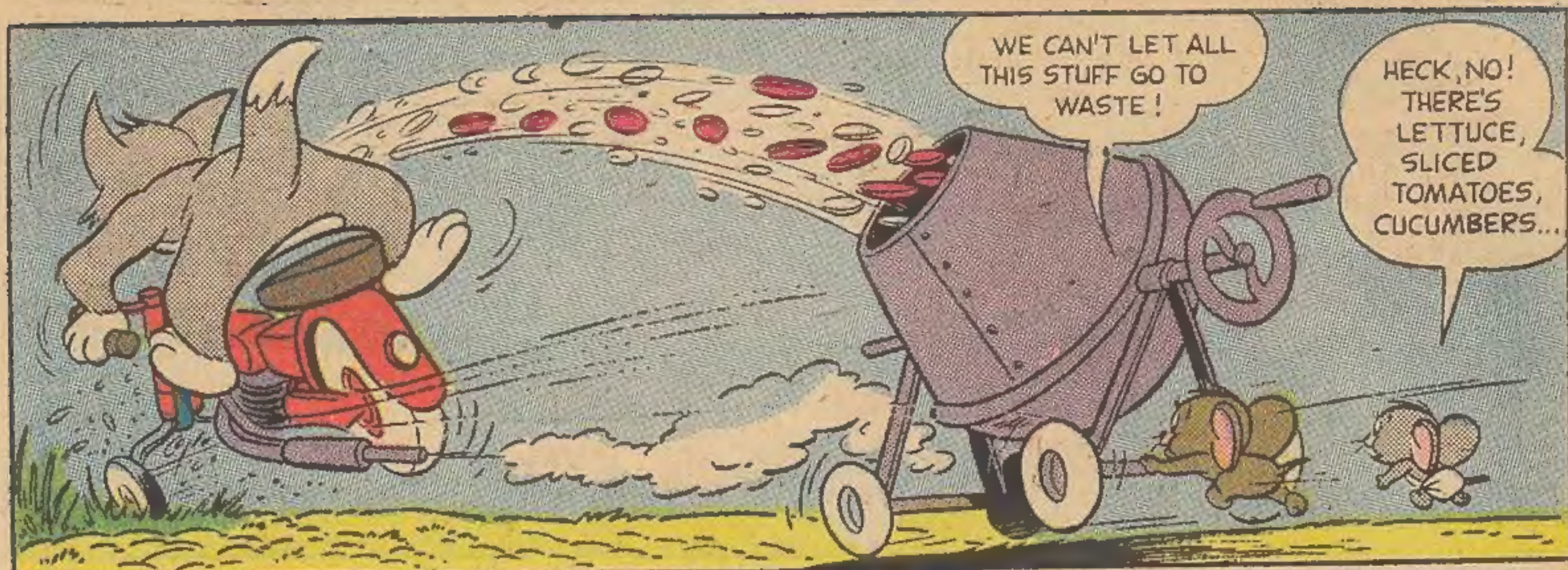


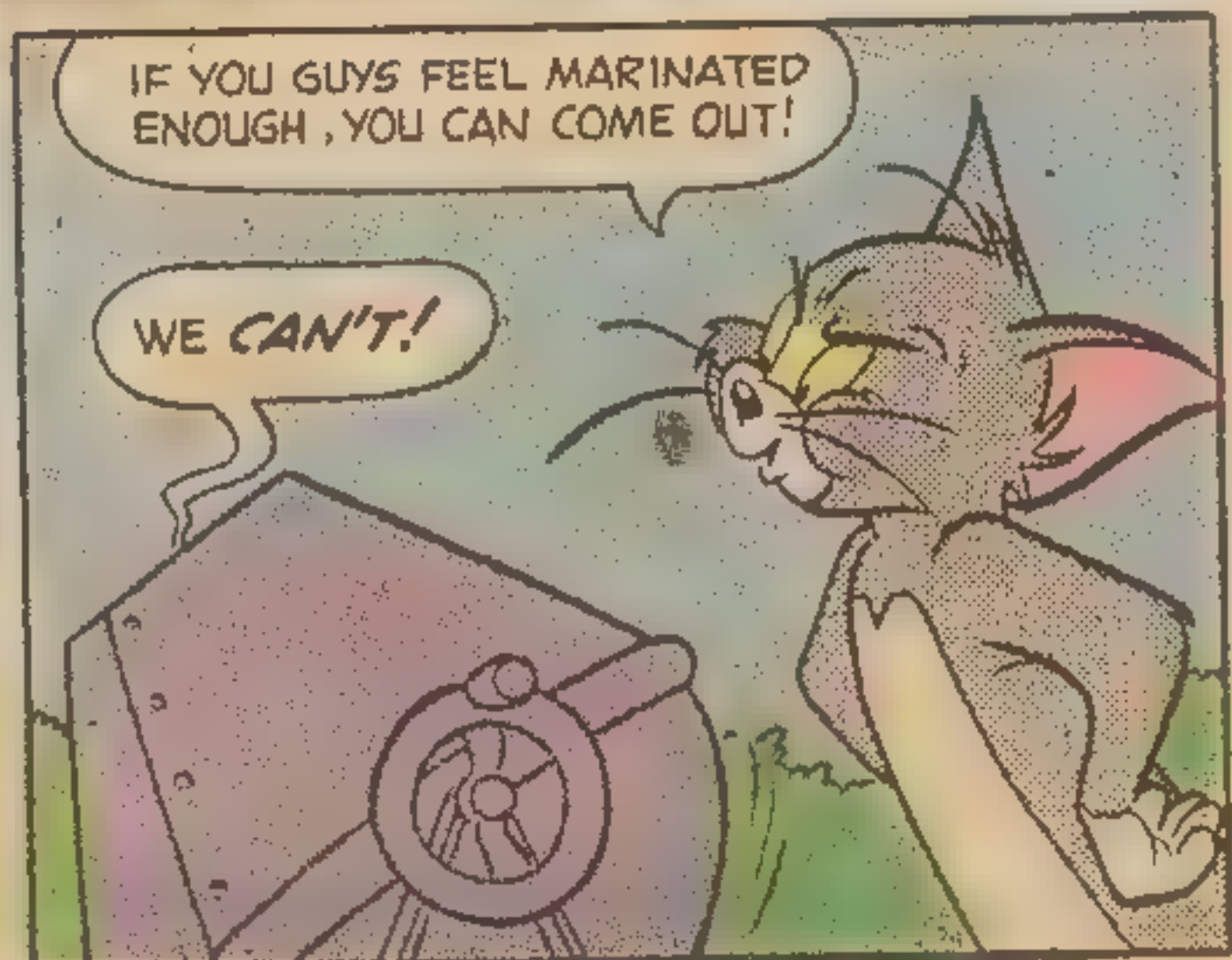
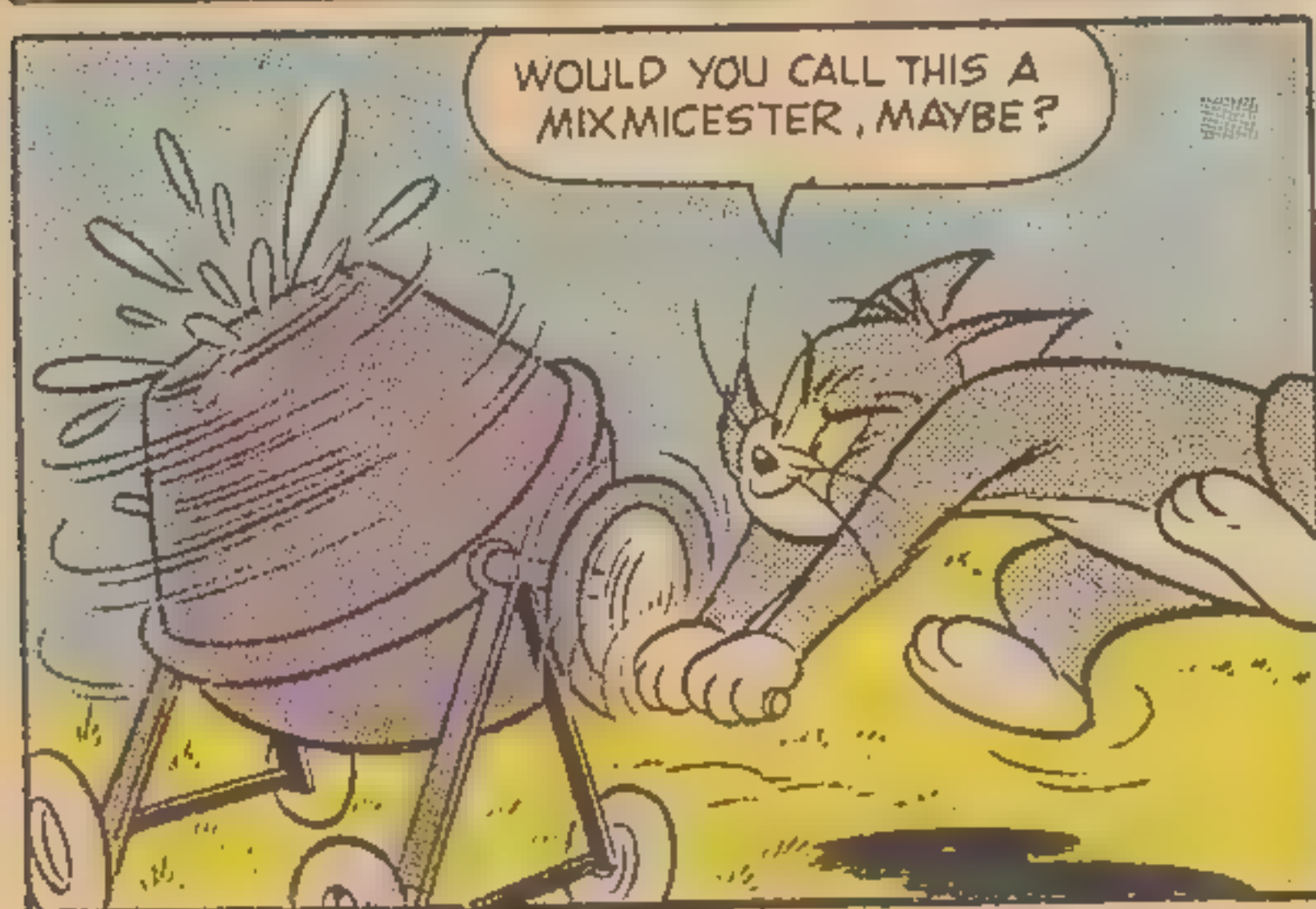
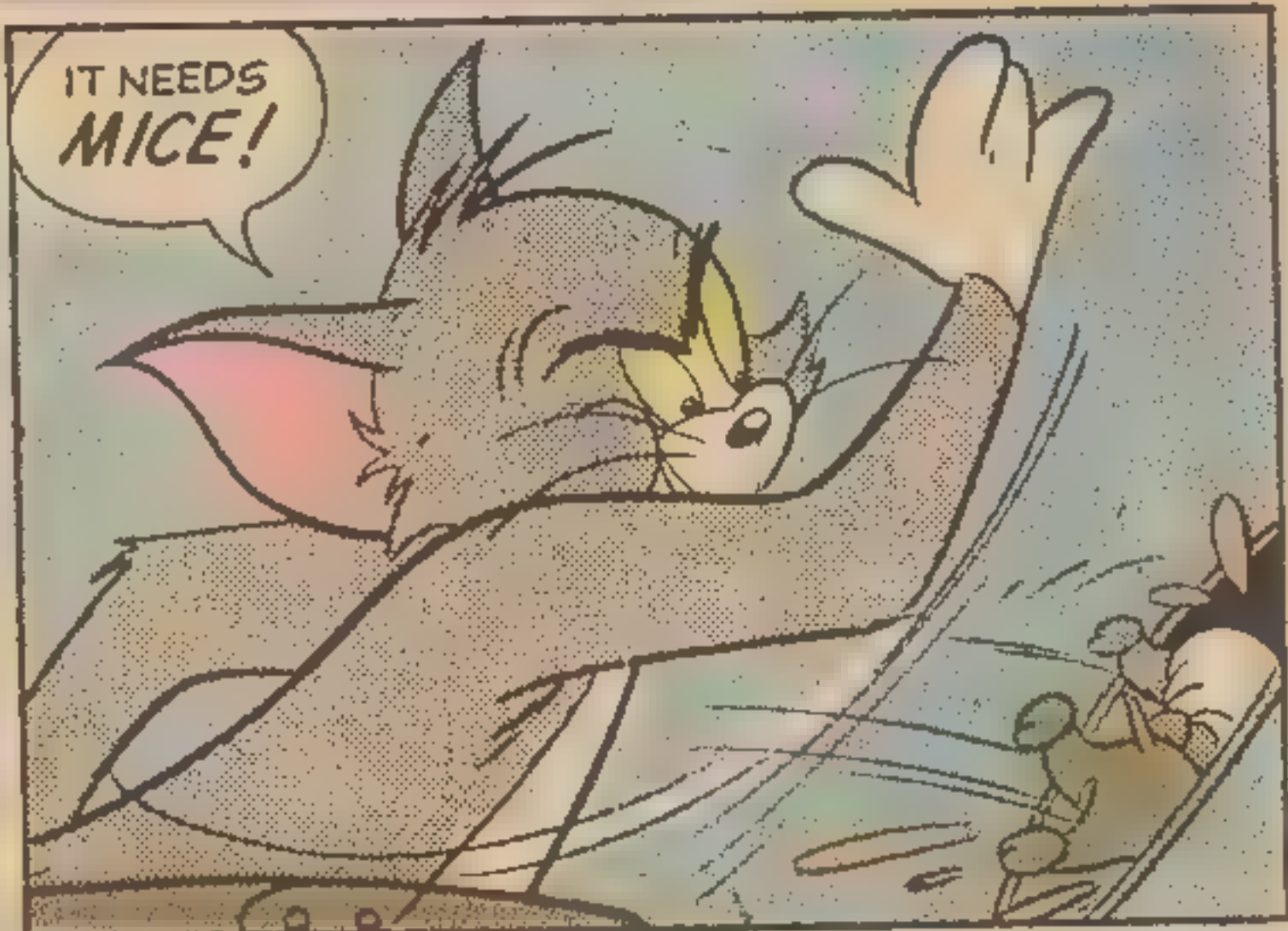
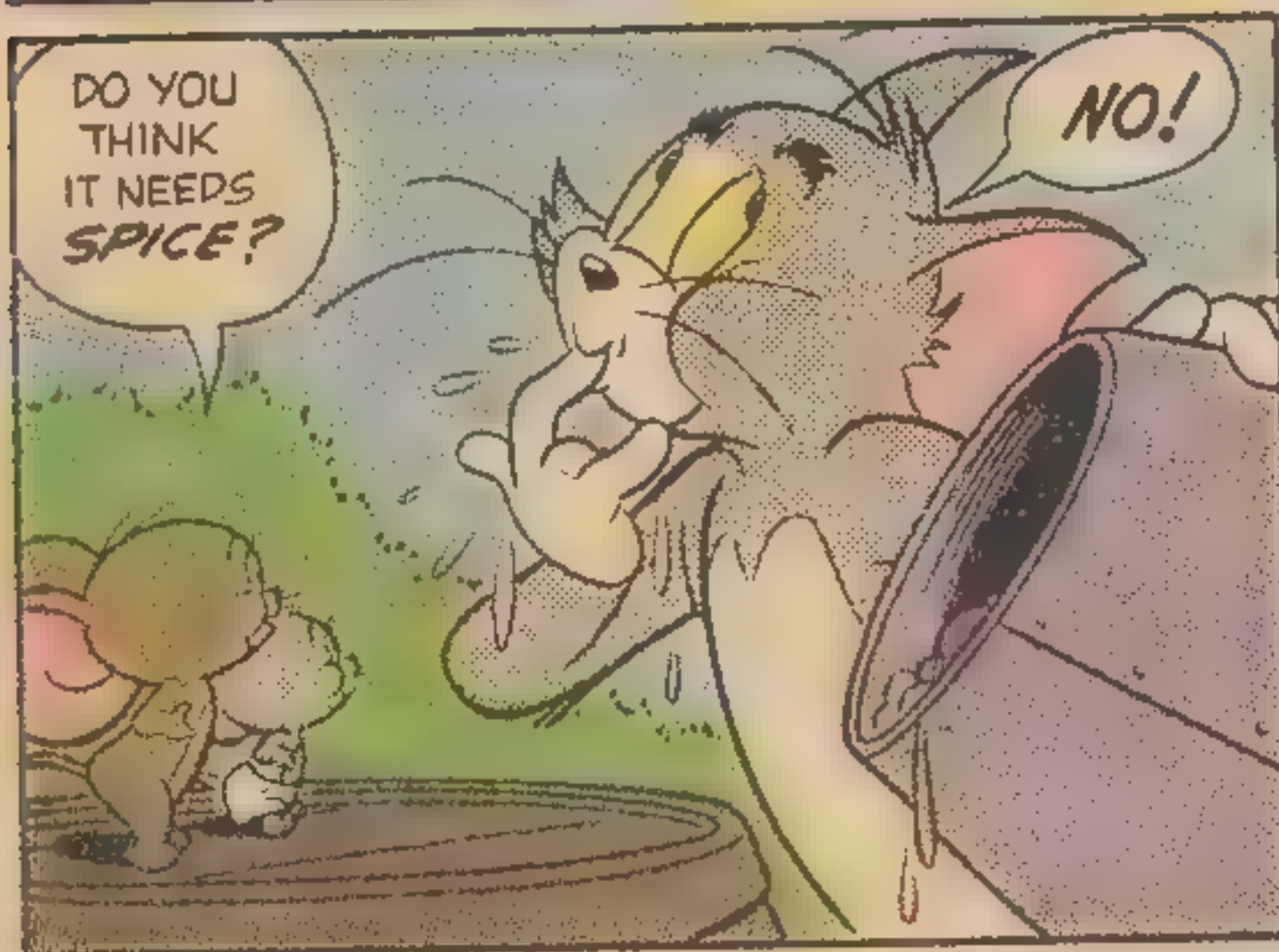
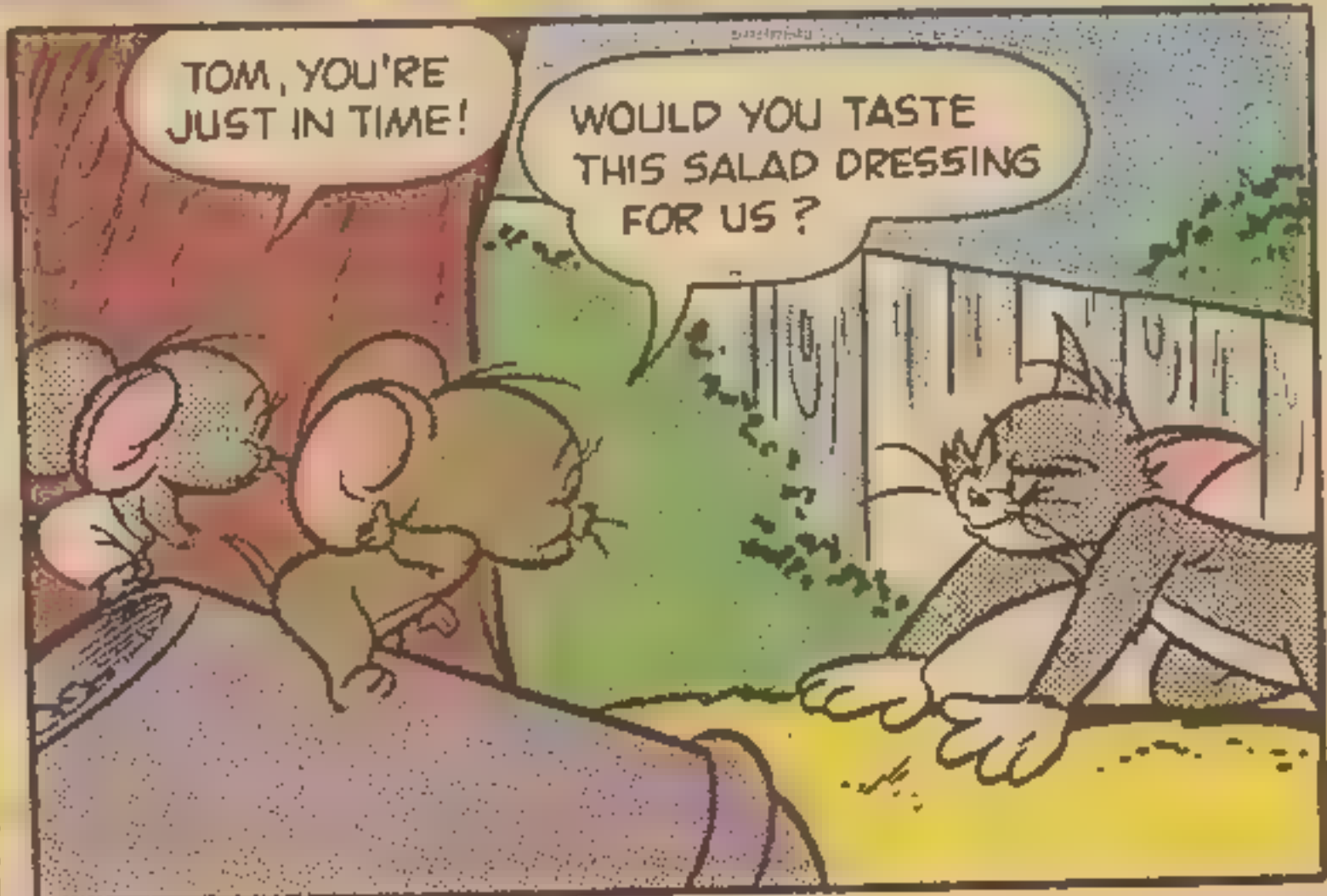
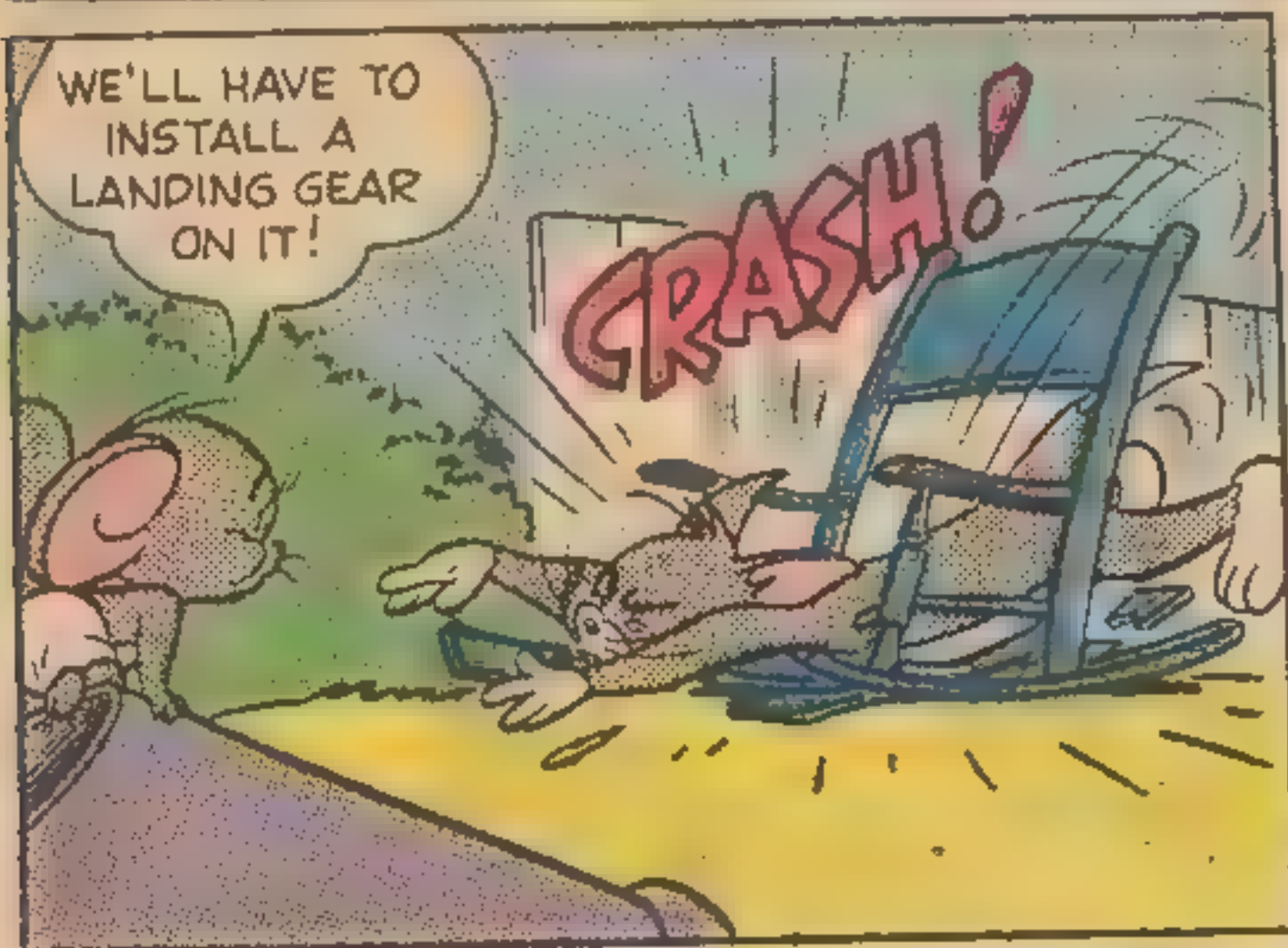
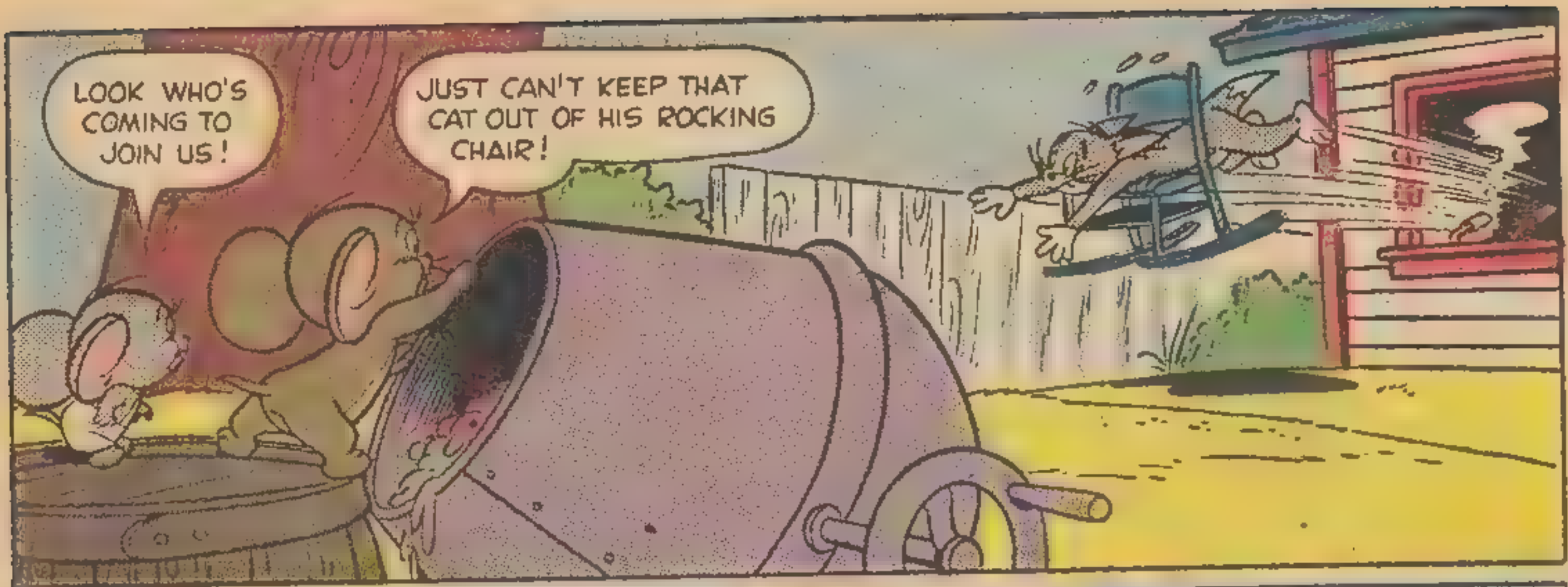


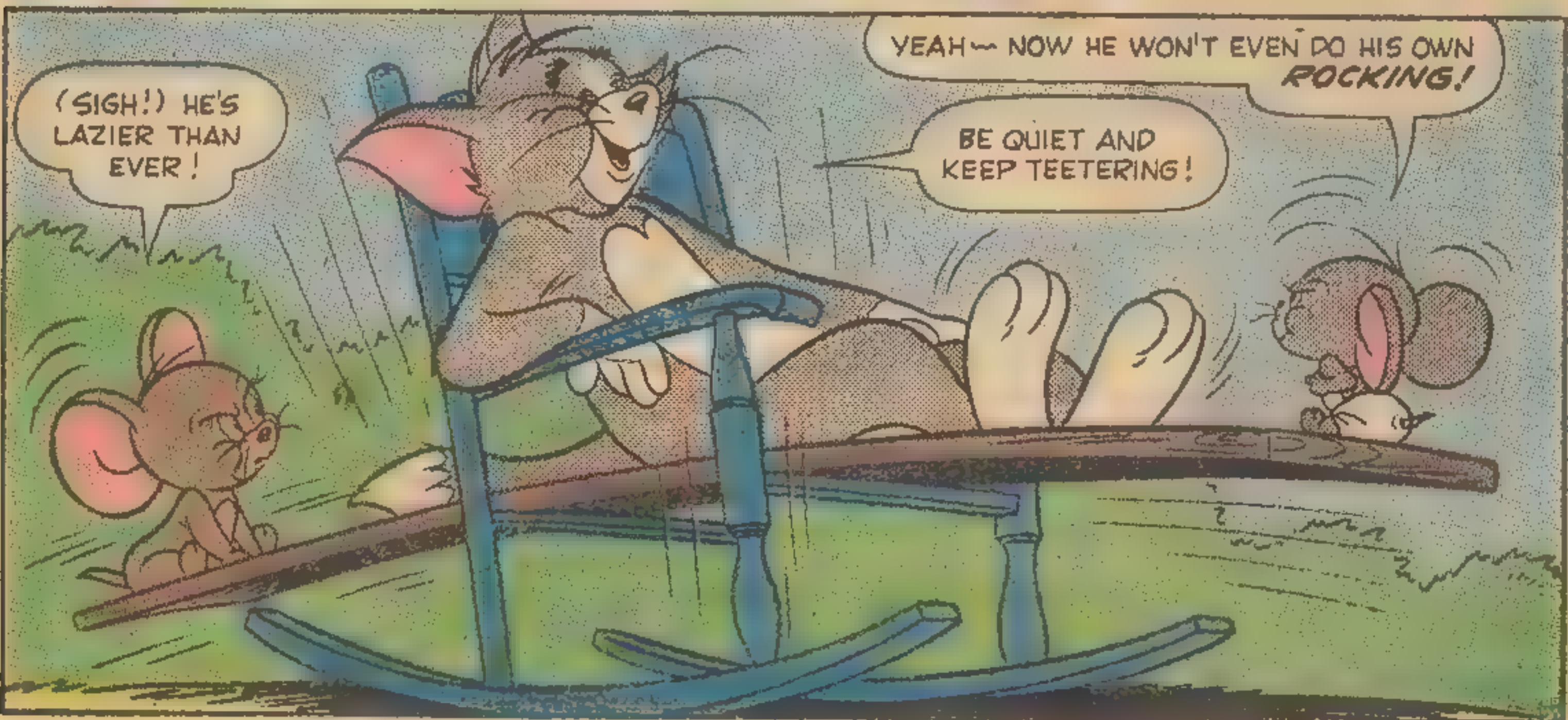
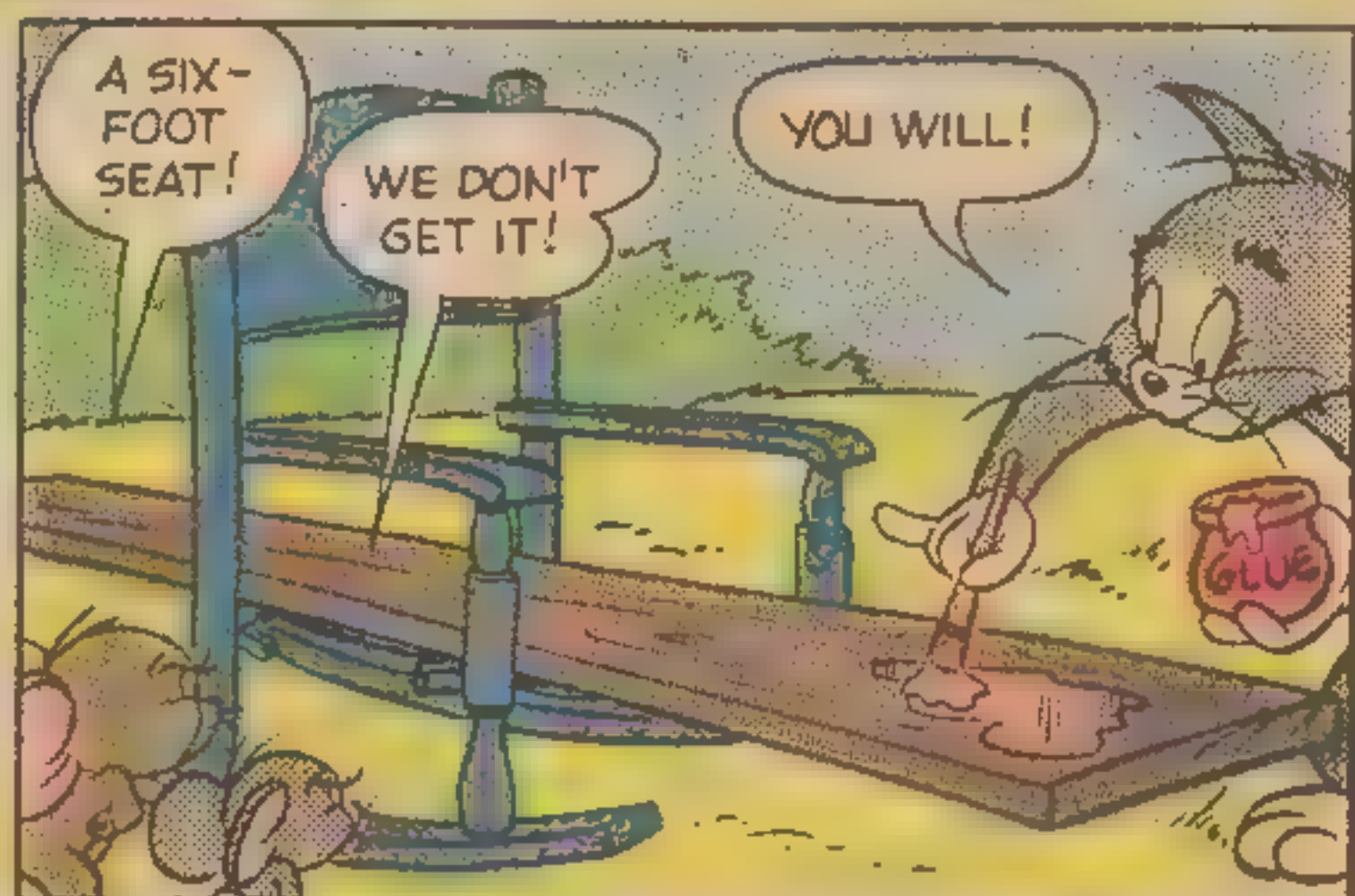
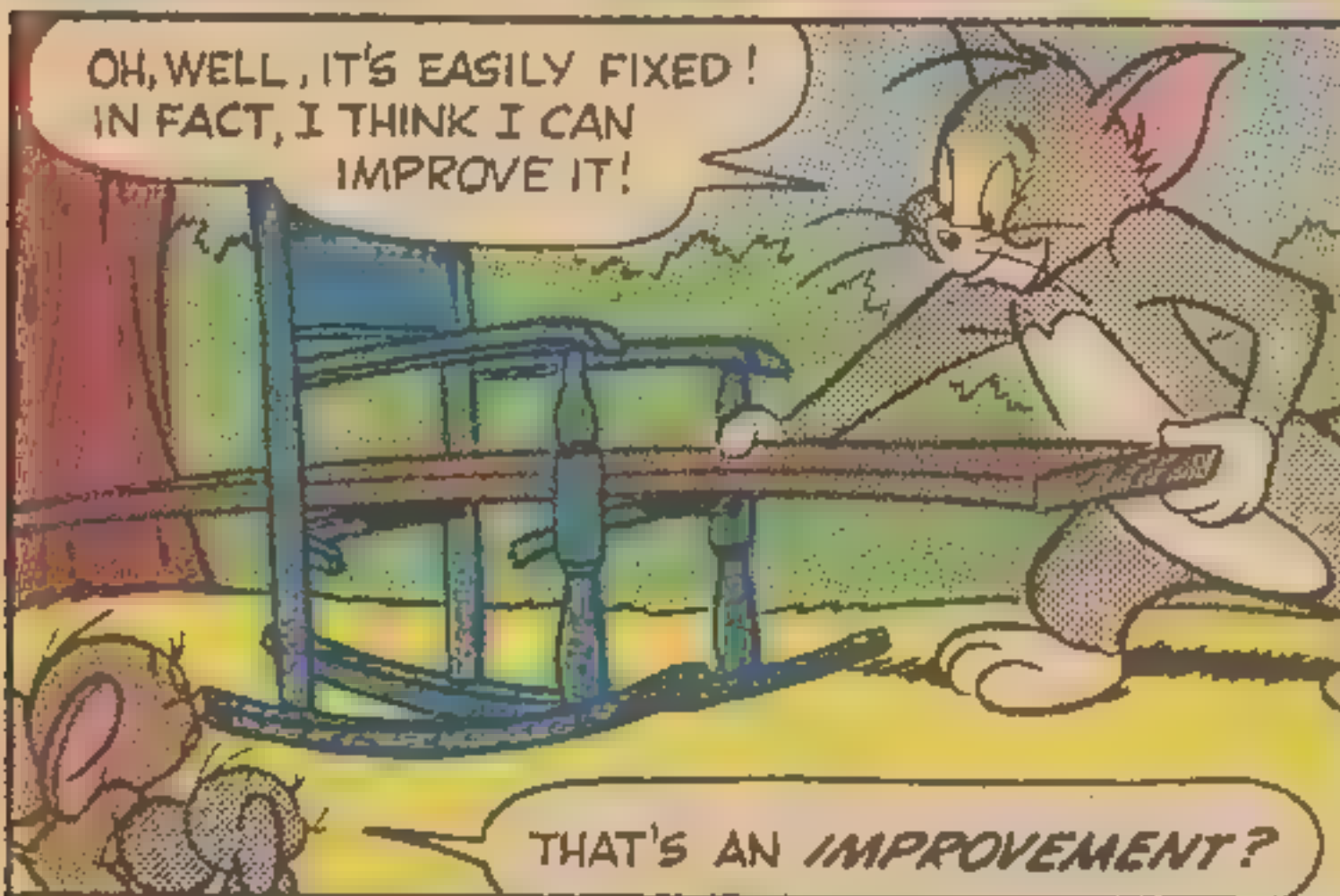
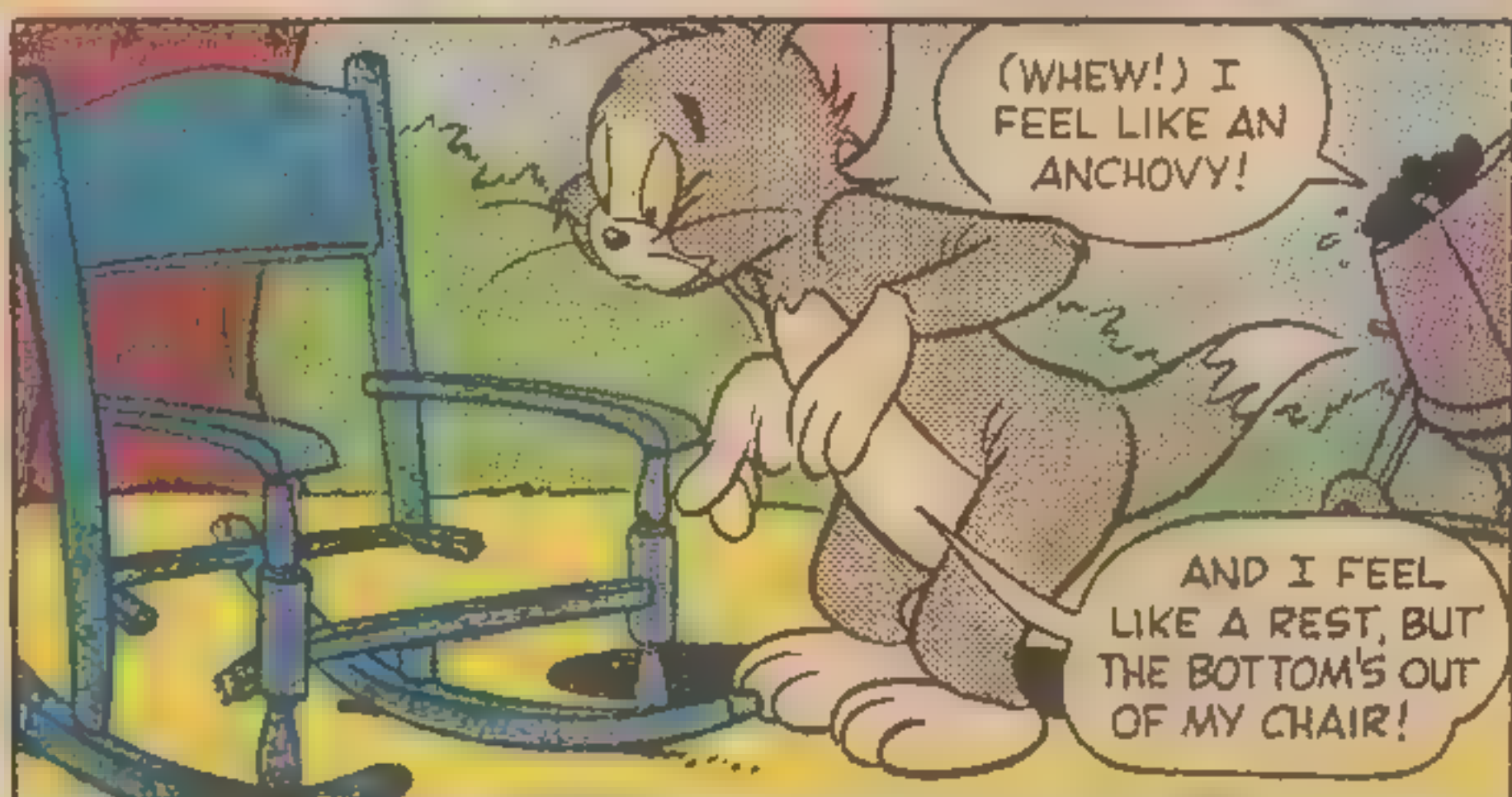
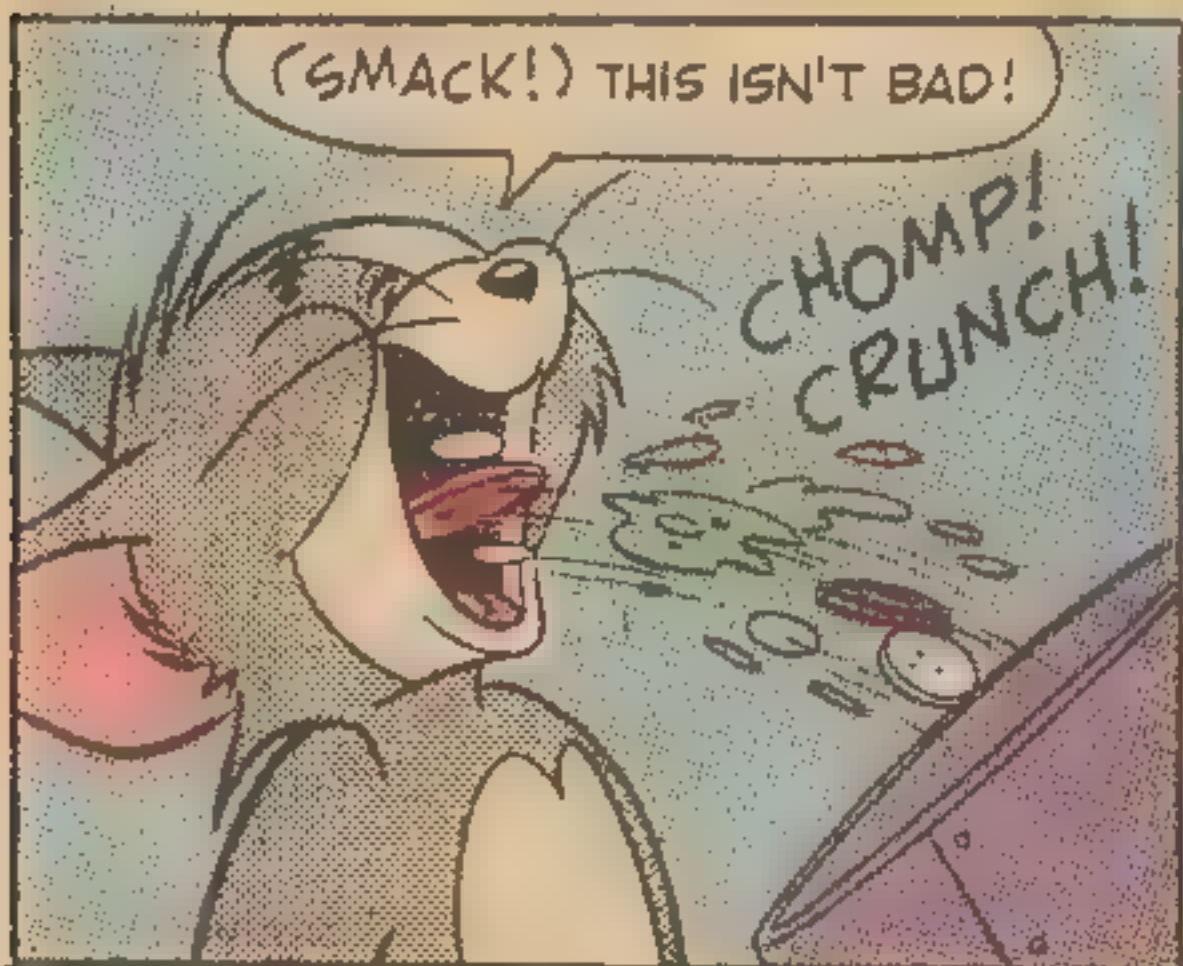
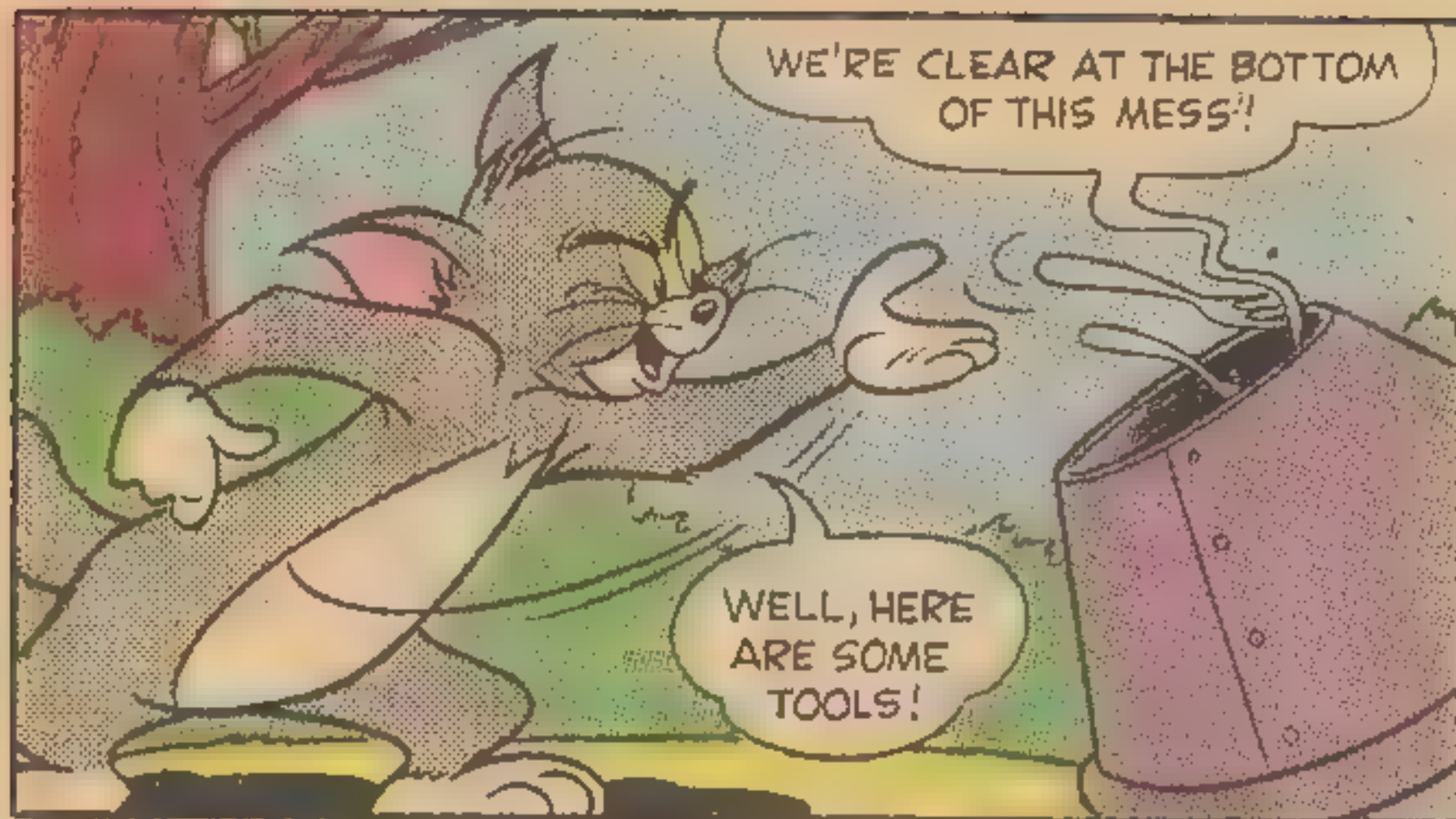










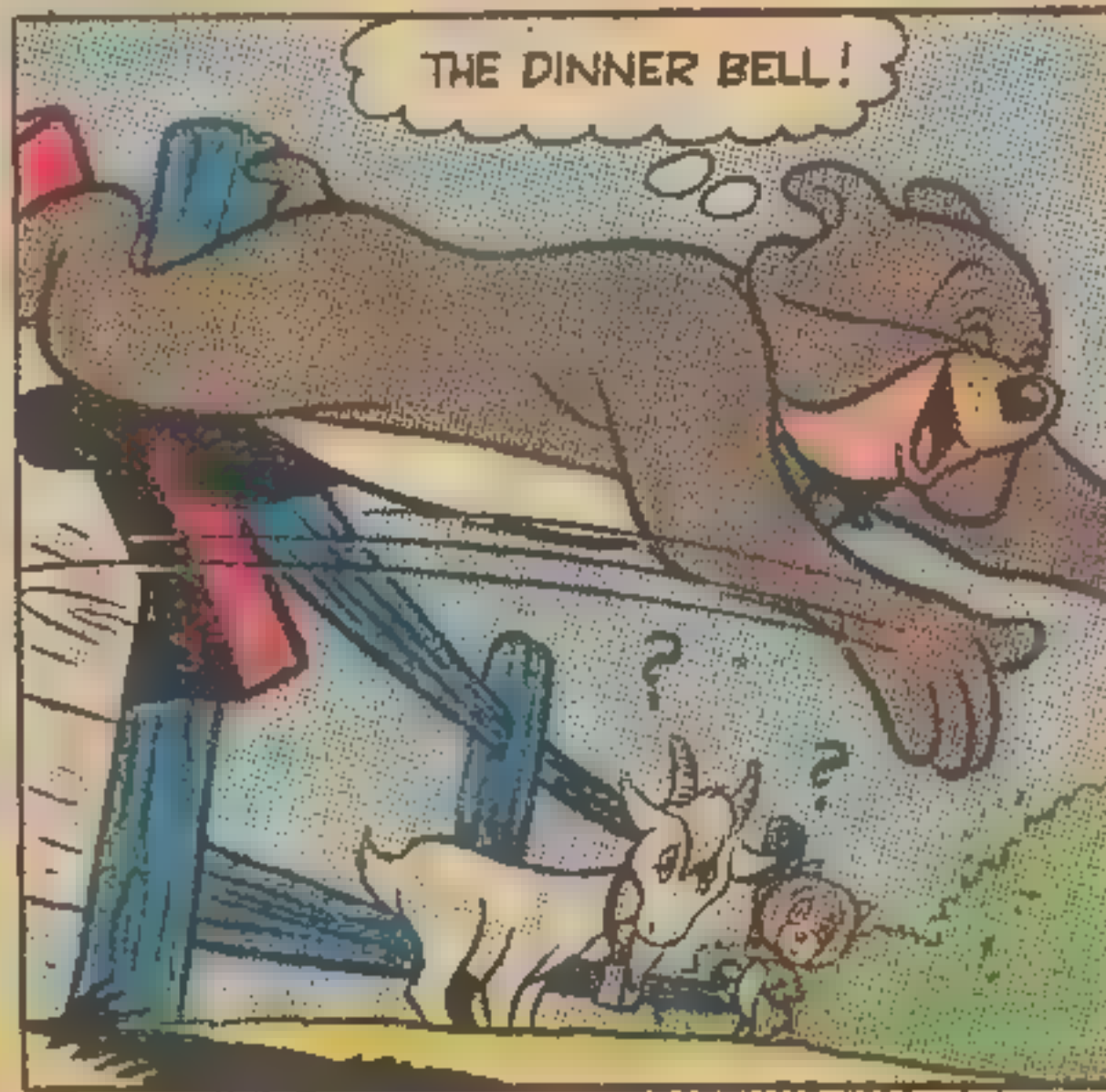
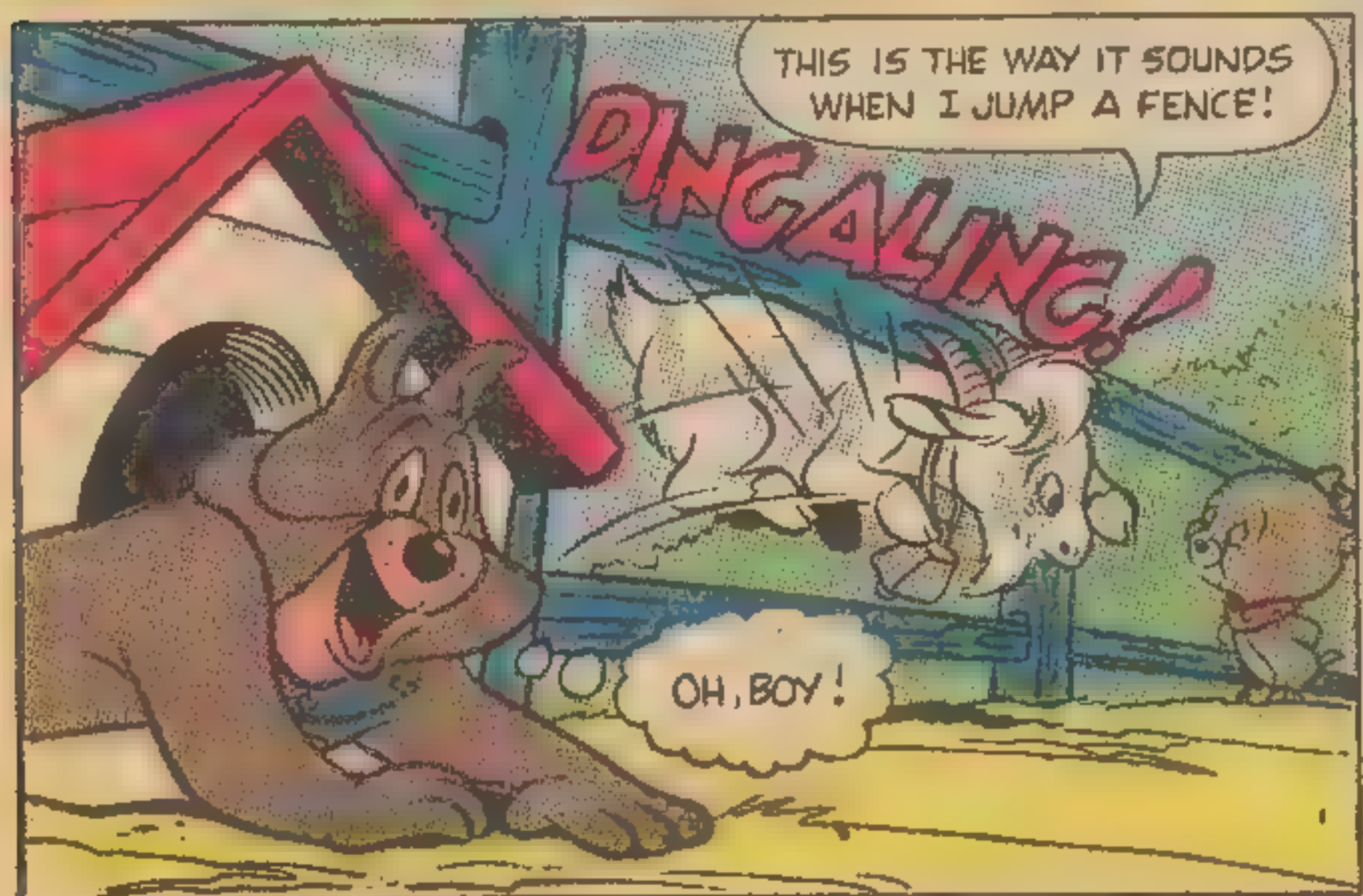
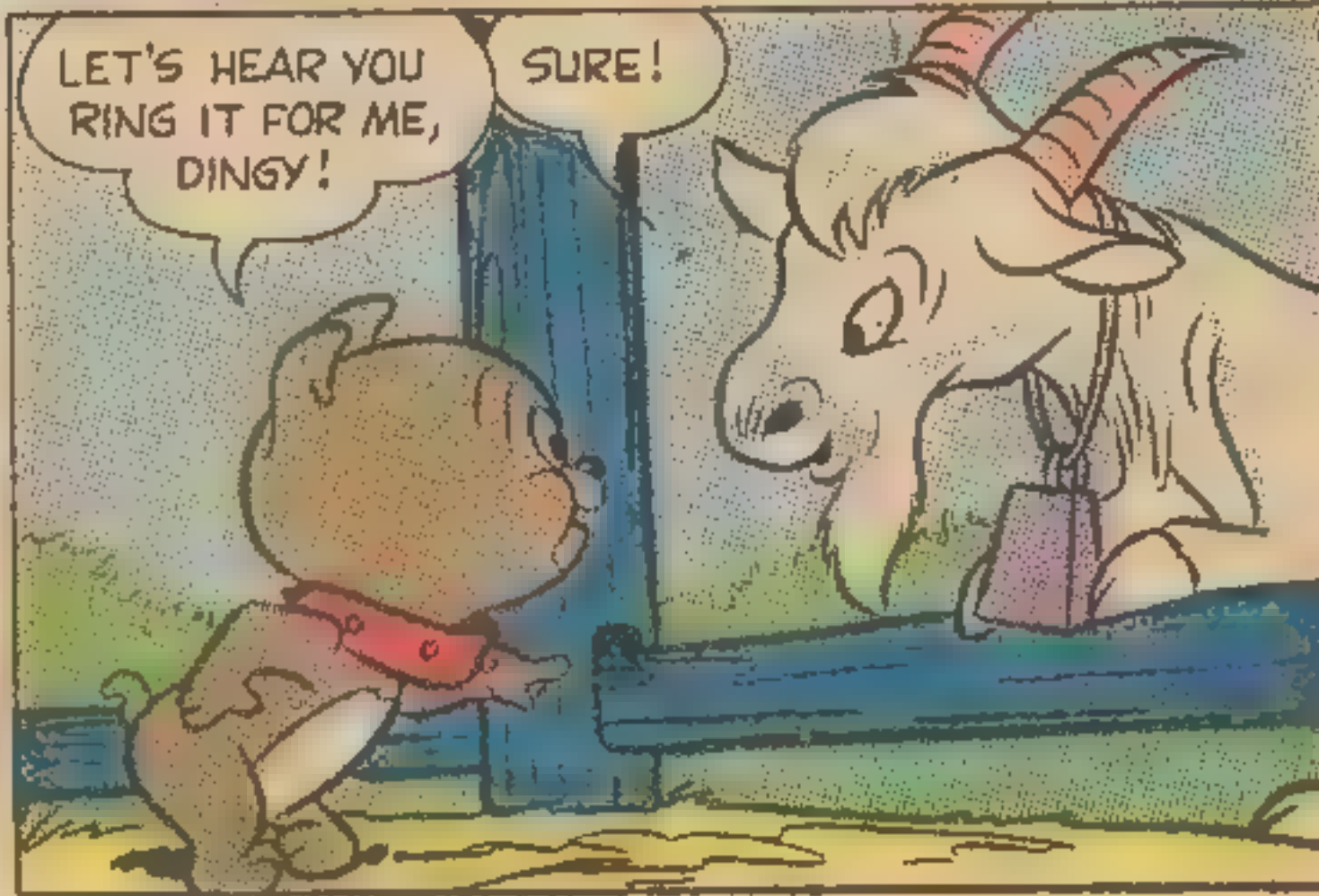
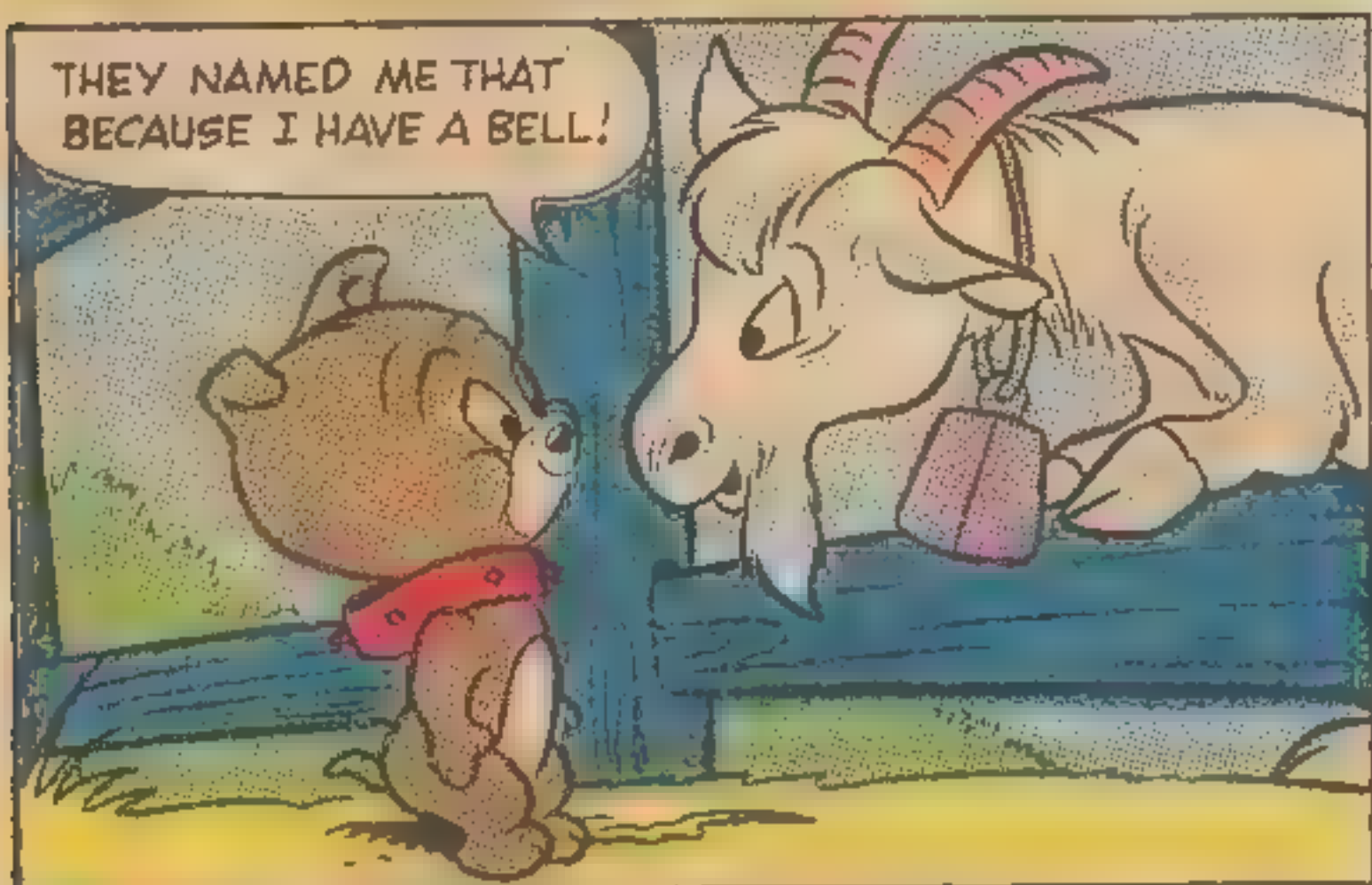


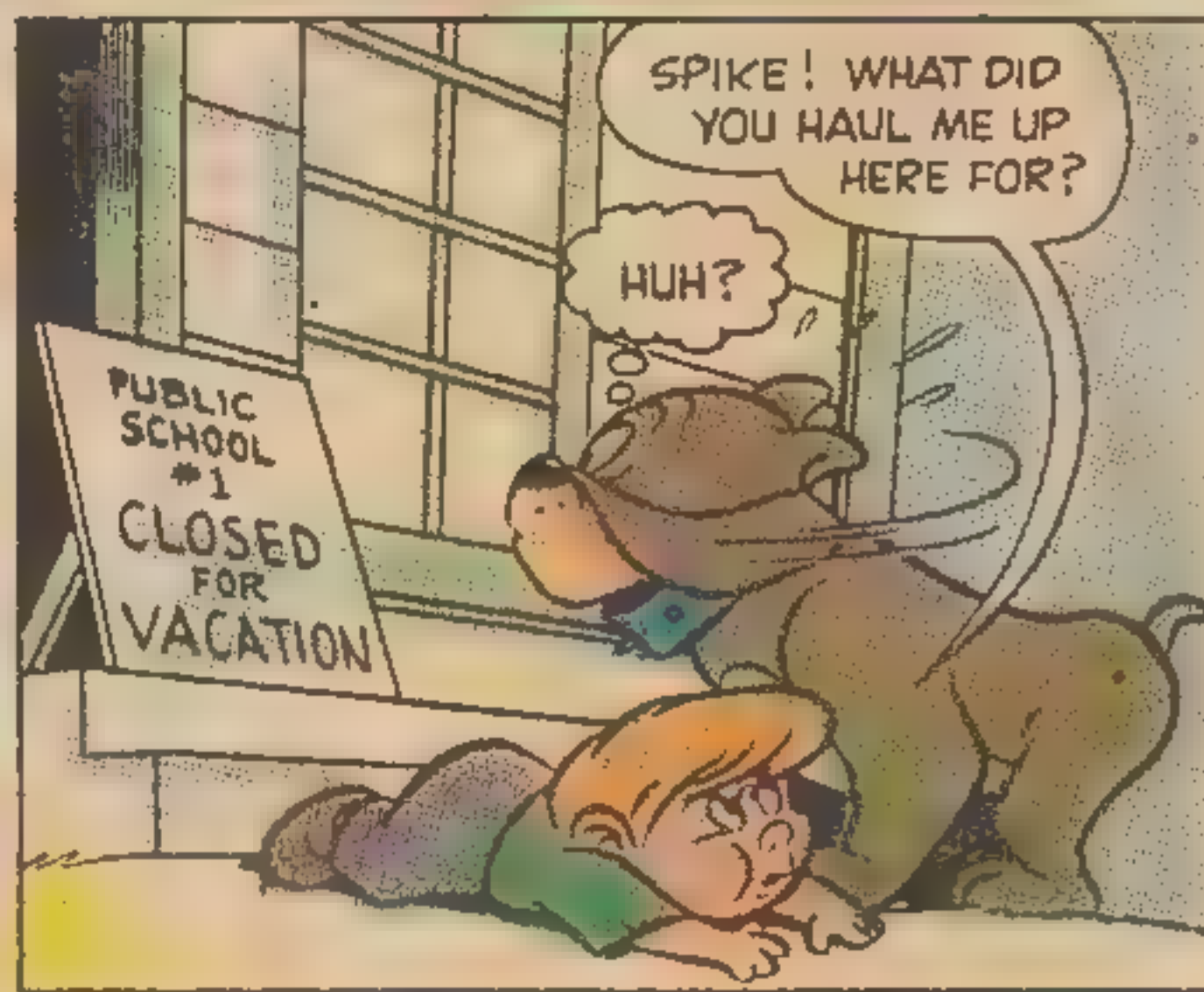
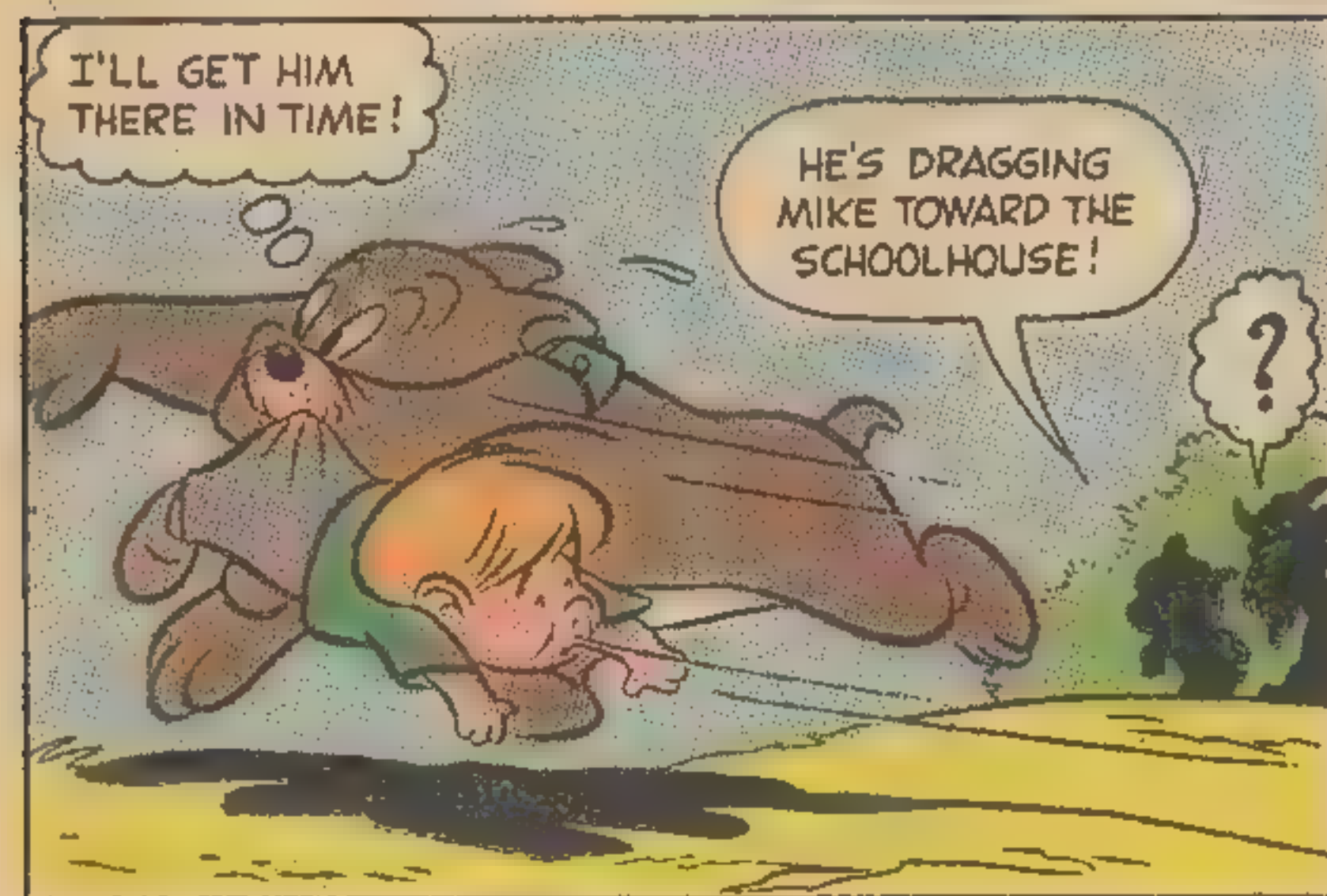
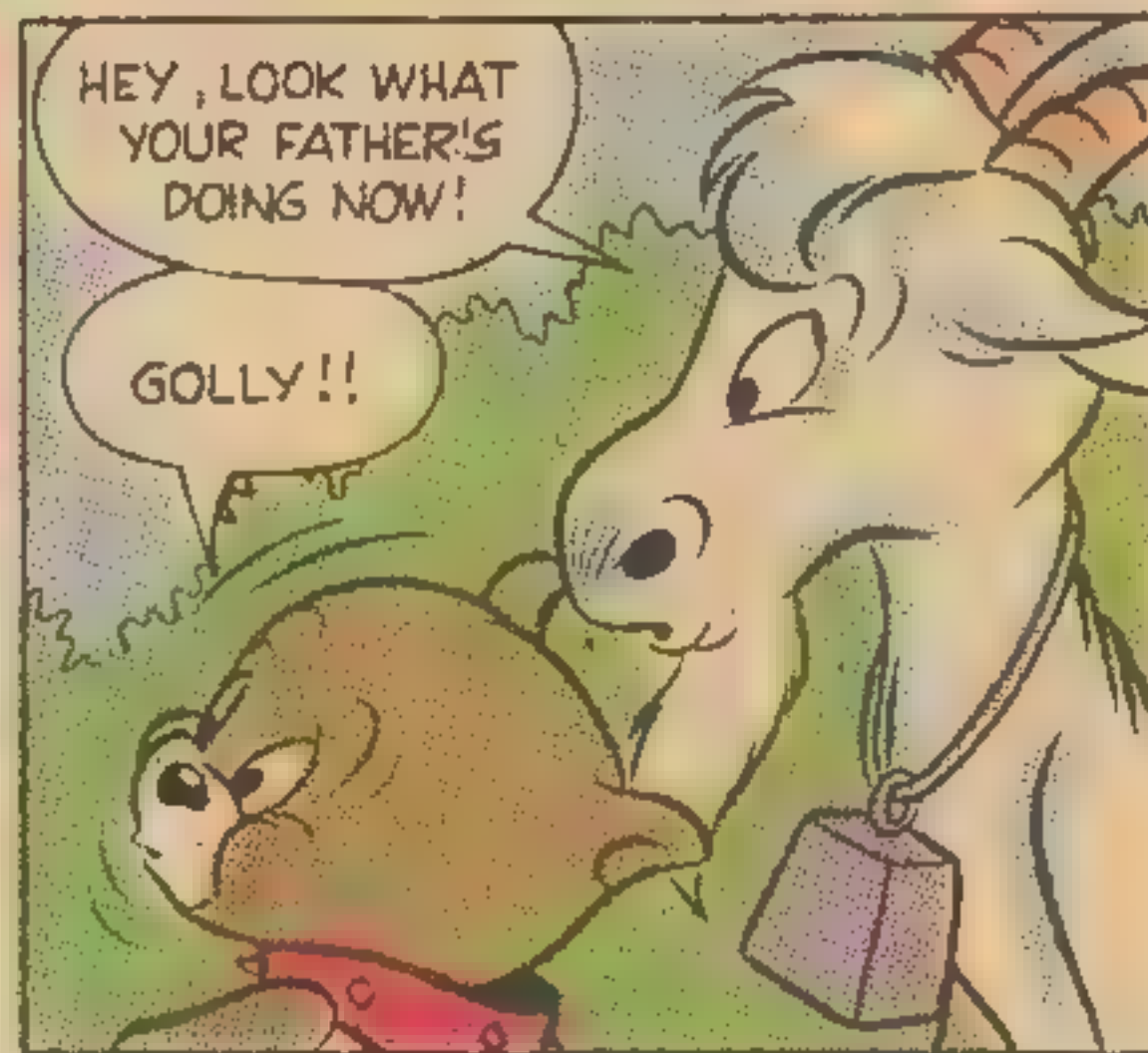
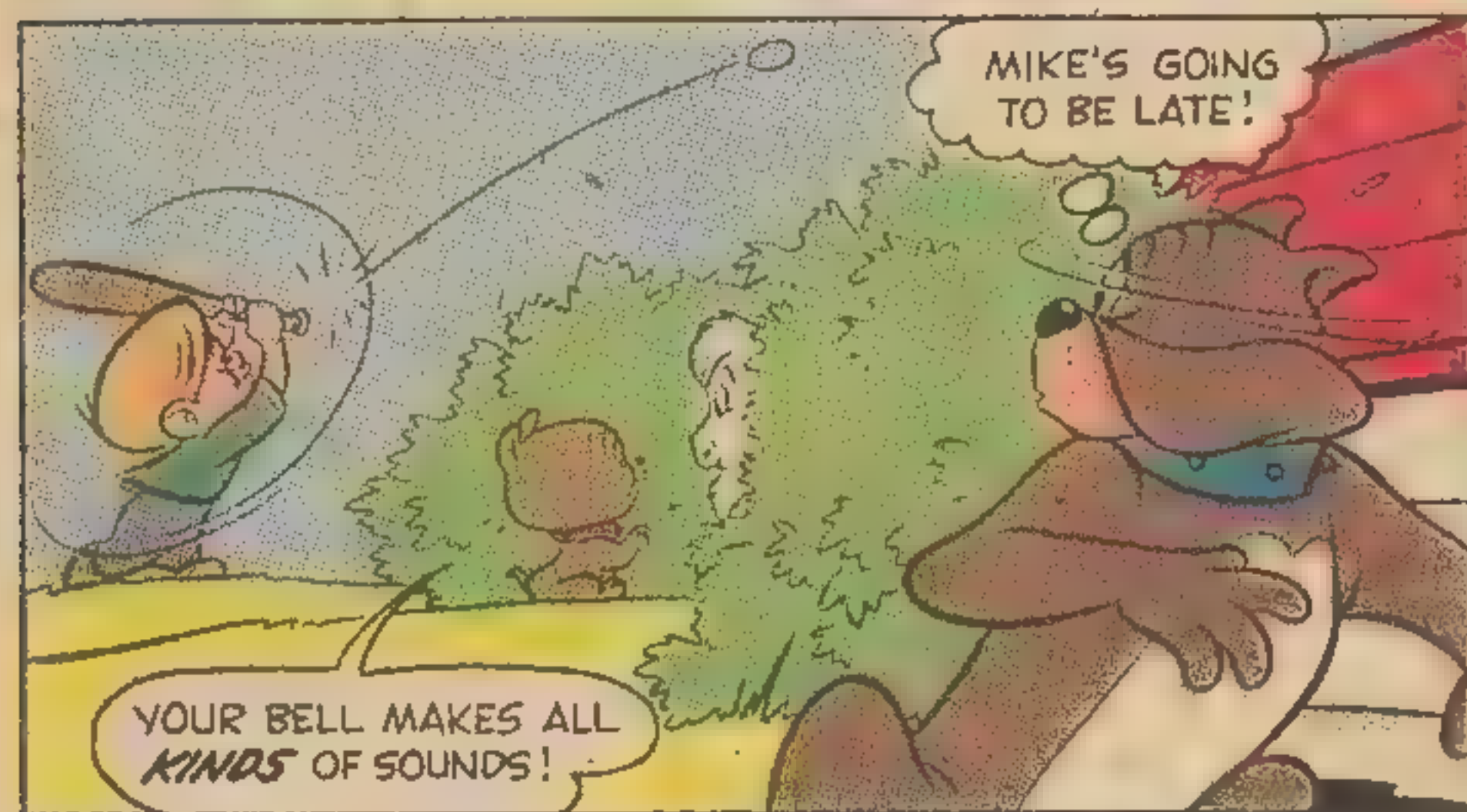
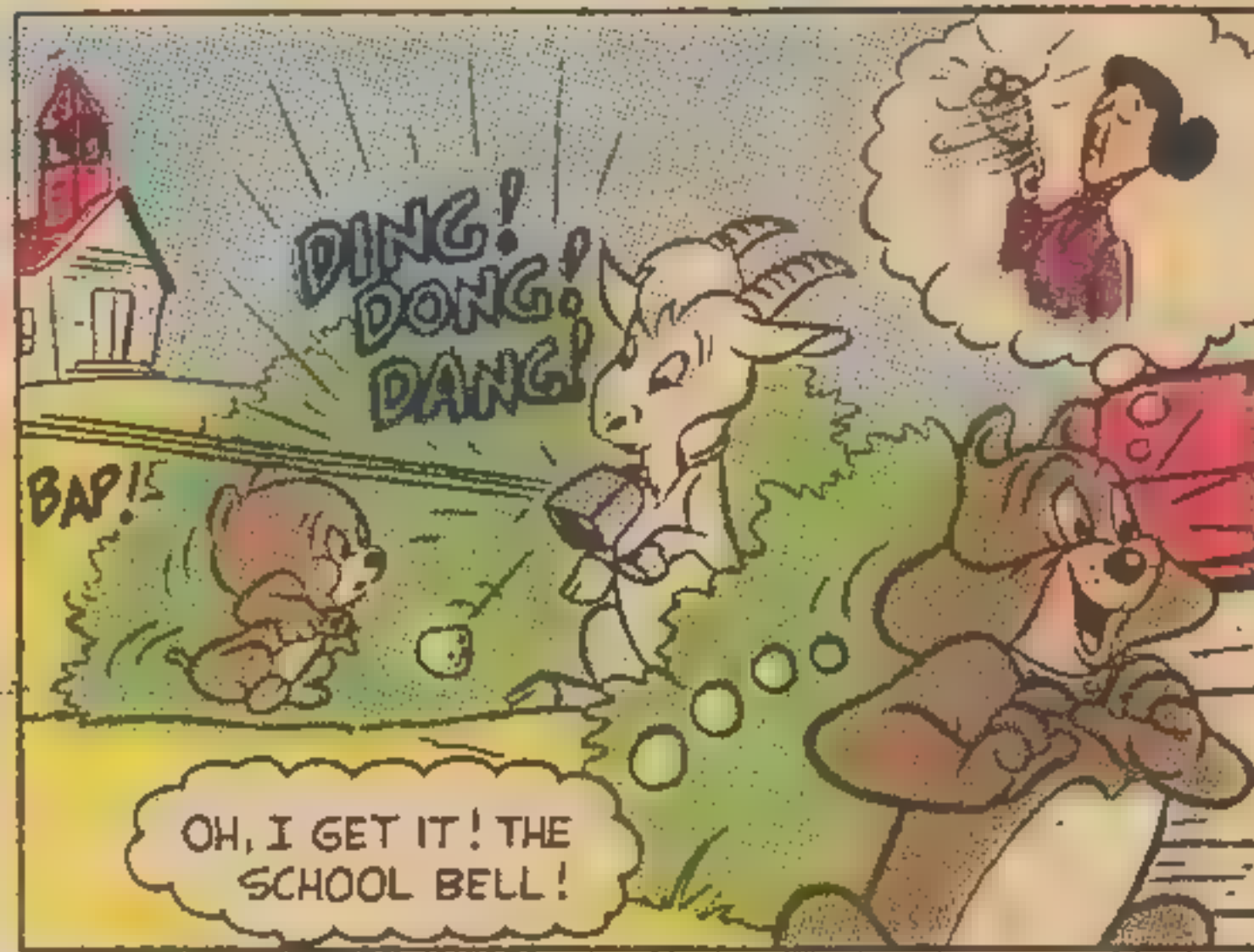
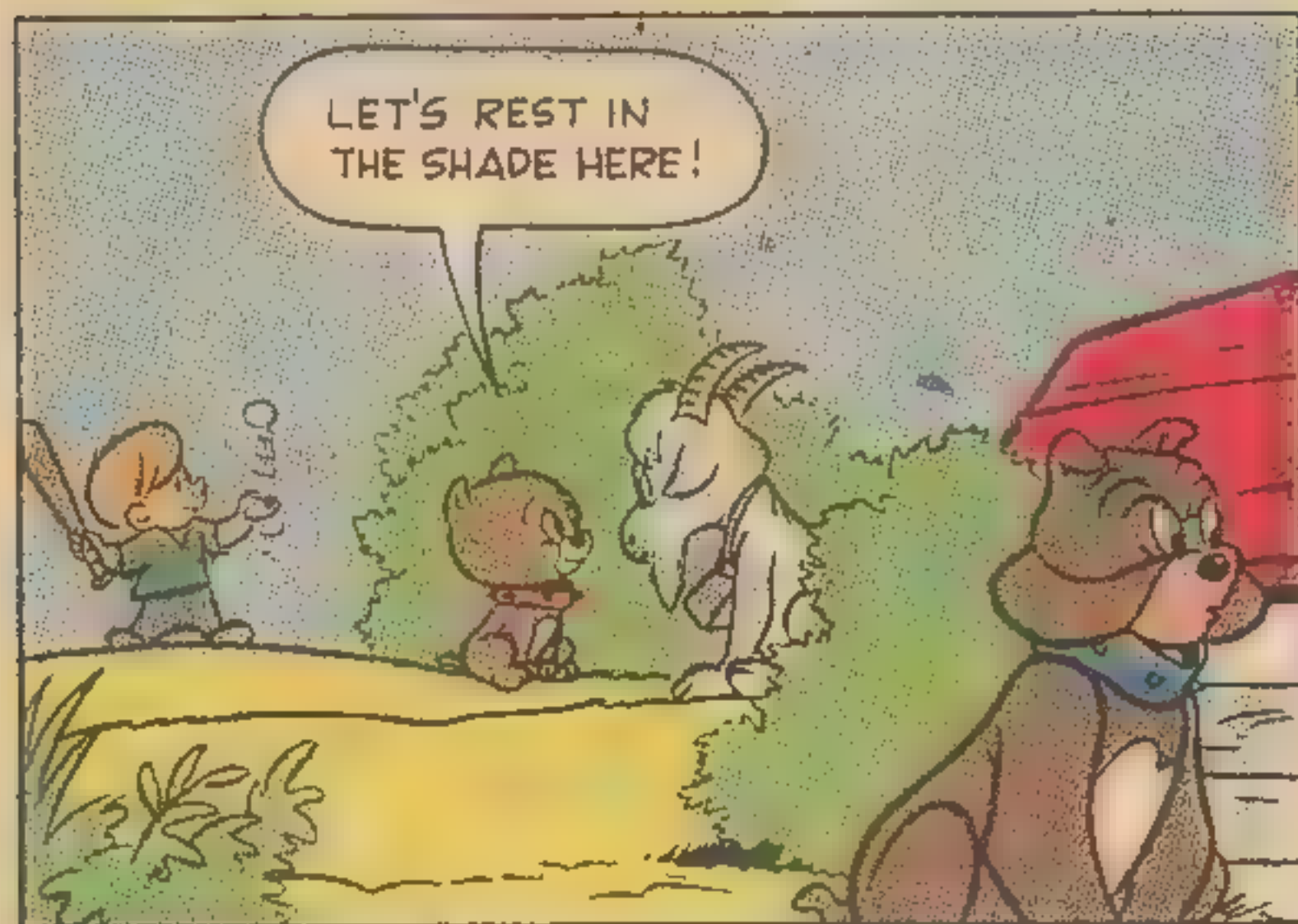
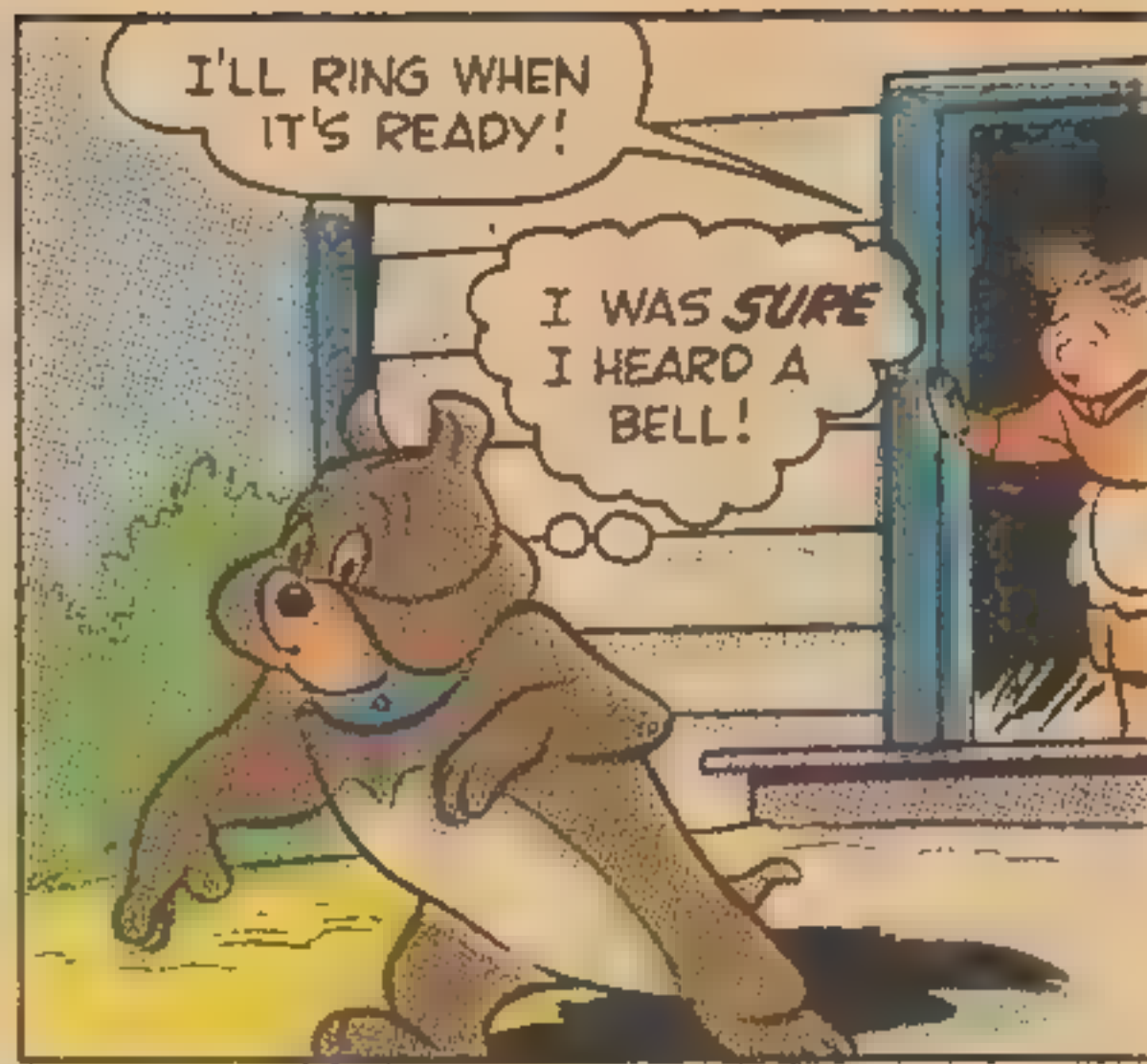
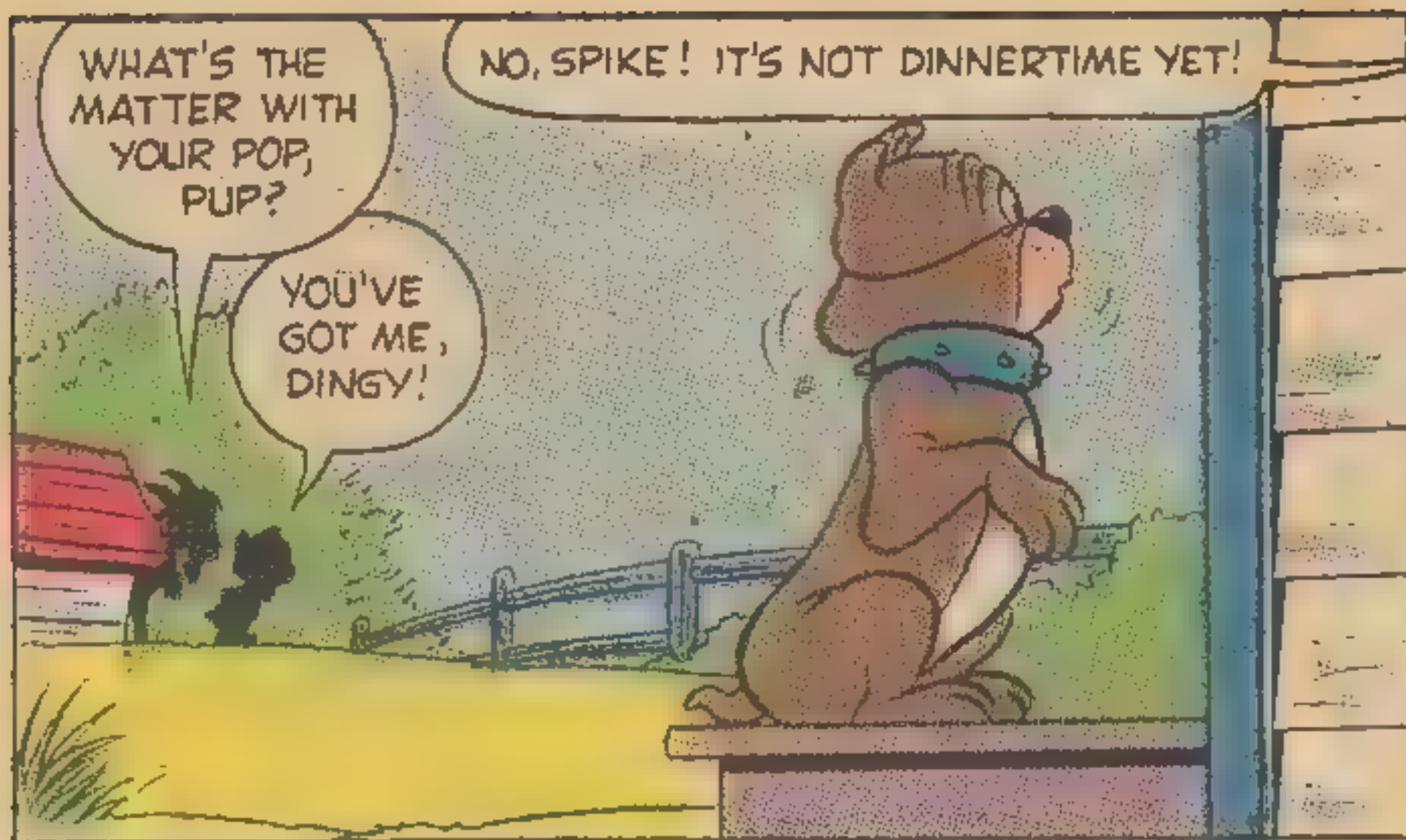
M-G-M CARTOONS
present
Big SPIKE
and
Little TYKE

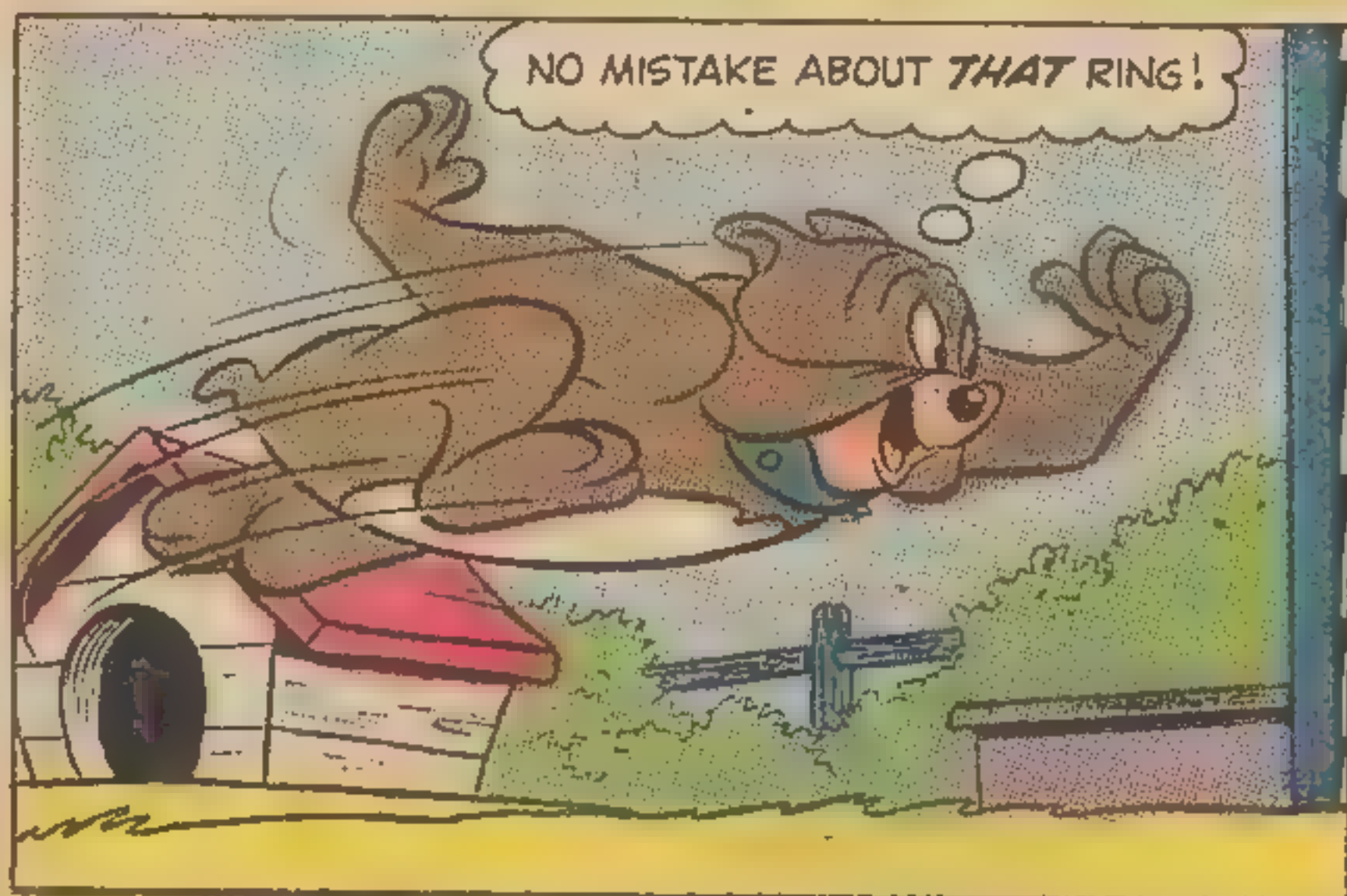
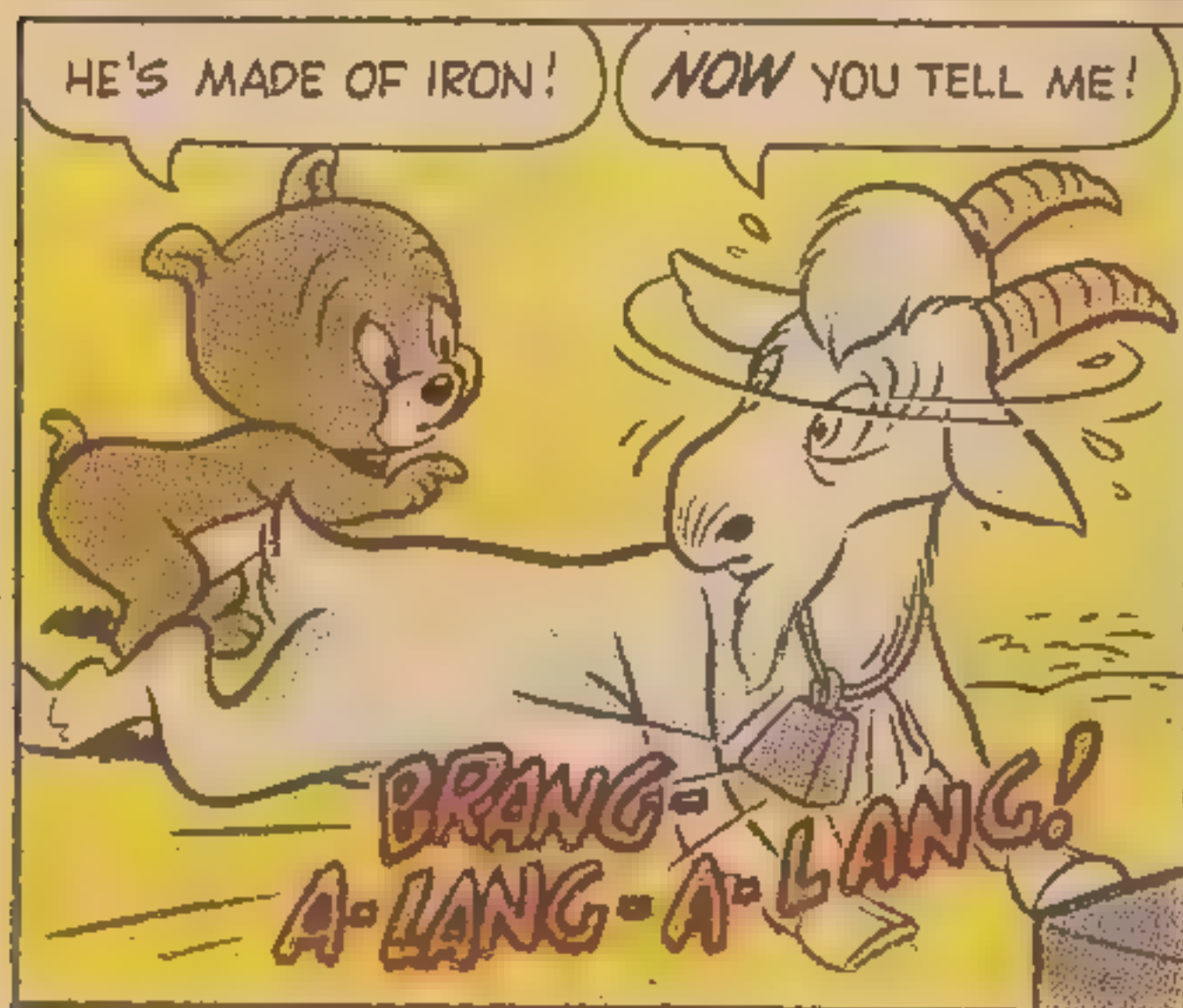
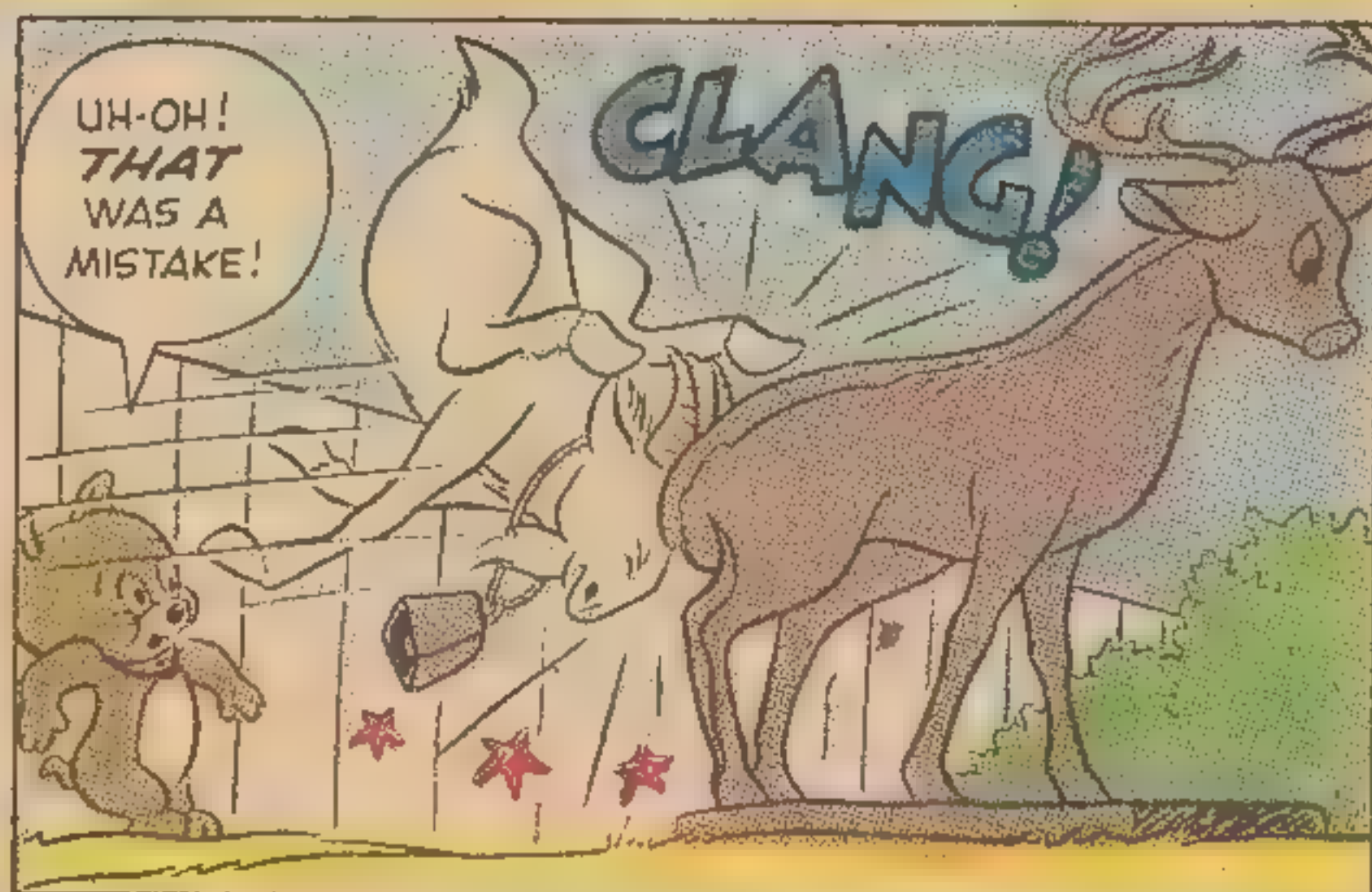
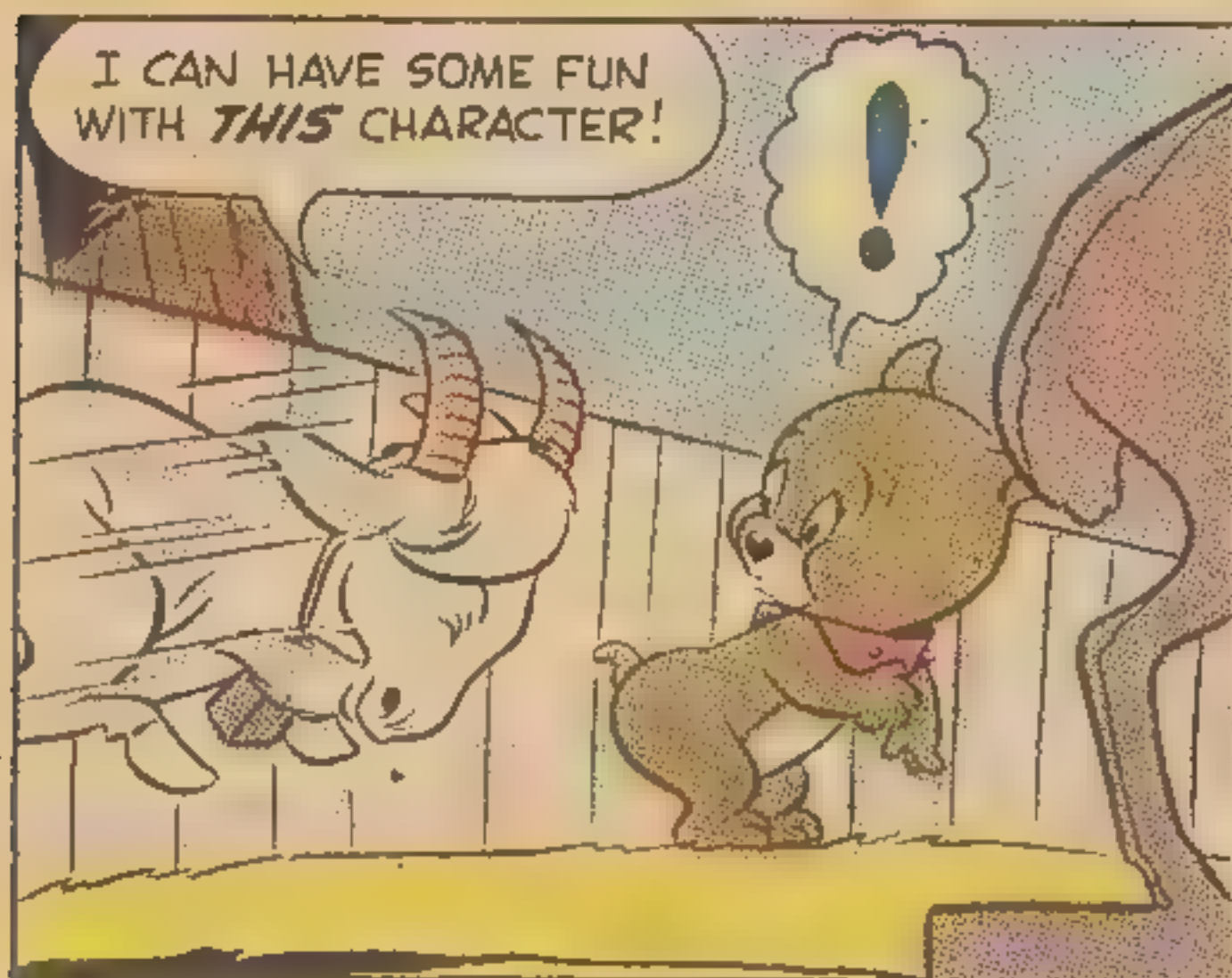
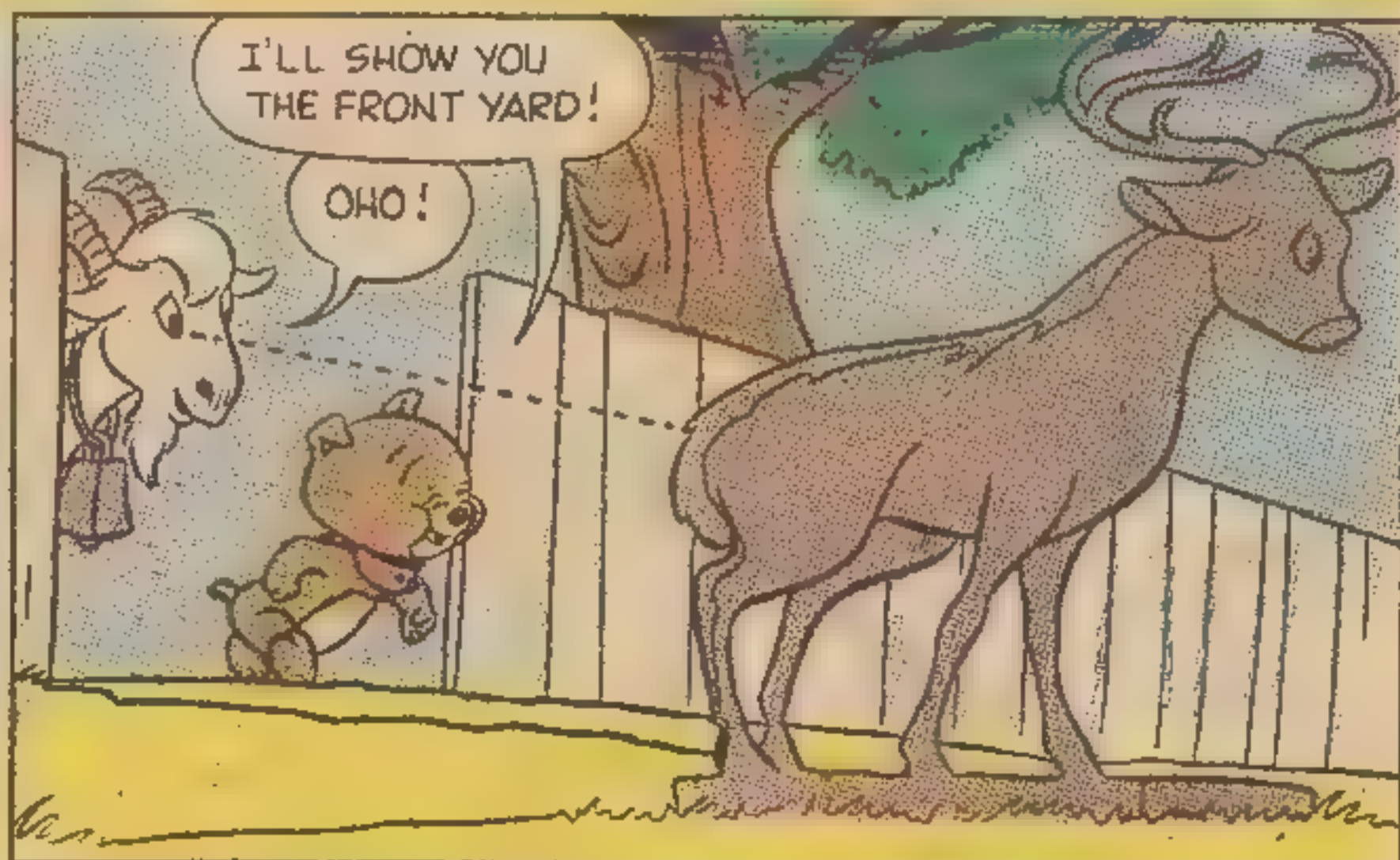
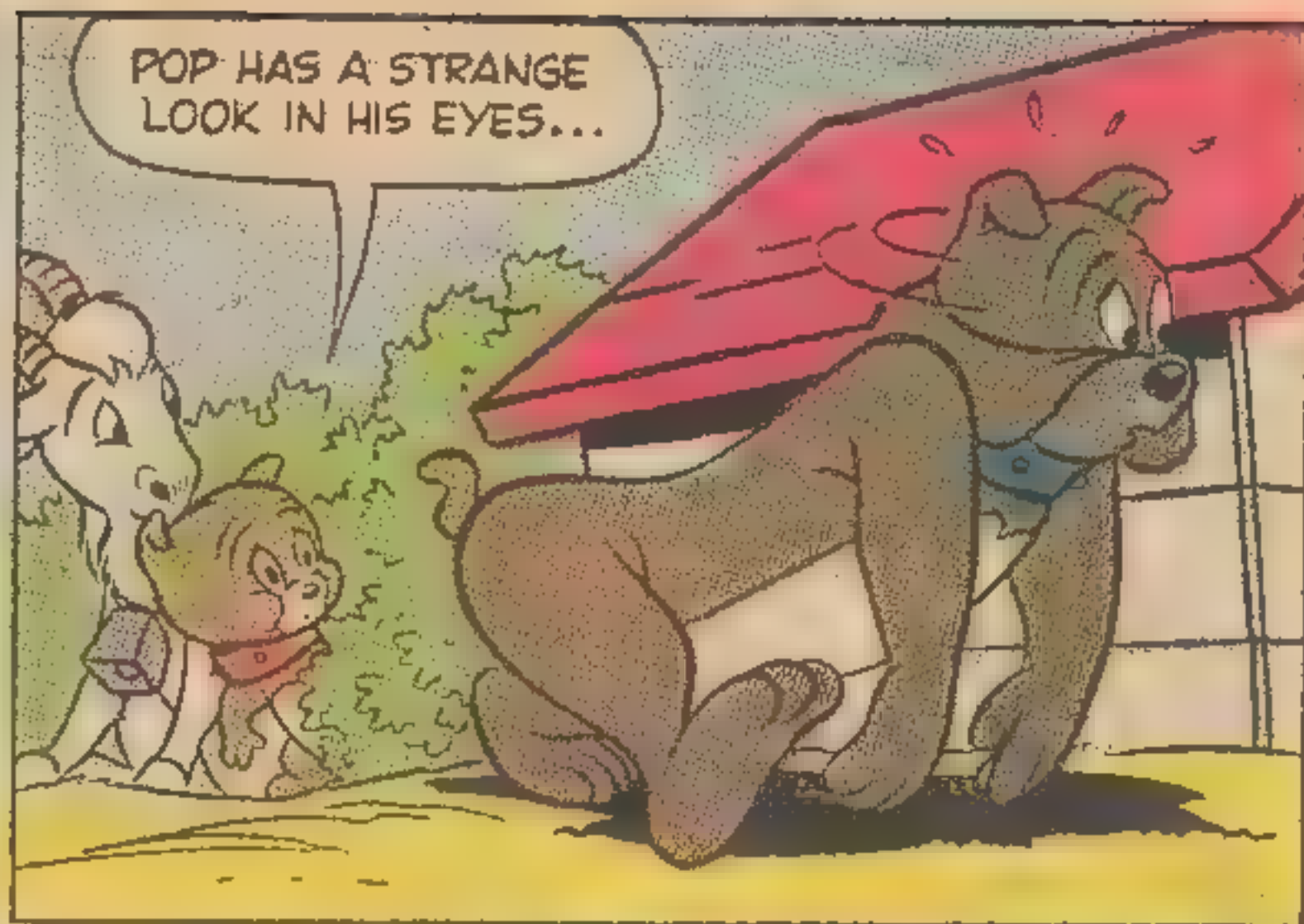
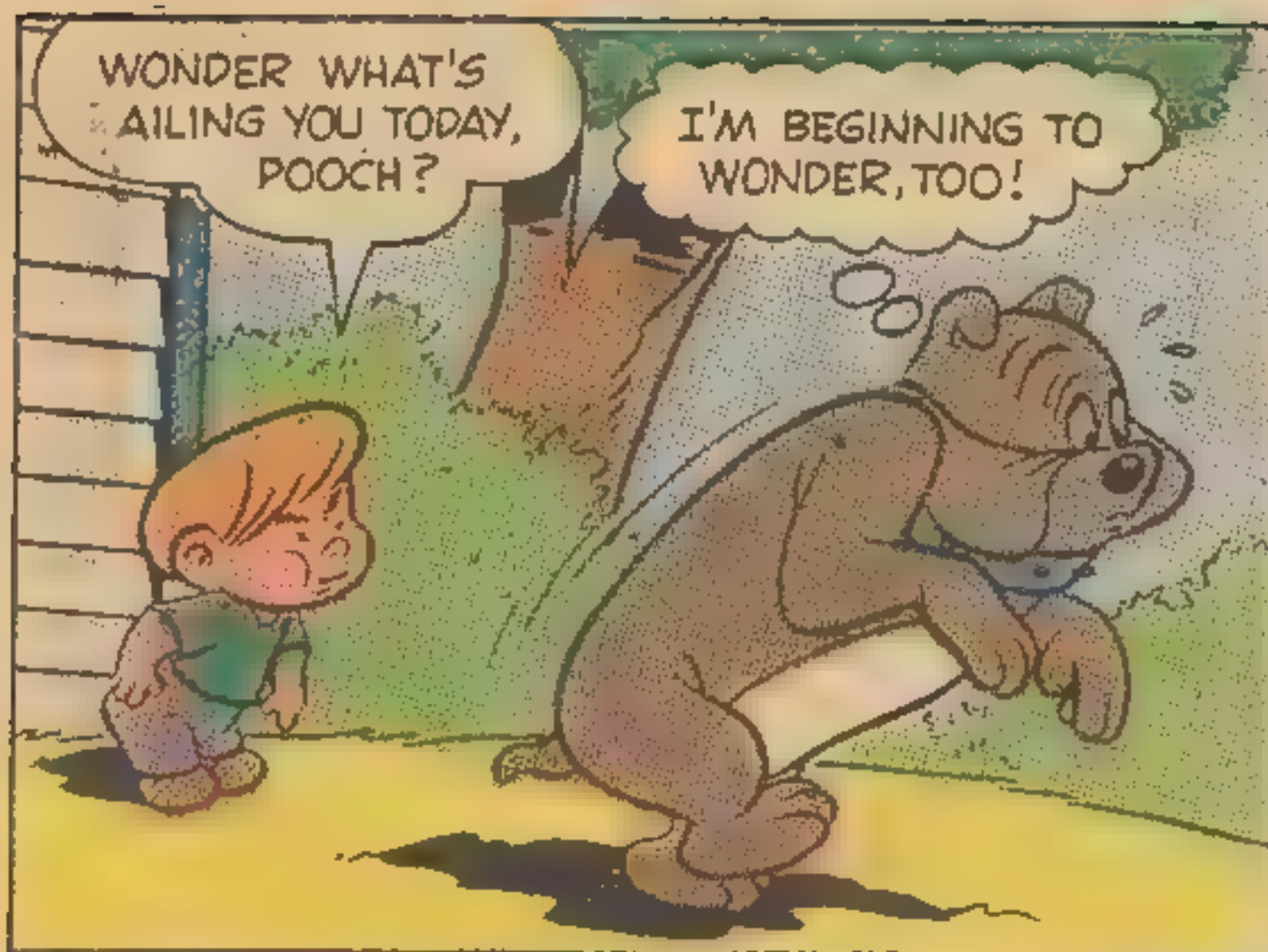


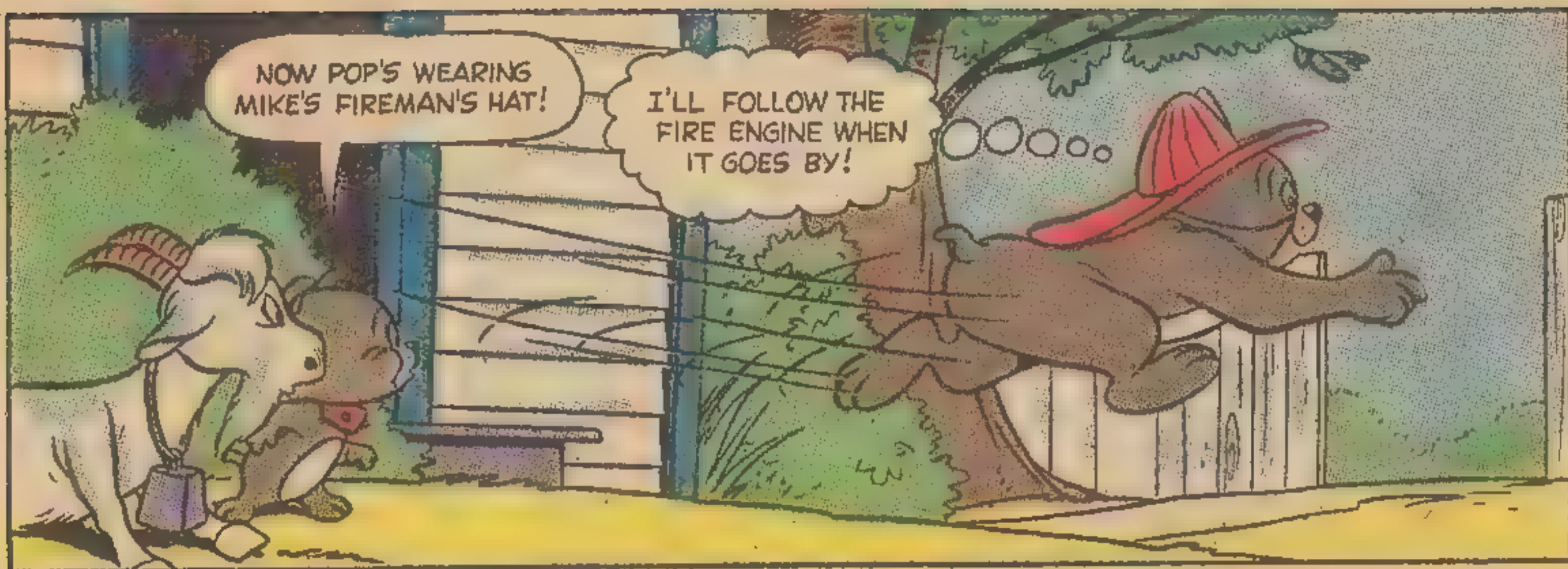
HELLO! MY NAME'S TYKE! YOU MUST BE OUR NEW NEIGHBOR!

MY NAME'S DINGALING!









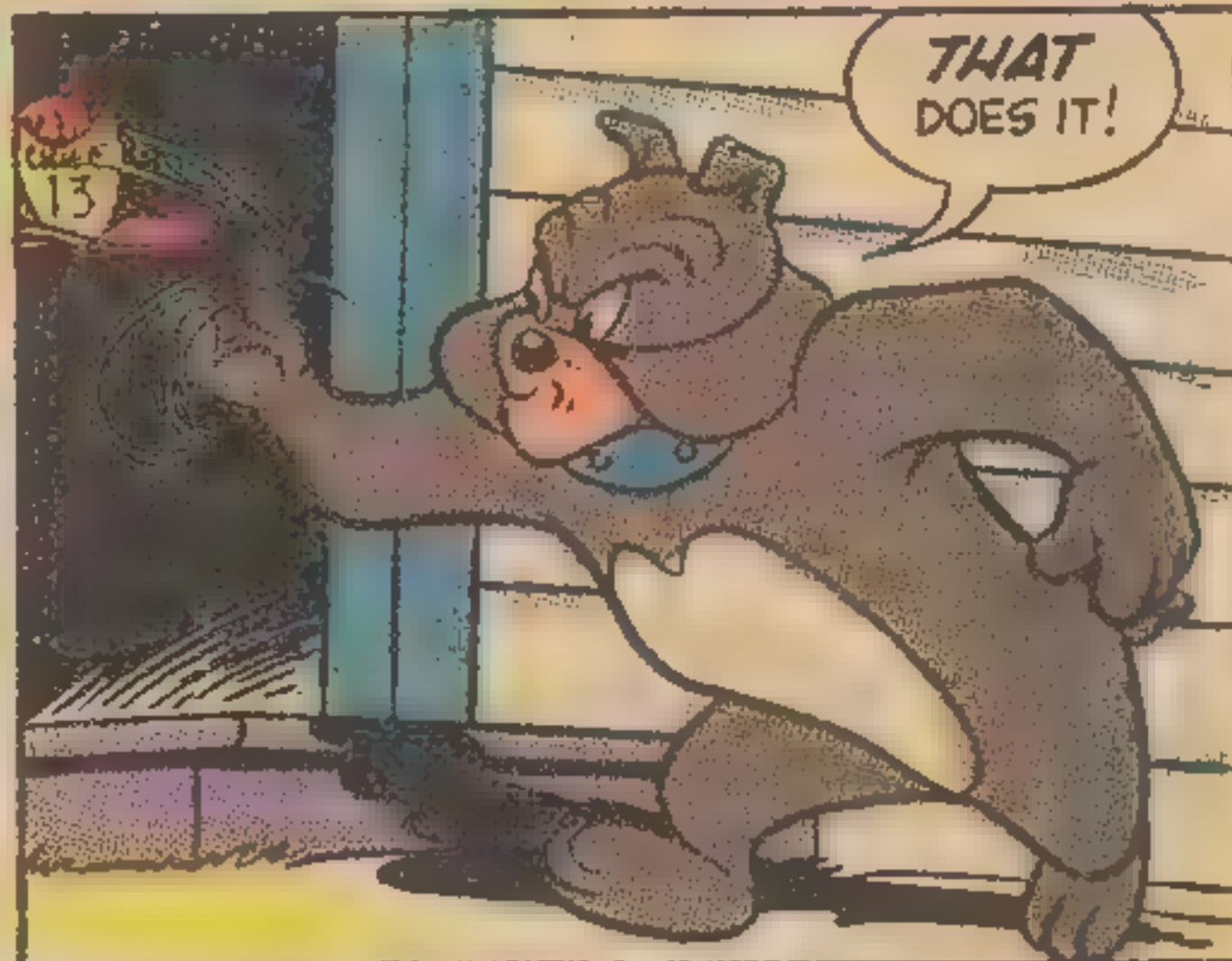
NOW POP'S WEARING
MIKE'S FIREMAN'S HAT!

I'LL FOLLOW THE
FIRE ENGINE WHEN
IT GOES BY!



HE'S A DOGGONE
GONE DOG!

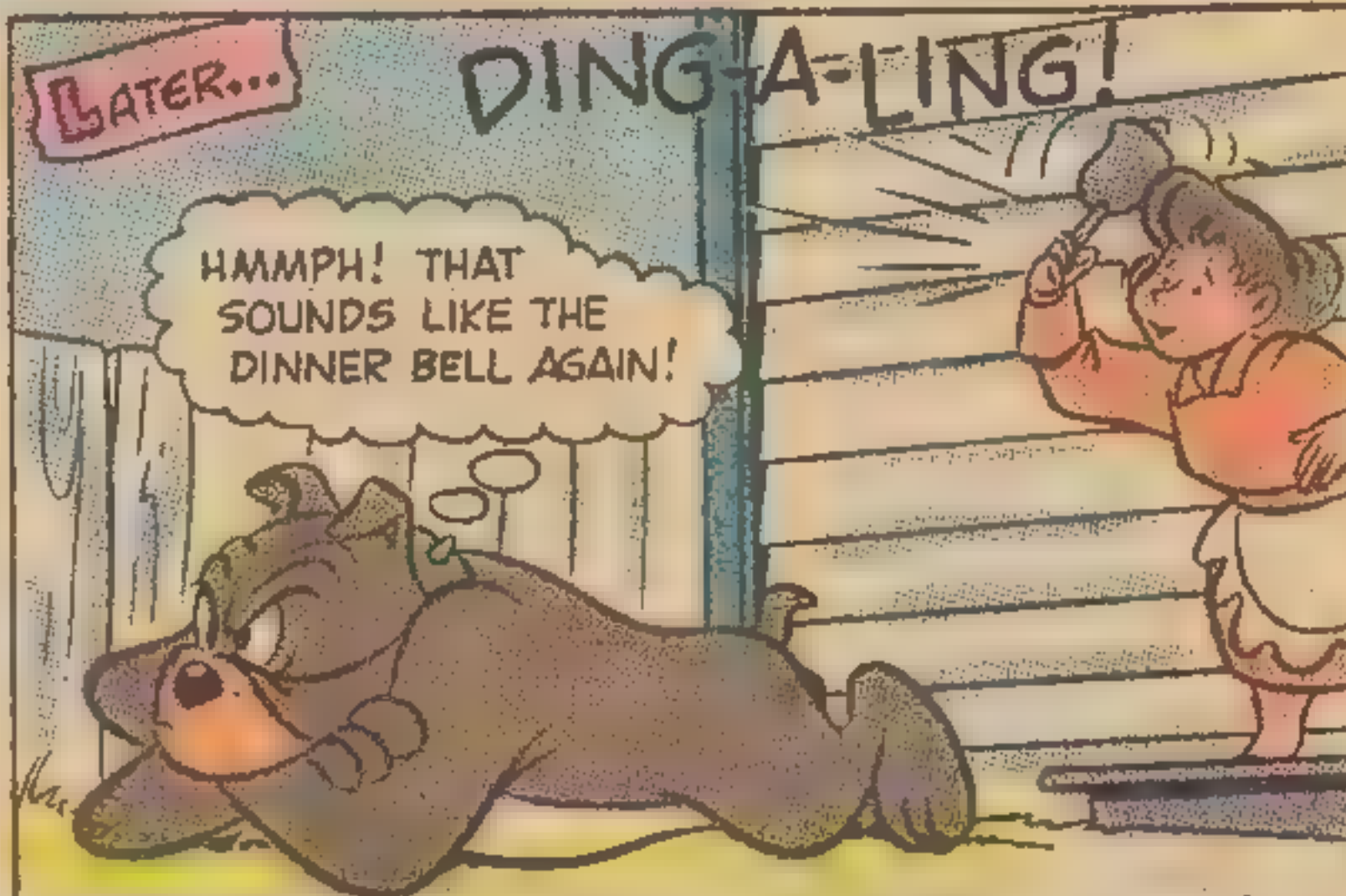
NOTHING'S
COMING!



THAT
DOES IT!



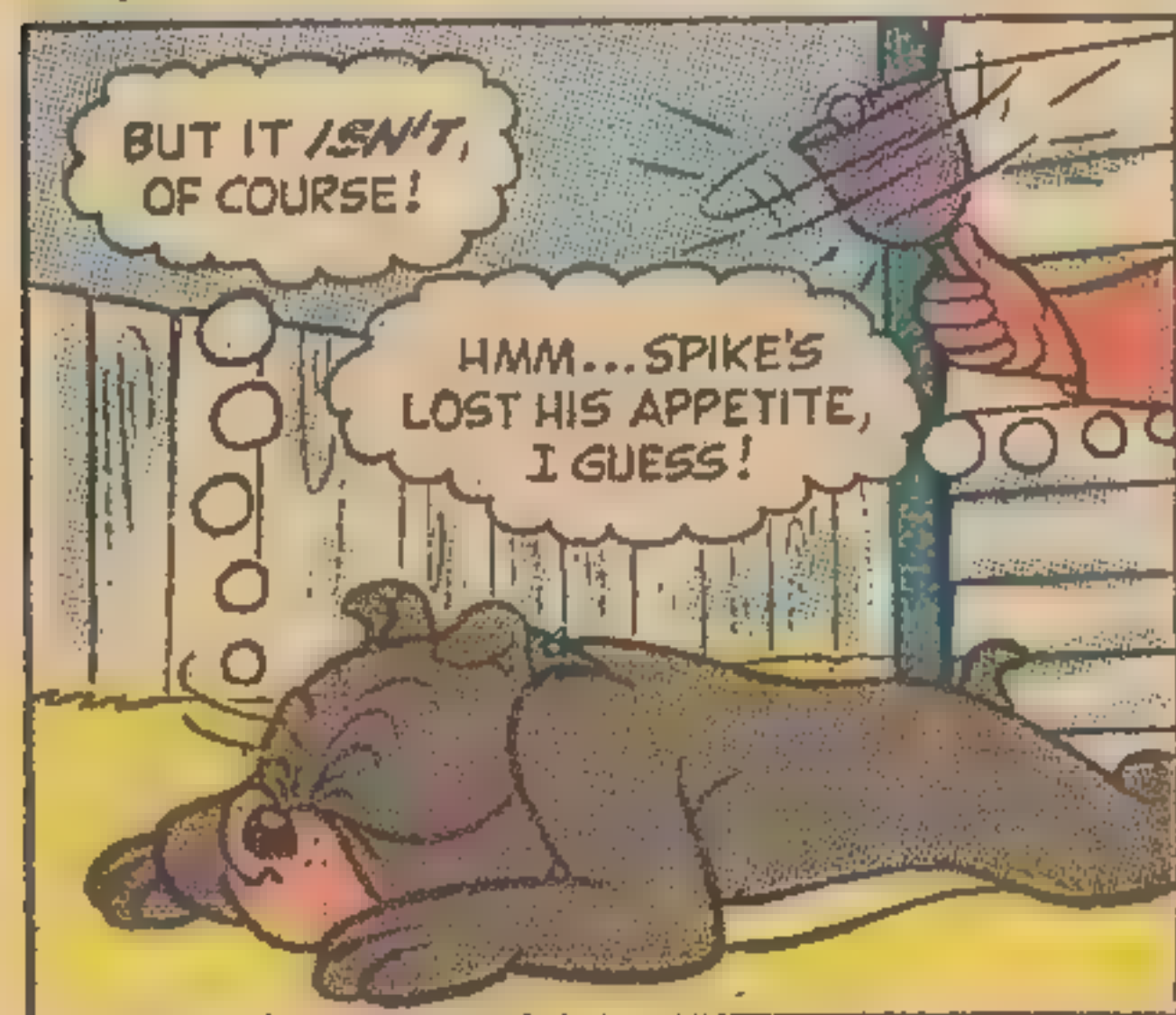
IF I HEAR ANY MORE BELLS,
I'LL JUST IGNORE THEM!



LATER...

DING-A-LING!

HMMPH! THAT
SOUNDS LIKE THE
DINNER BELL AGAIN!



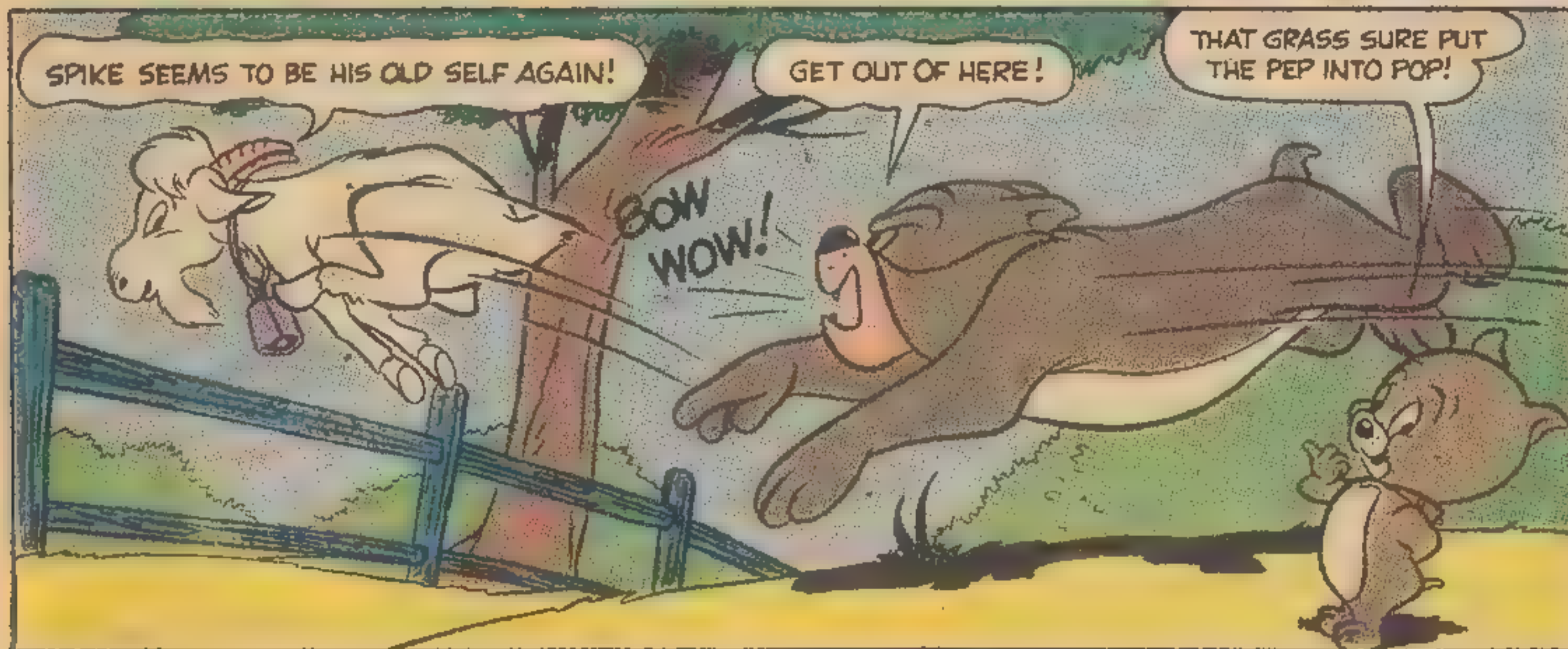
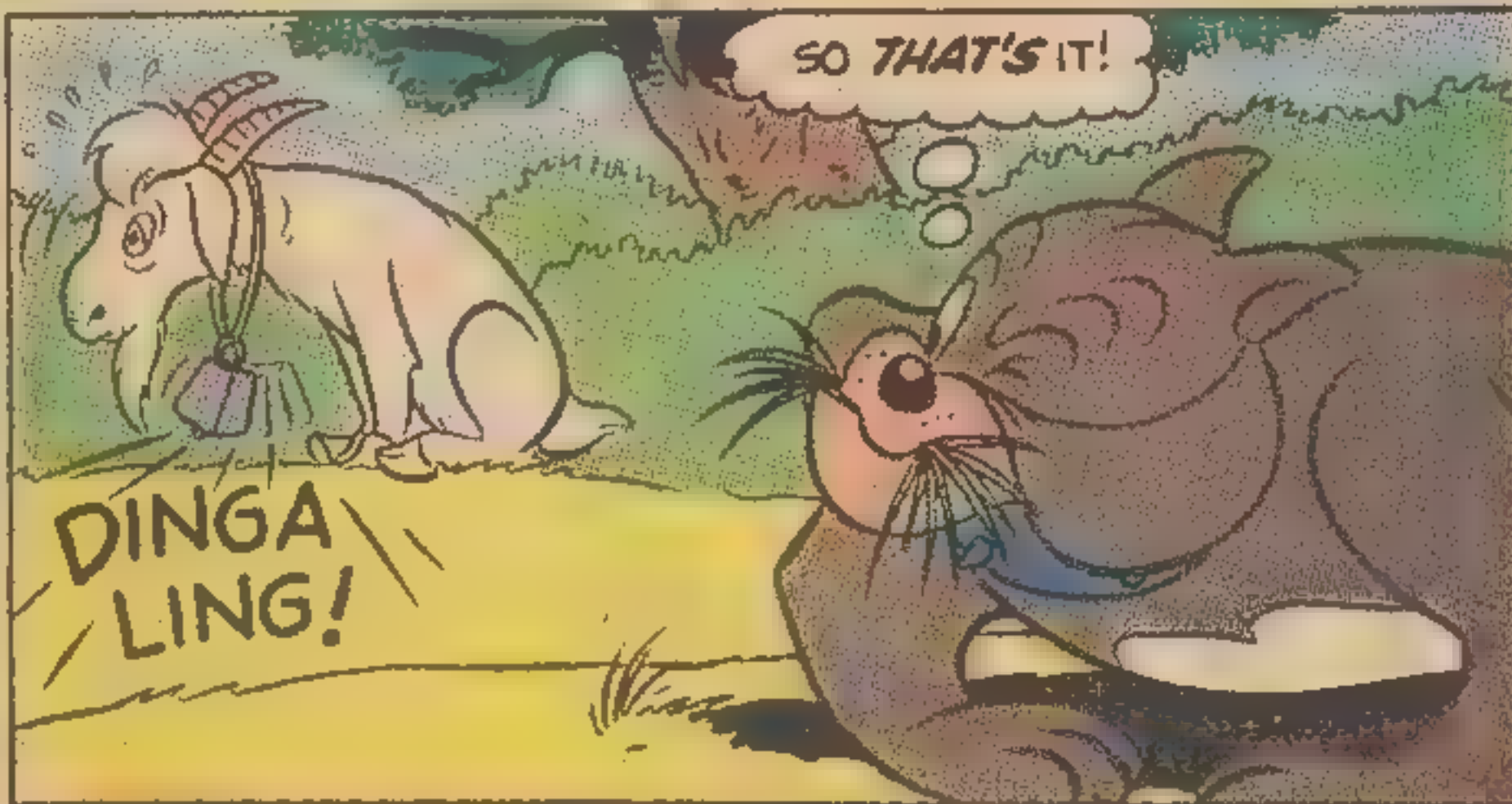
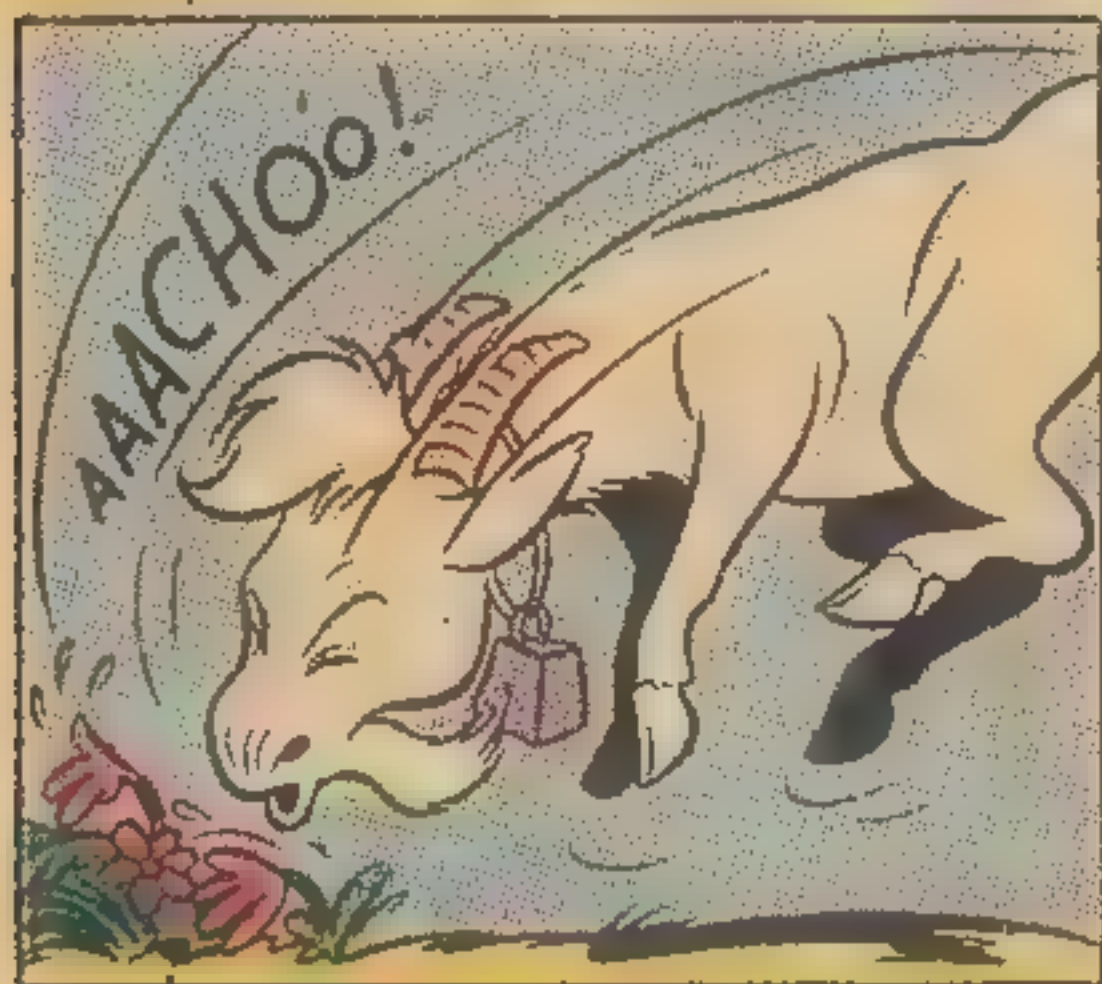
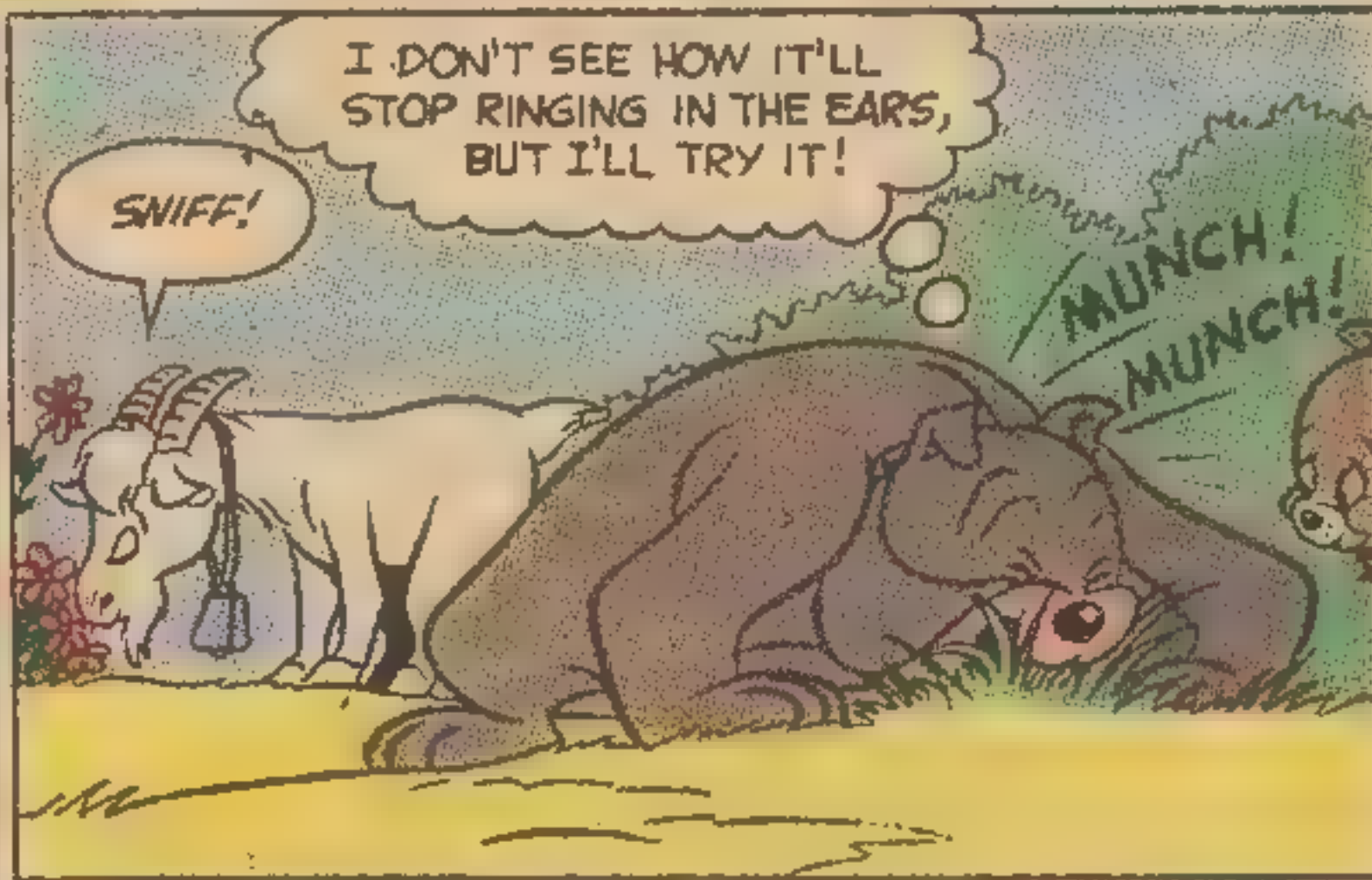
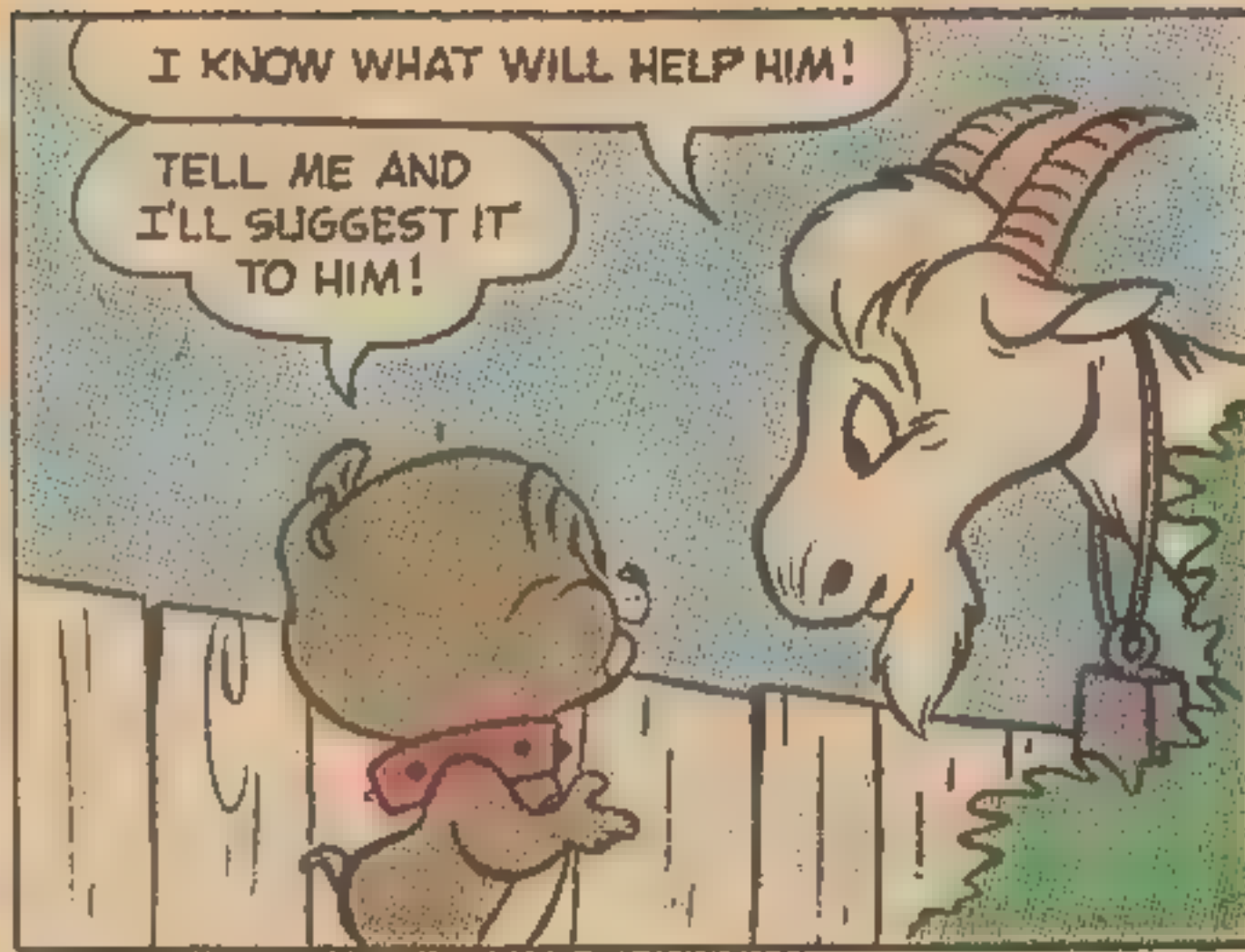
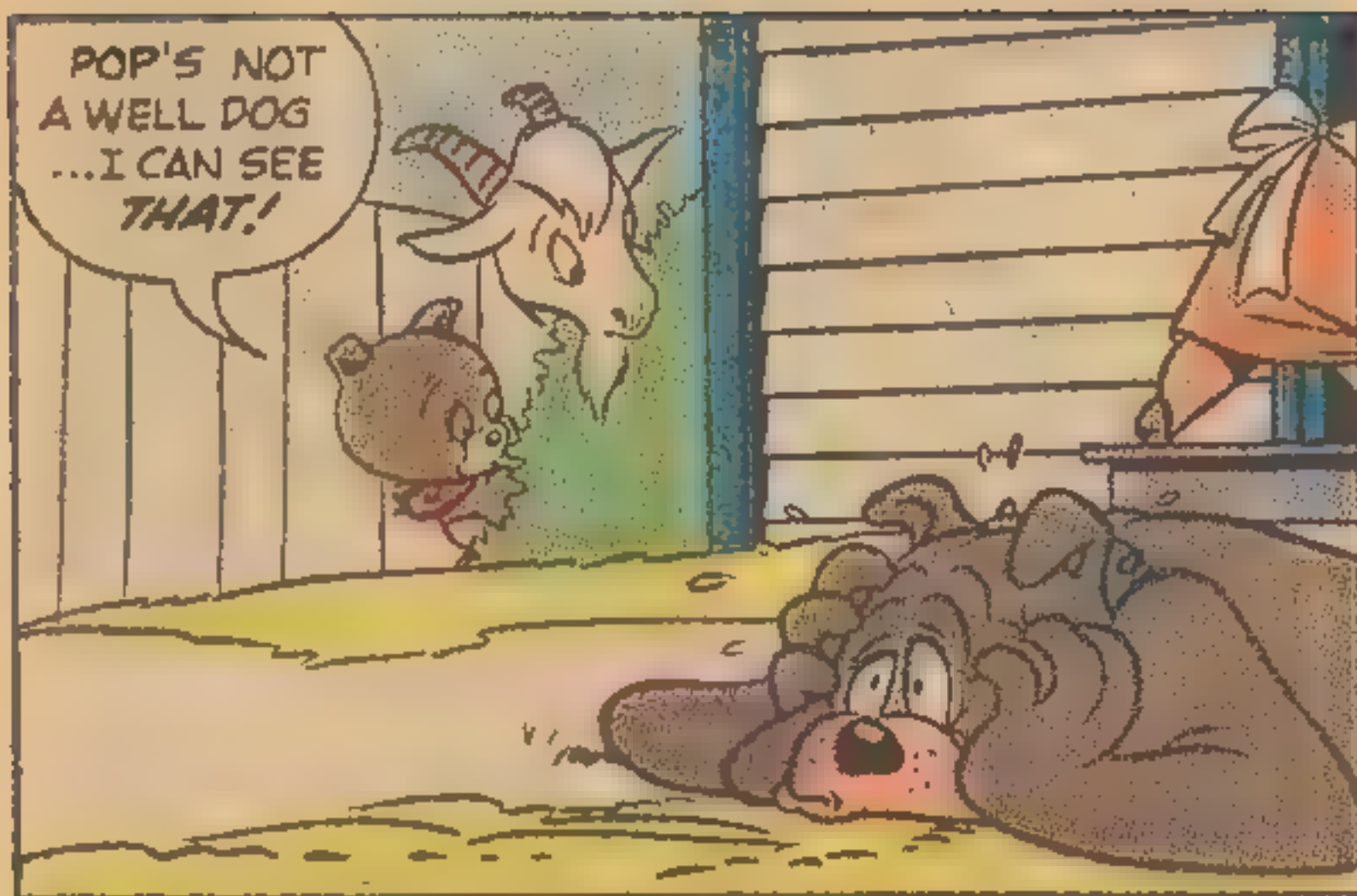
BUT IT *ISN'T*,
OF COURSE!

HMM... SPIKE'S
LOST HIS APPETITE,
I GUESS!



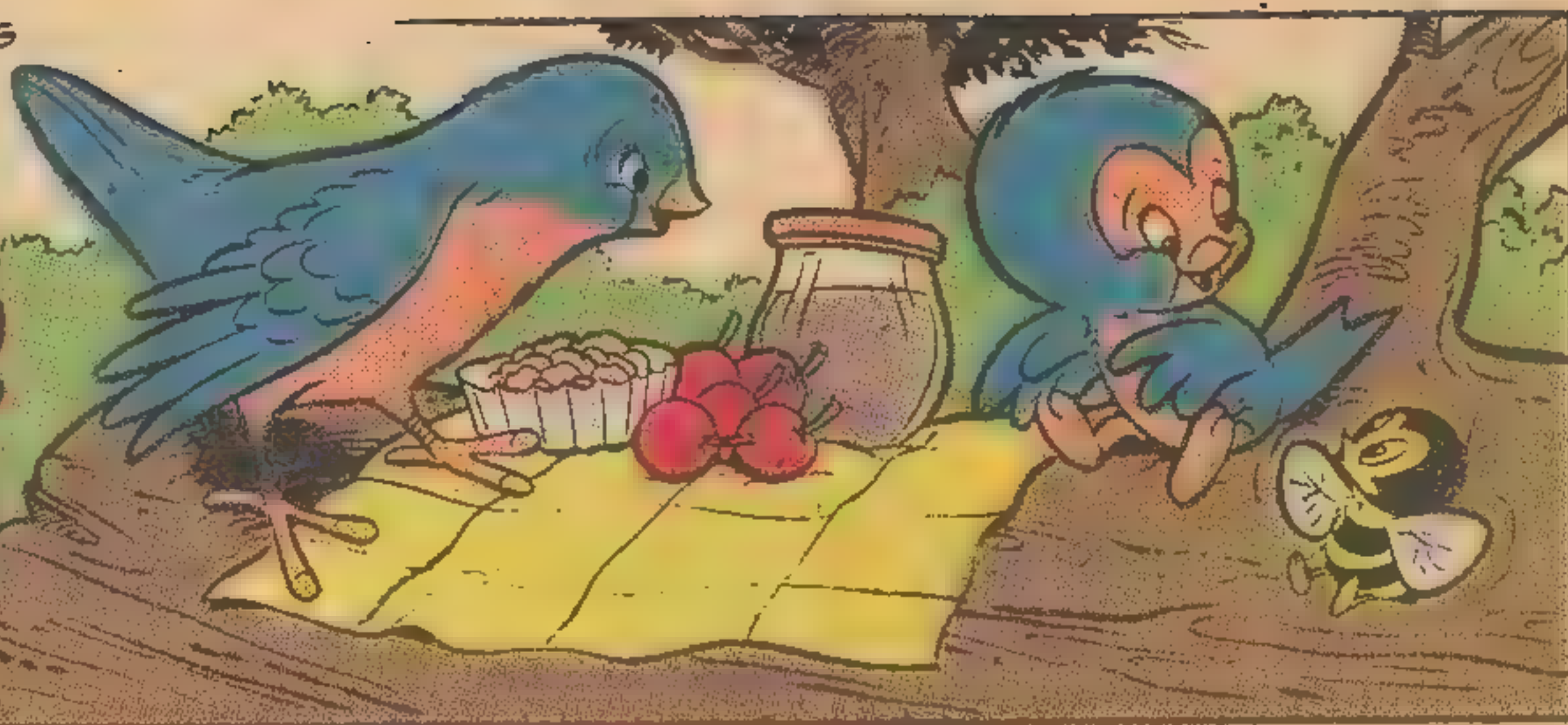
YOU POOR THING! YOU
MUST BE SICK!

THERE *REALLY* MUST
BE SOMETHING WRONG
WITH ME! EVEN *SHE*
NOTICES IT!



present

busy little bee



The summer rain had dripped slowly to an end, and the sun was beaming warmly on a bright, clean world.

"Gee, Billie," cried Bertie Bird, "this would be a wonderful day for that picnic we've been talking about."

Billie frowned at his brother over the book he was reading. "Well, I don't know, Bertie," he protested. "We get into less trouble when we stay home."

"Golly, I promise to stay right at the picnic spot and be a quiet, shy little bird!" exclaimed Bertie eagerly.

So their mother fixed a tasty lunch, and away they flew to the silent woods.

"This should be a good place for a picnic," Bertie declared, as they soared over a sunny, open spot in the trees. "There's a dandy big log where we can eat our lunch."

"Hmm," objected Billie, "don't you see the beehive in that nearby tree?"

"Oh, bees won't bother us," Bertie retorted nonchalantly, as he swooped confidently down to settle on the log. Billie followed reluctantly, muttering under his breath.

"This is such a nice, peaceful place," Bertie said enthusiastically, as he set out their lunch of cake crumbs, fruit, and a jar of sweet sirup.

"Yum!" chirped Billie, smacking his lips. "This does look good, Bertie! And I guess nothing can happen here."

Just then, the two birds heard a faint buzz behind them. Whirling around quickly, they saw a tiny bee hovering shyly nearby, gazing hungrily at the food.

"Oh, you poor little thing!" Bertie gasped impulsively. "Come on and have a nibble of our cake."

"Wait a second," cautioned Billie. "Maybe its mother doesn't want it to eat away from home."

"Pshaw!" Bertie objected scornfully, as the little bee gratefully accepted a big crumb of cake. "It's hungry. A little food won't..."

Bertie was interrupted by a loud drone from the wings of hundreds of excited bees.

"You bee snatcher!" buzzed the leader.

Swiftly, Bertie swept into the air for safety, but, suddenly, he darted back, right toward the stormy cloud of bees. For he saw that the tiny bee, hungry for sweet food, had crawled into the jar and was caught helplessly in the sticky sirup, its wings fluttering feebly.

"Save your baby!" Bertie shrieked.

But the bees were too angry to listen. So Bertie swooped down to the sirup jar and poked his tail deep into the squishy liquid. On the third dip, his tail came up with the tiny bee riding on it, half smothered in sirup.

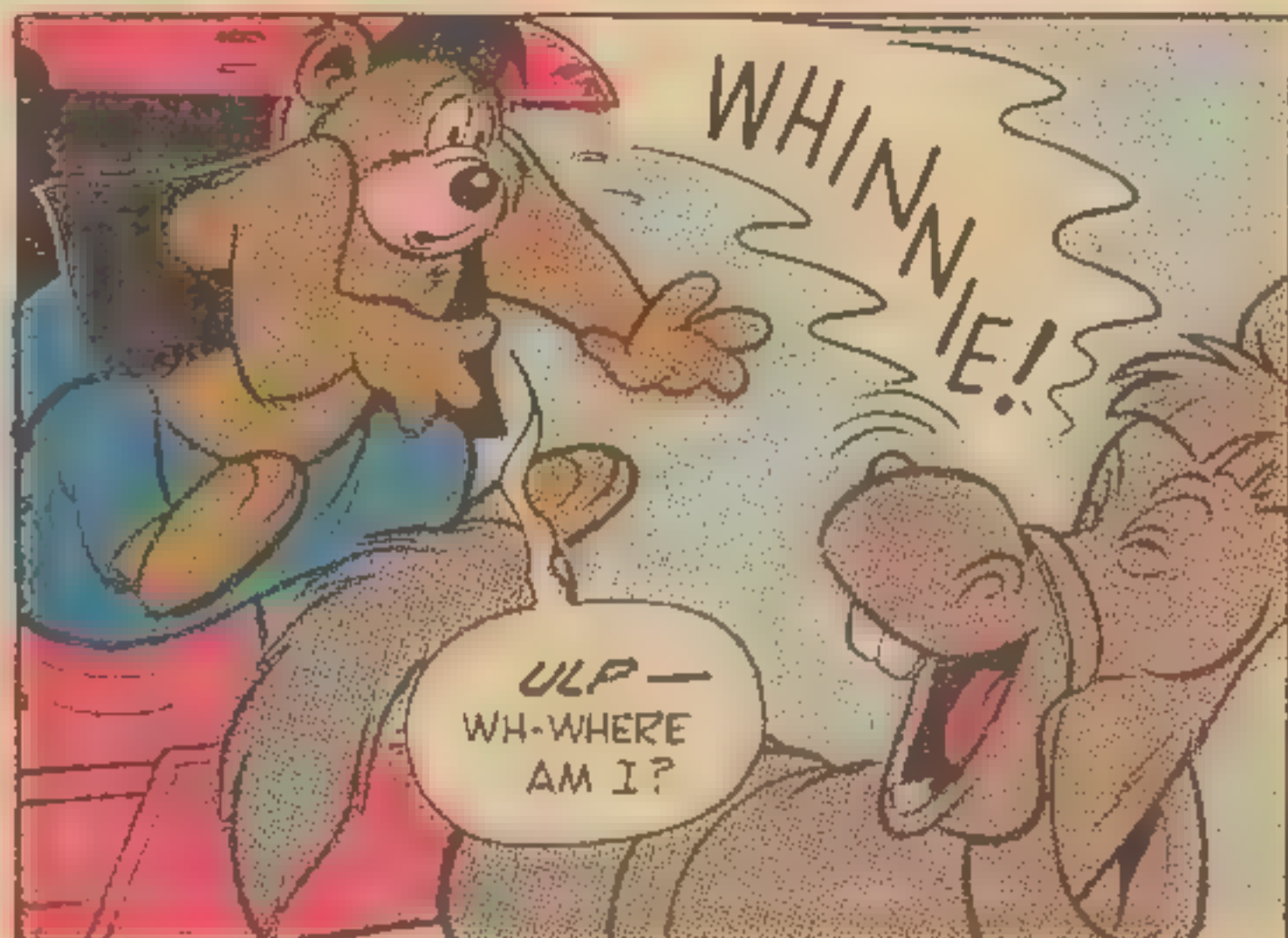
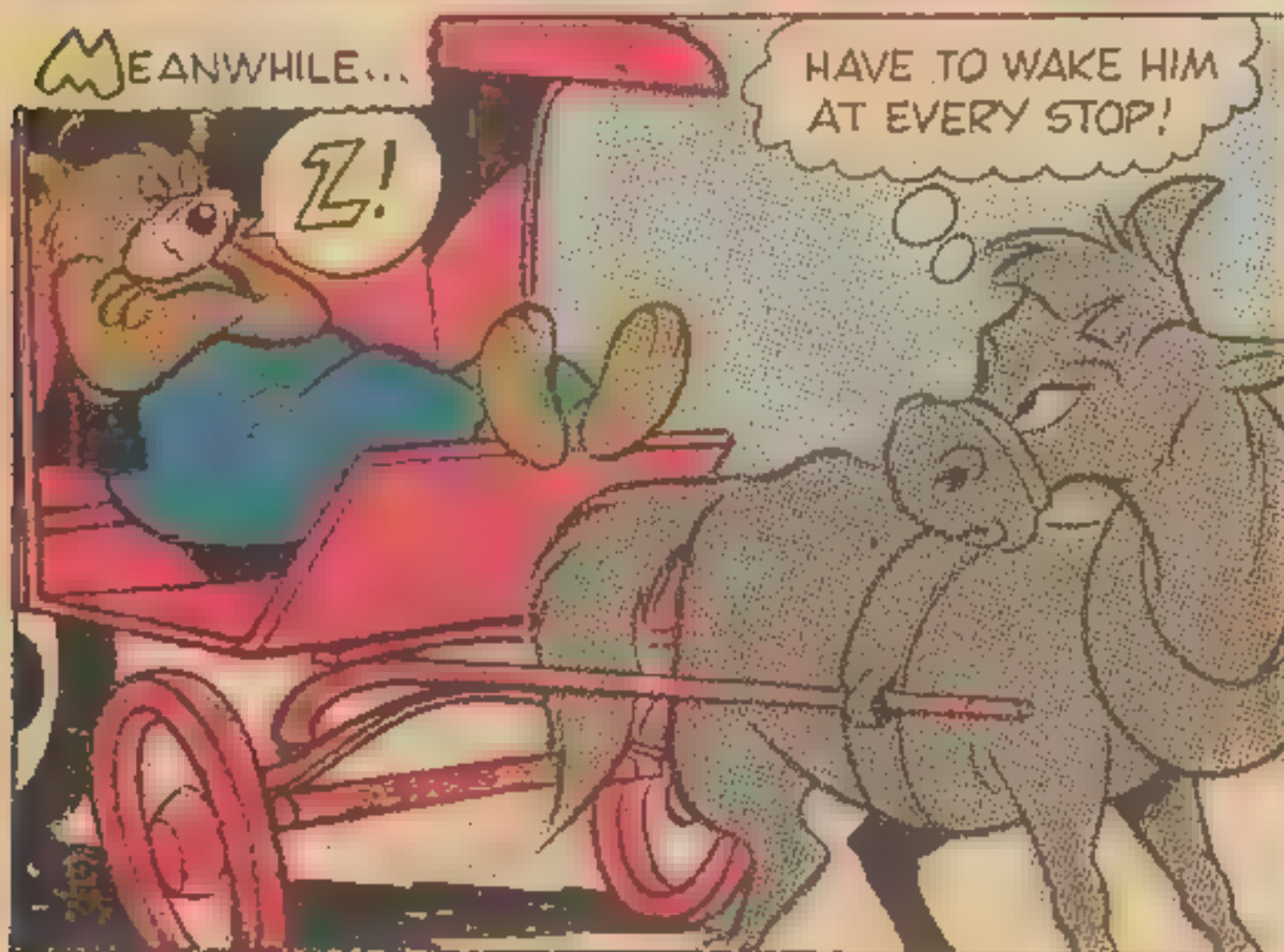
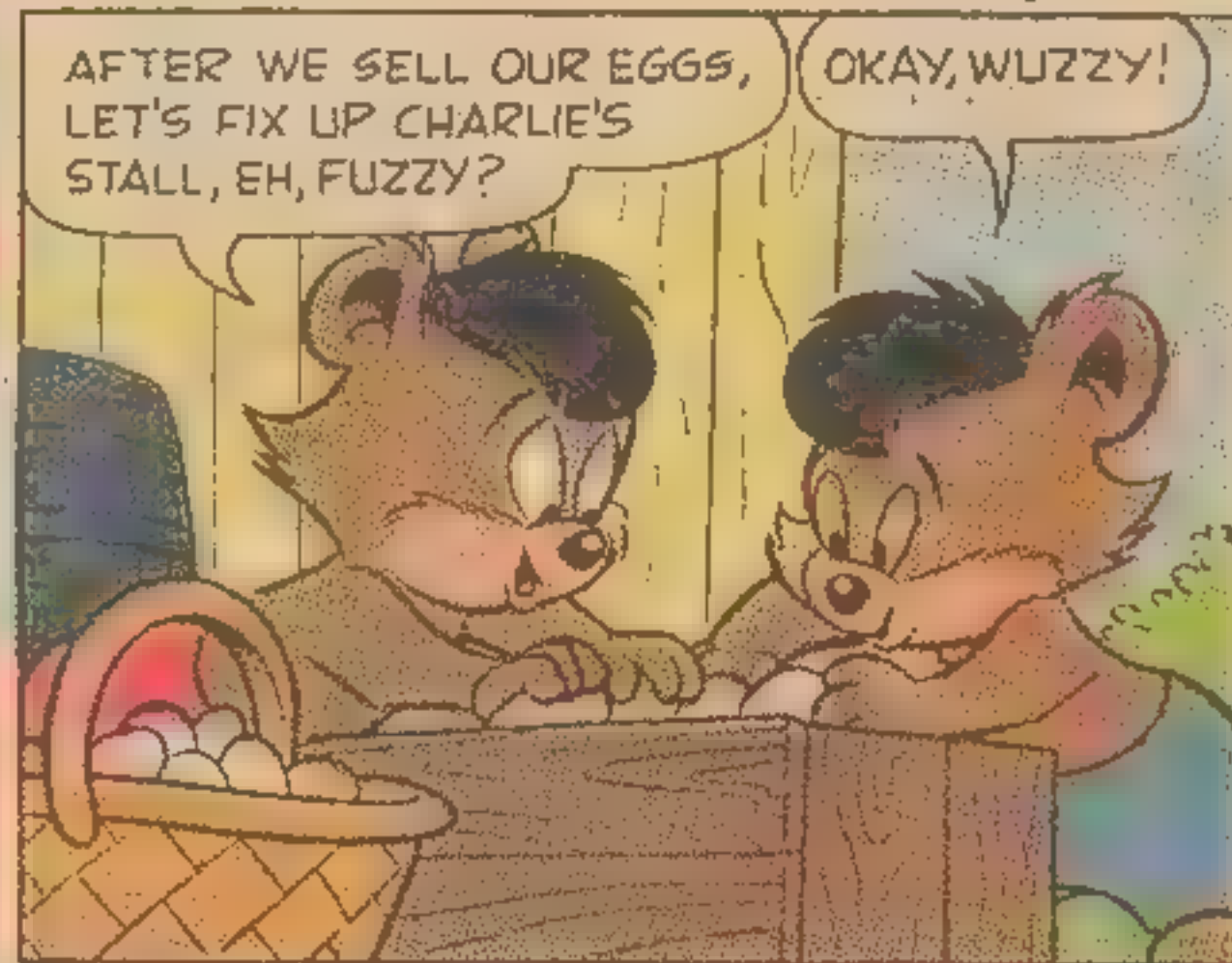
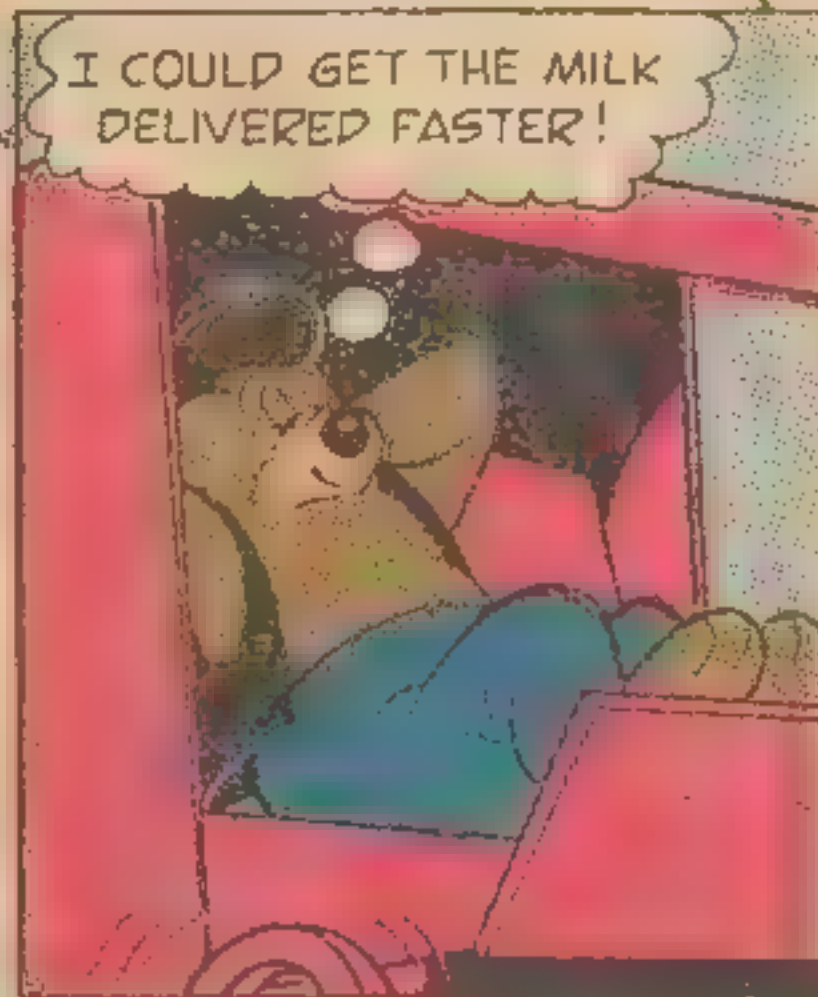
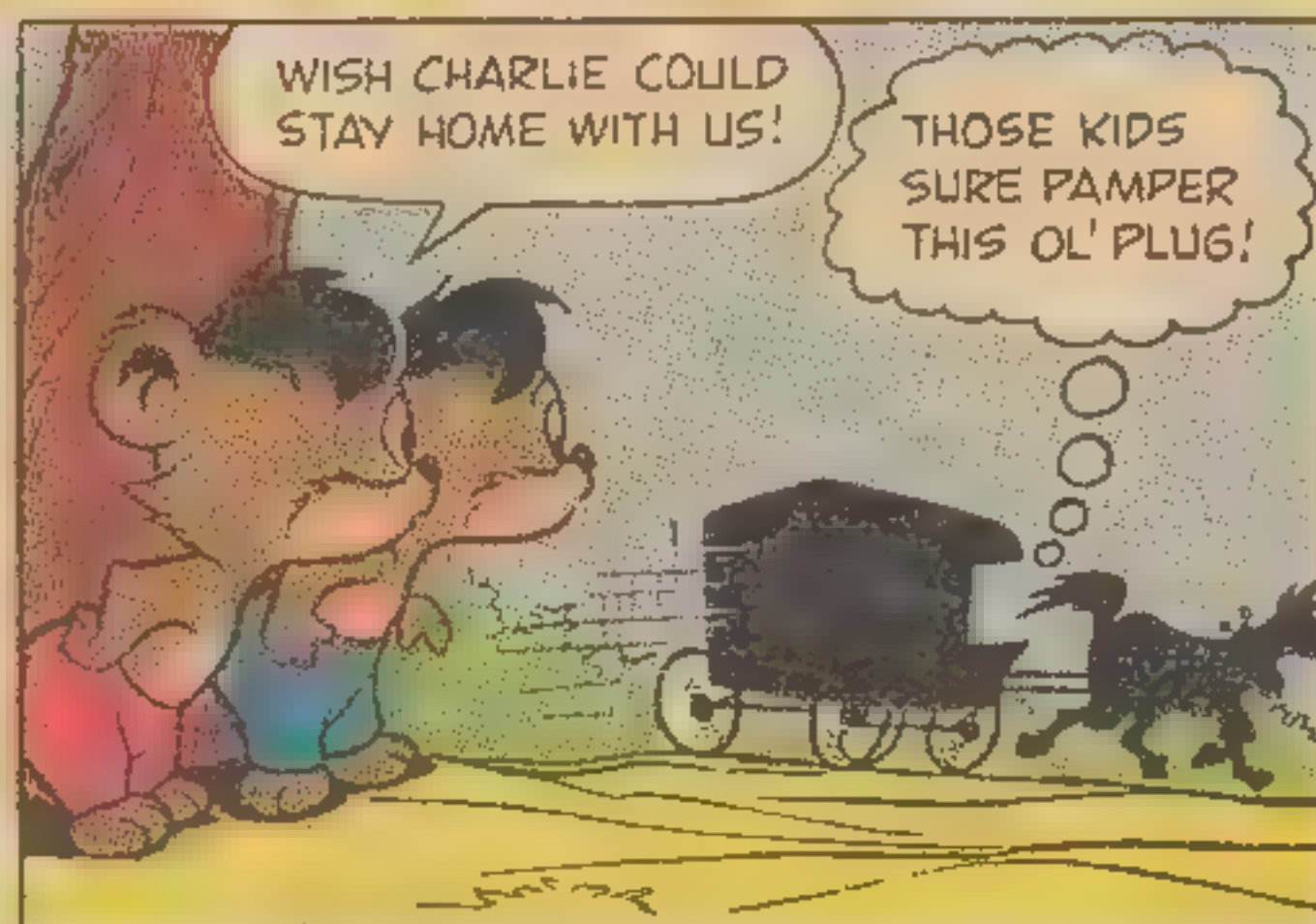
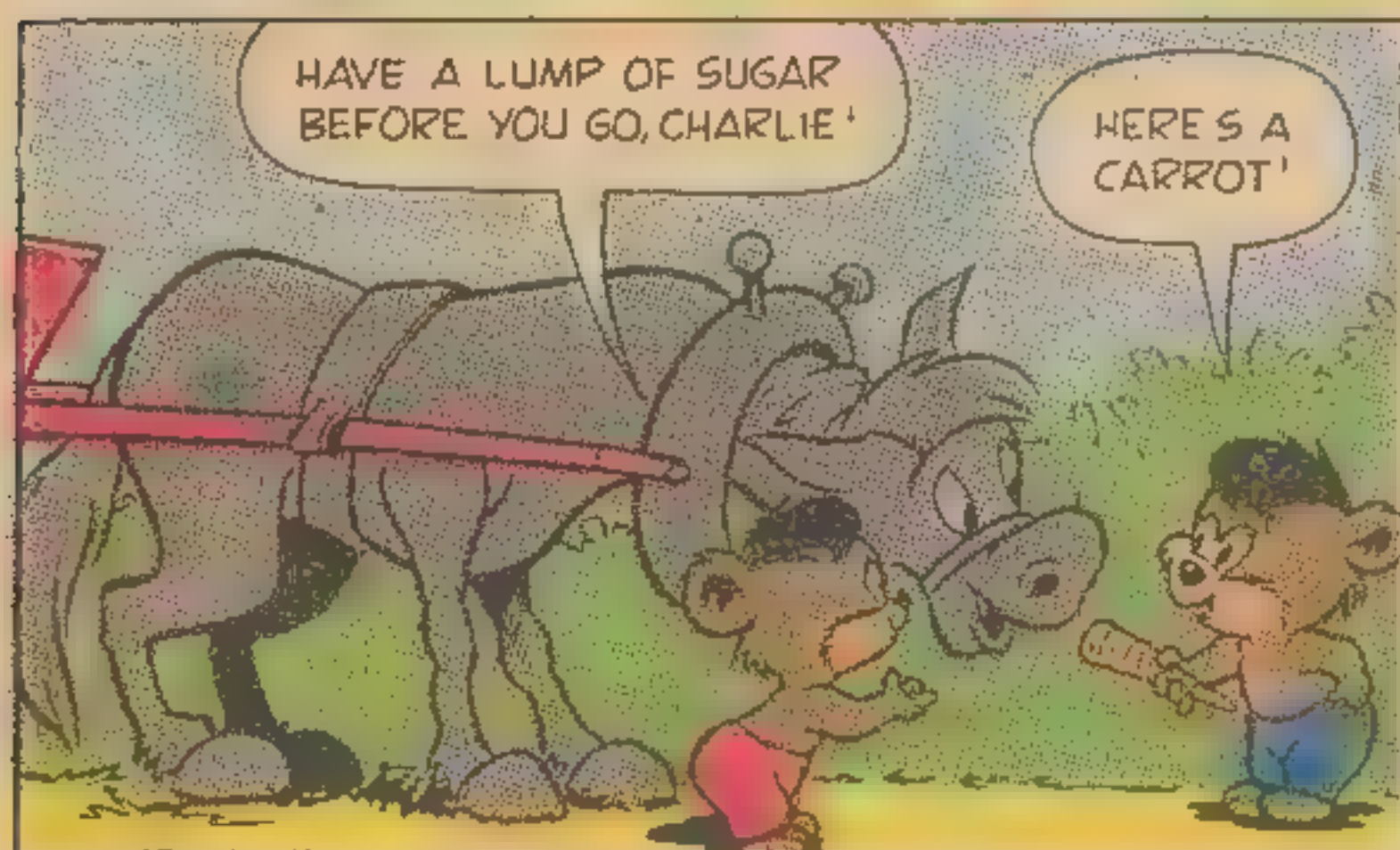
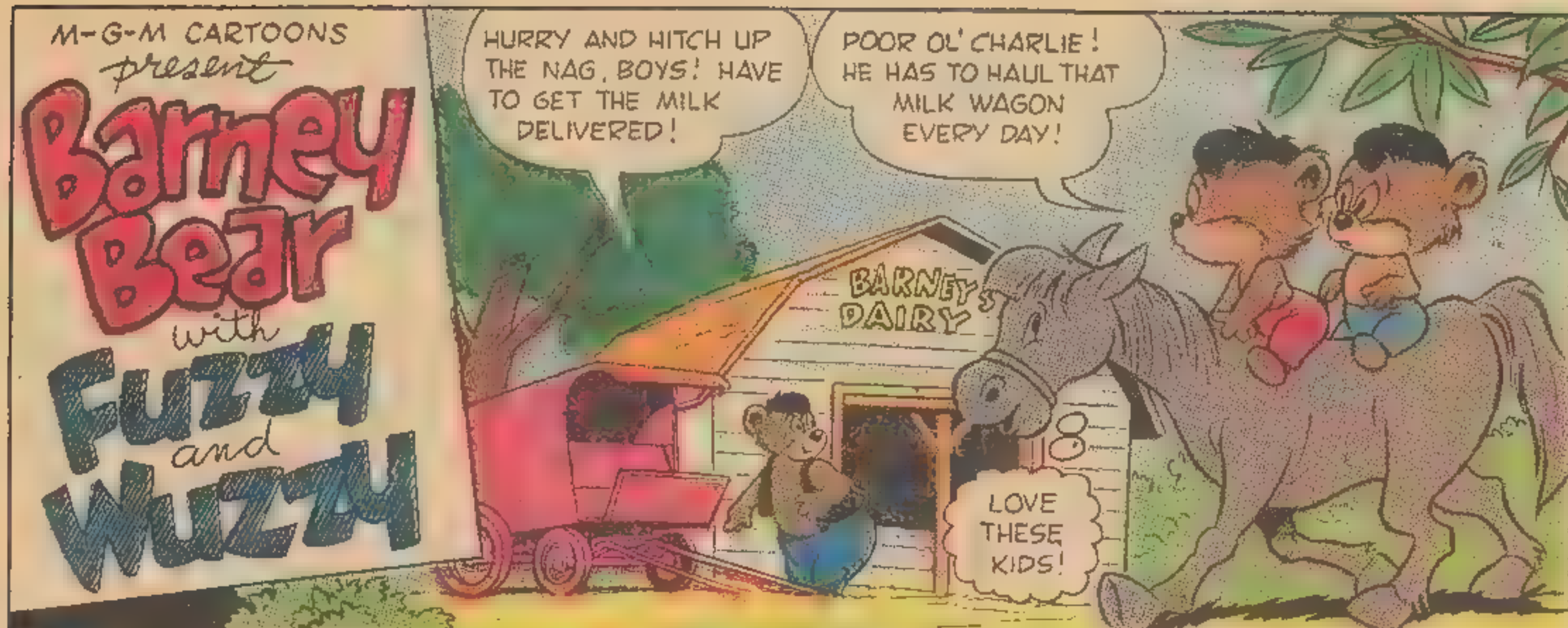
In the meantime, Billie had been swerving madly back and forth in front of the bees, as a decoy. His plaintive peep every time a vengeful bee stung him finally attracted Bertie's attention.

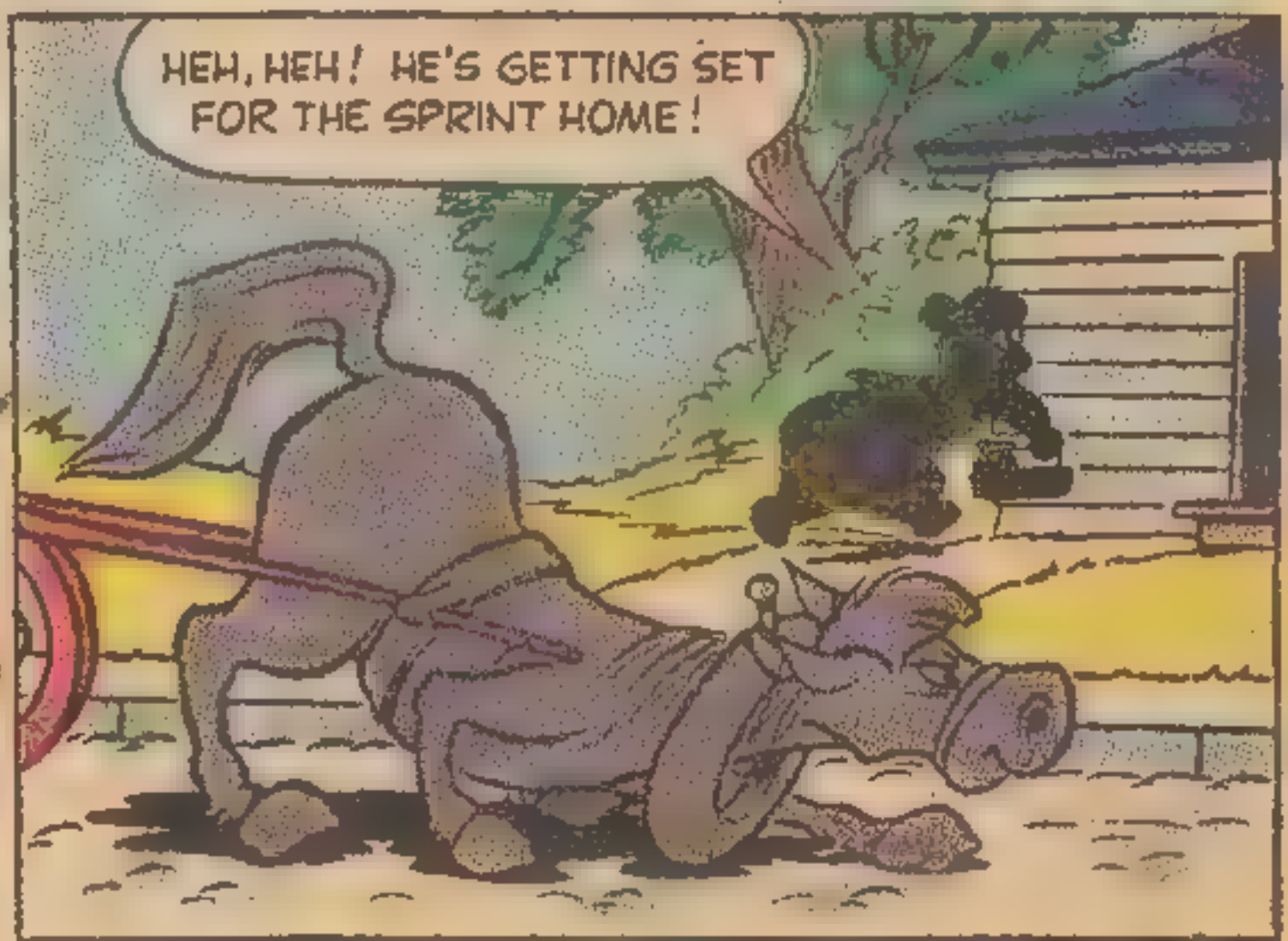
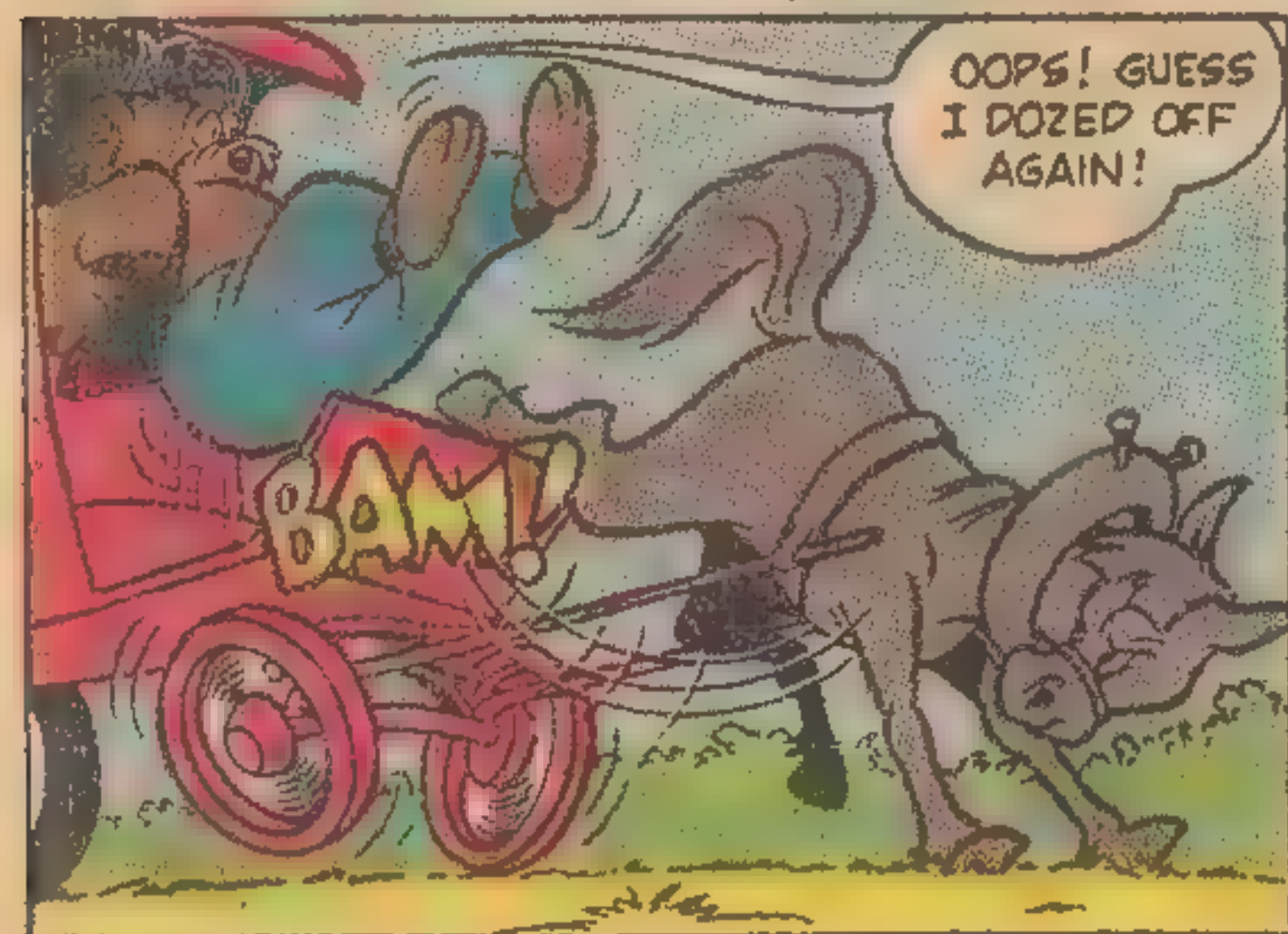
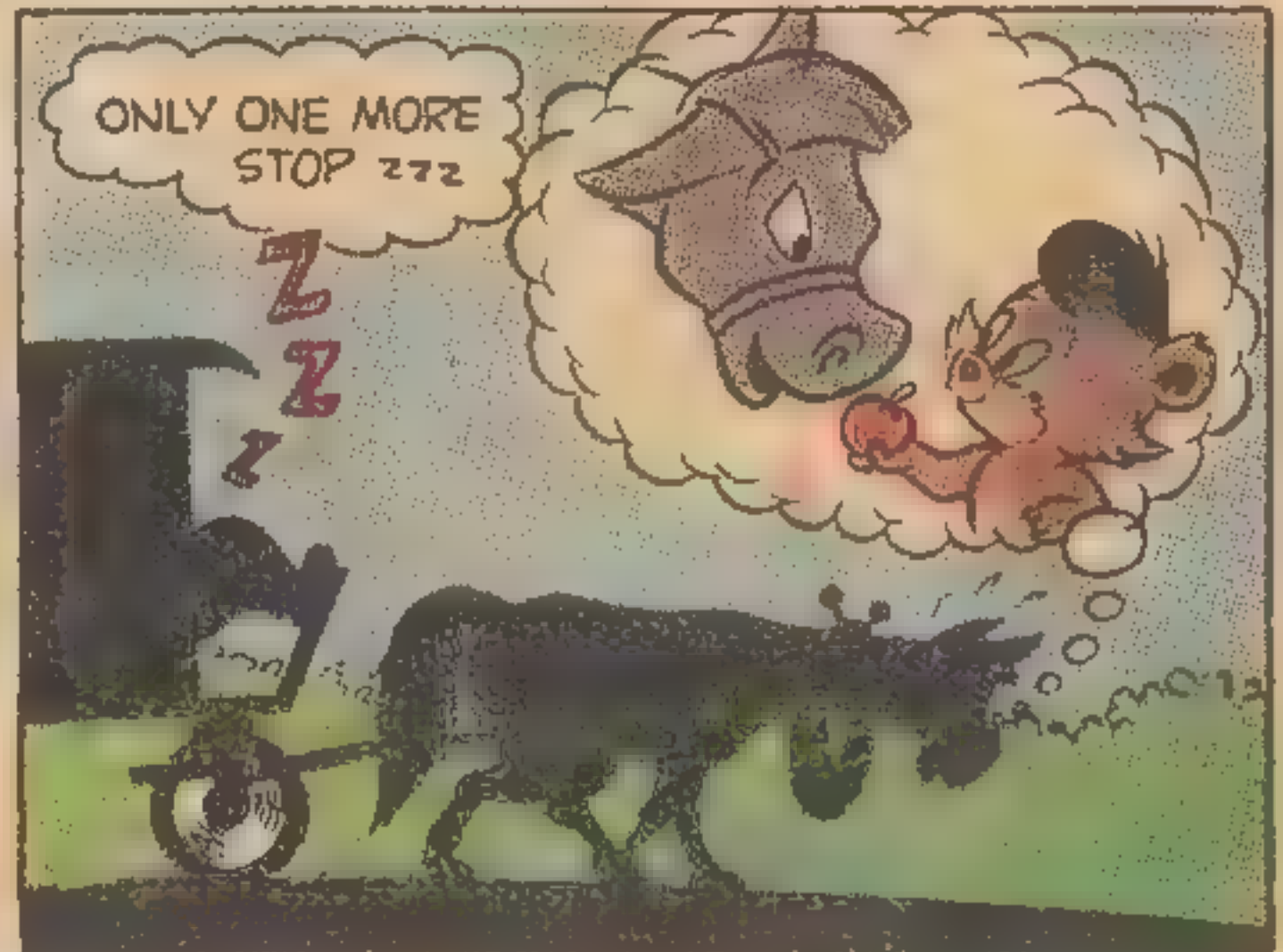
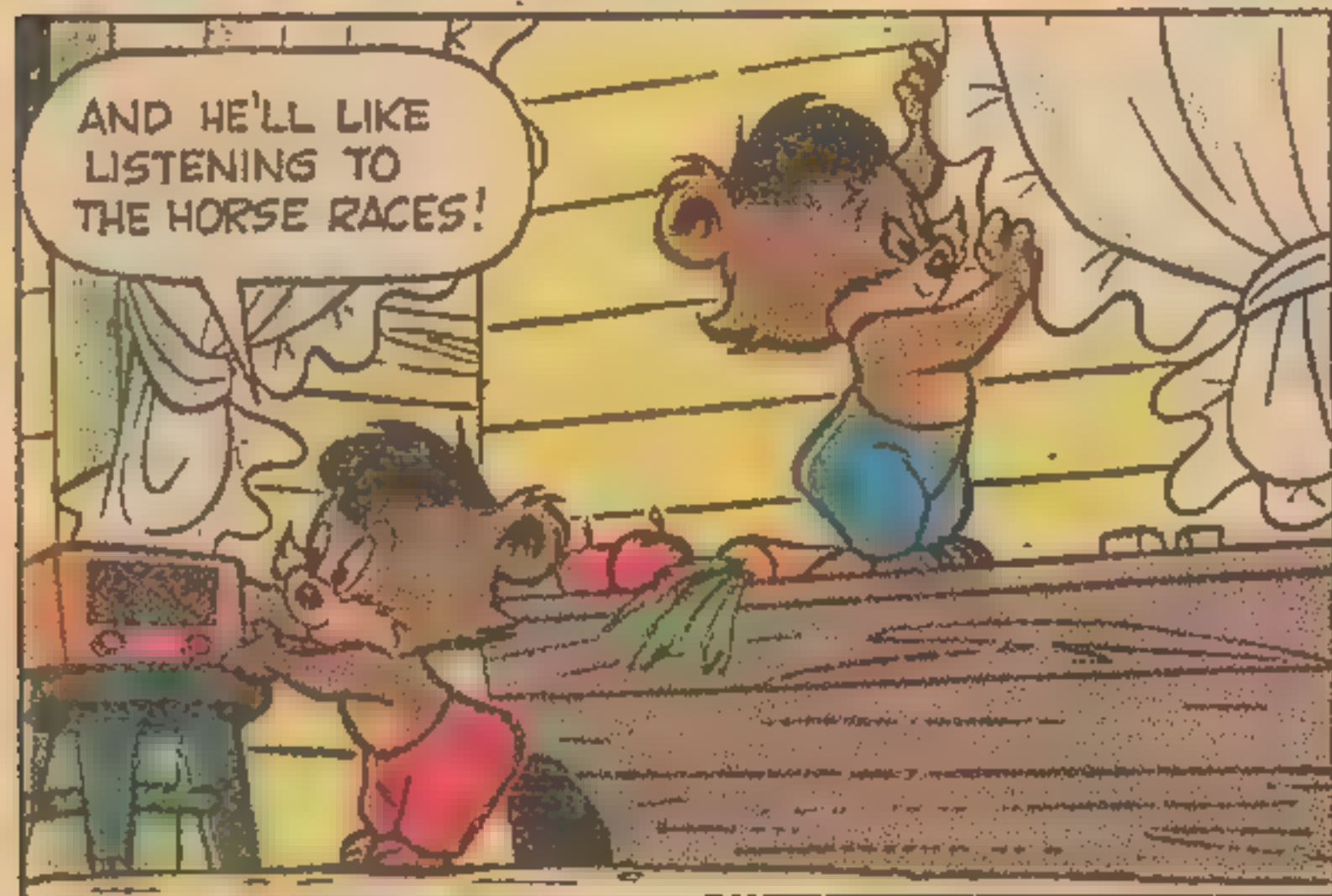
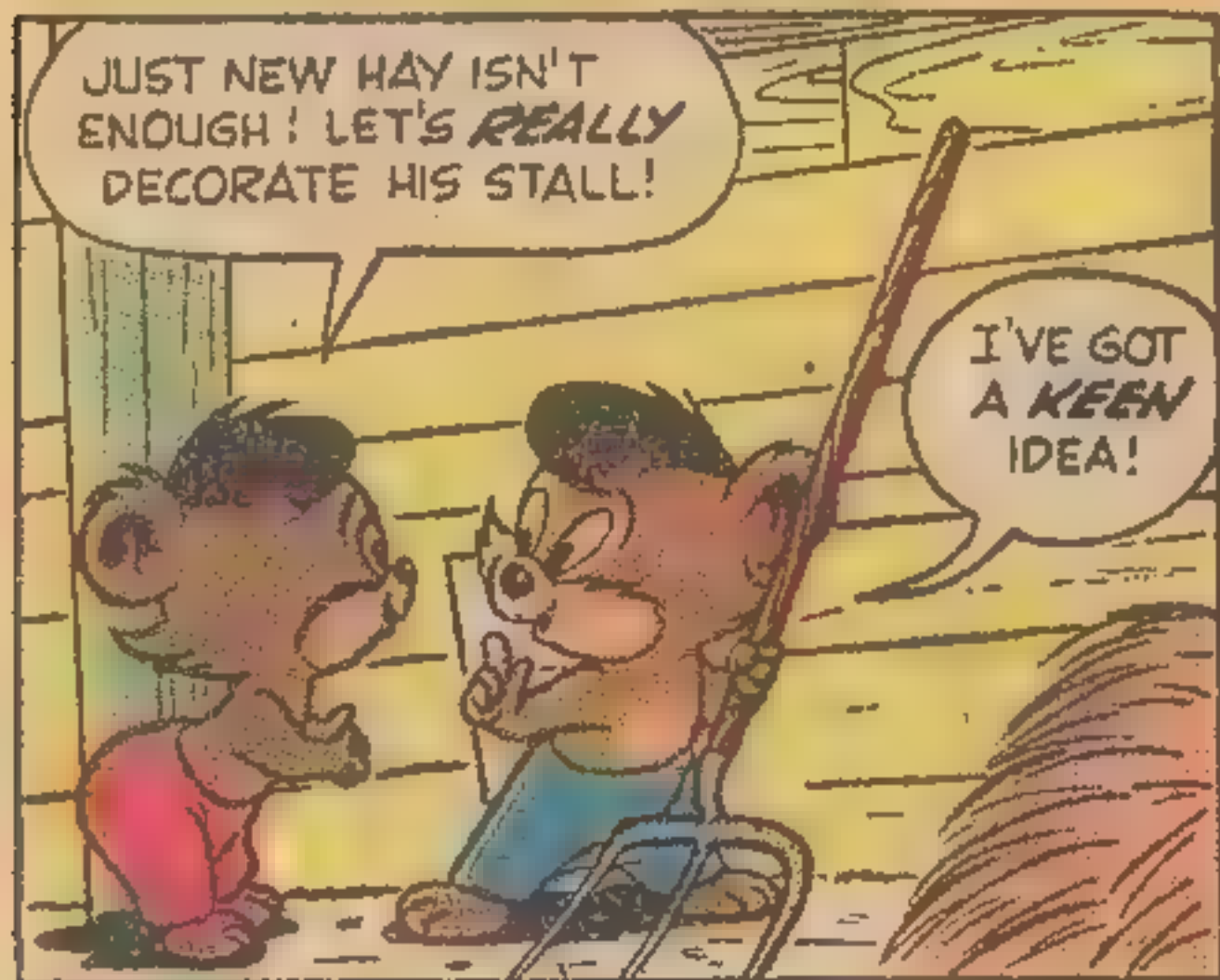
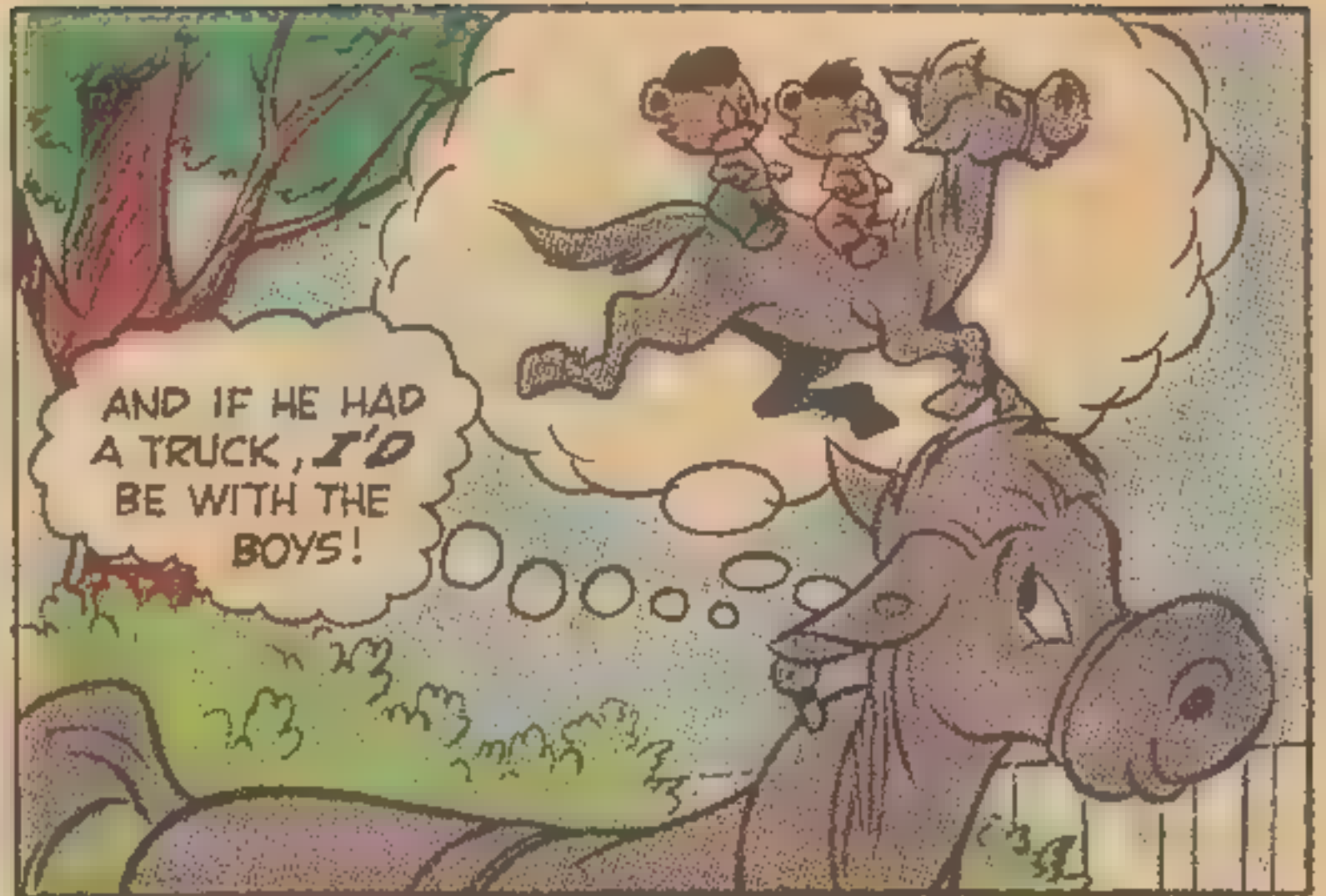
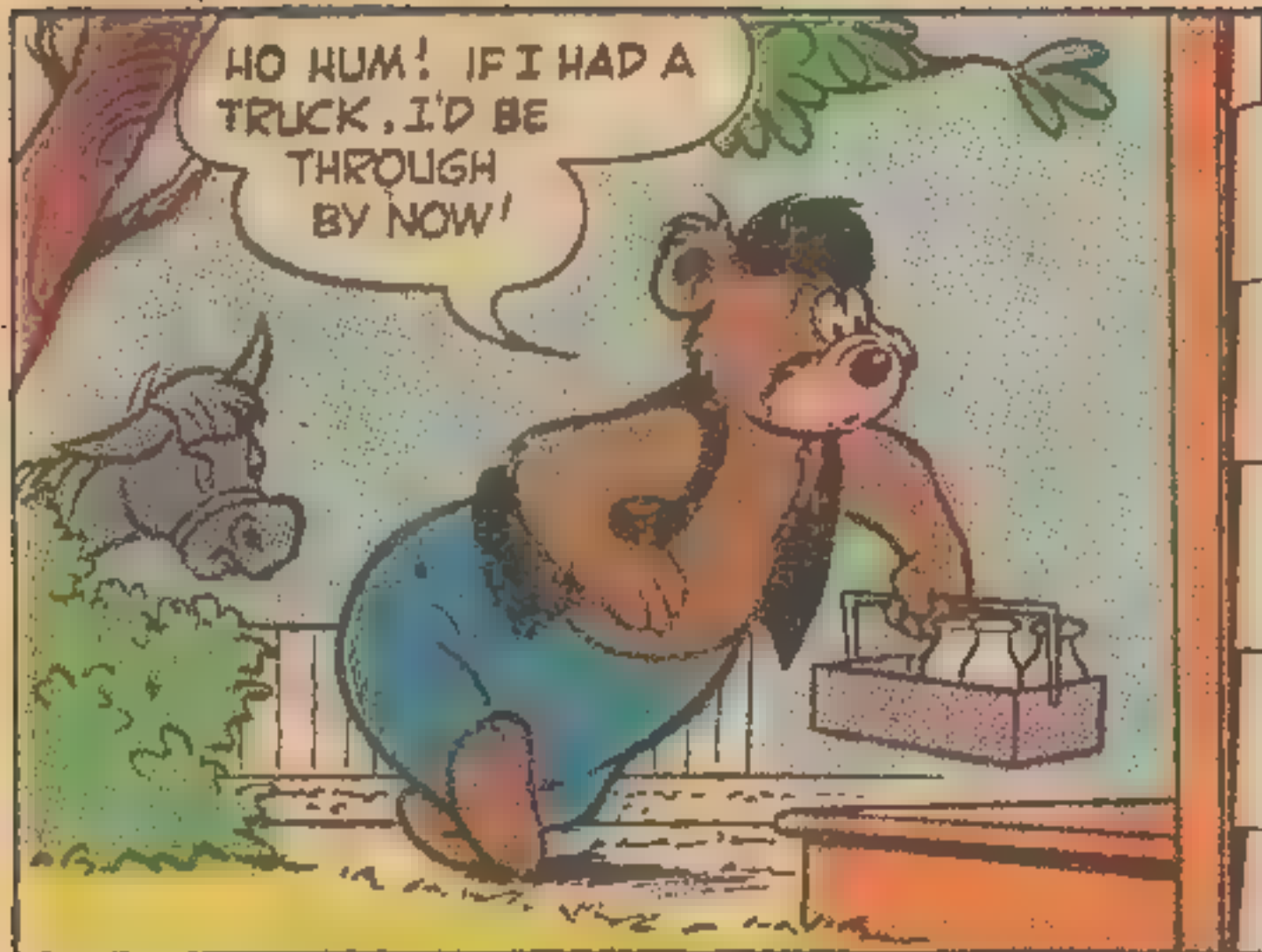
"Call off your family, quick," cried Bertie frantically to the baby bee.

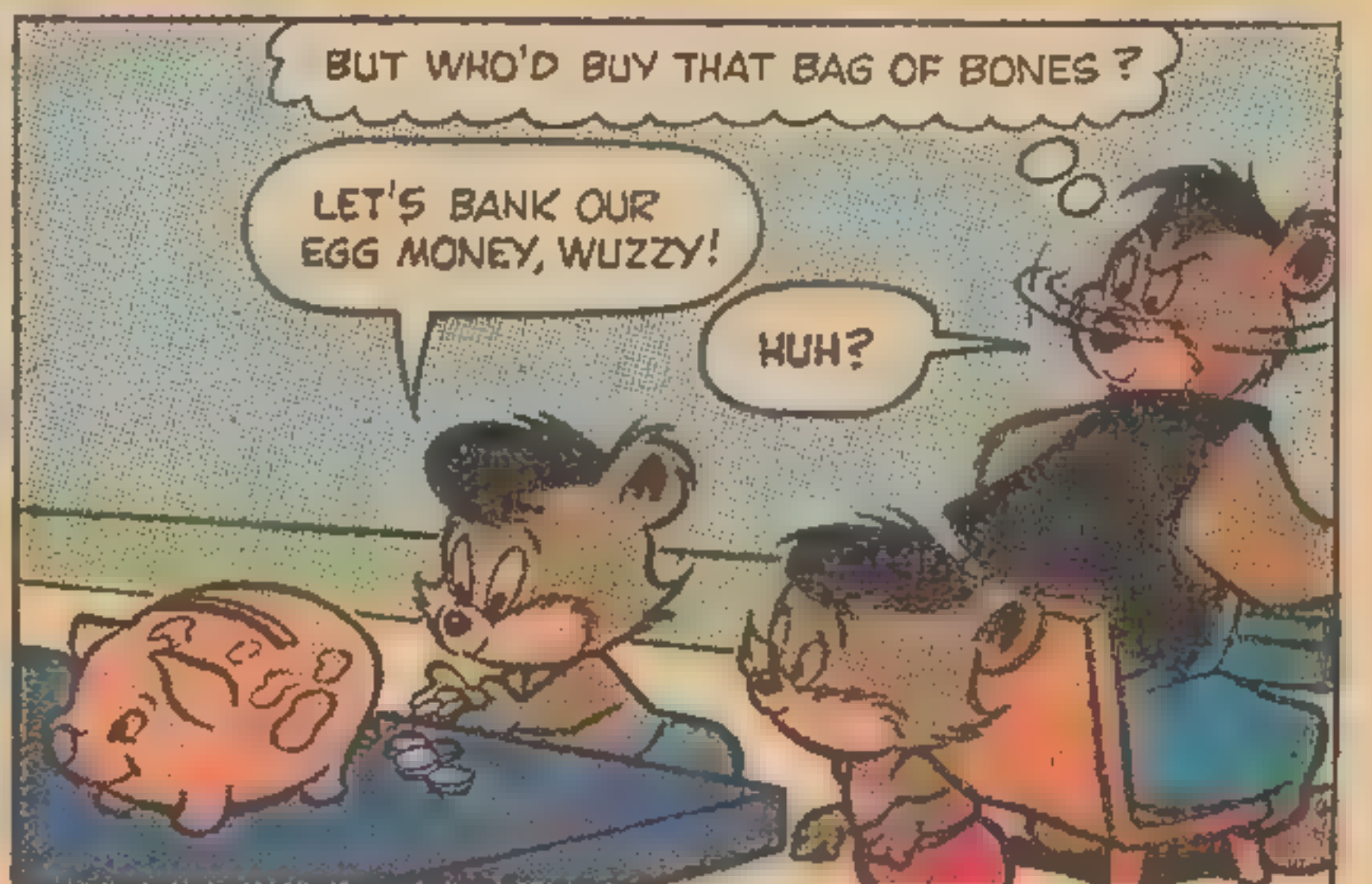
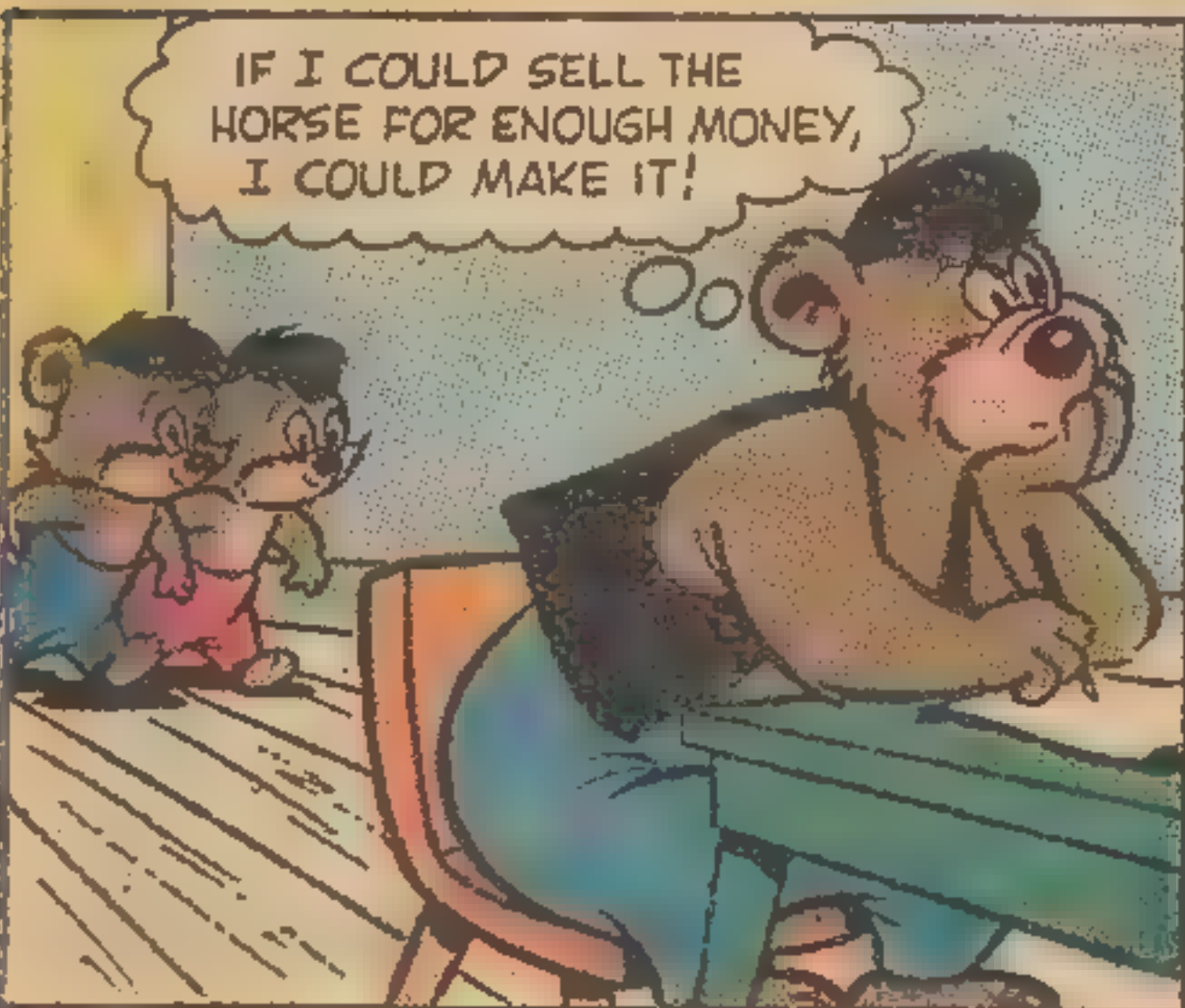
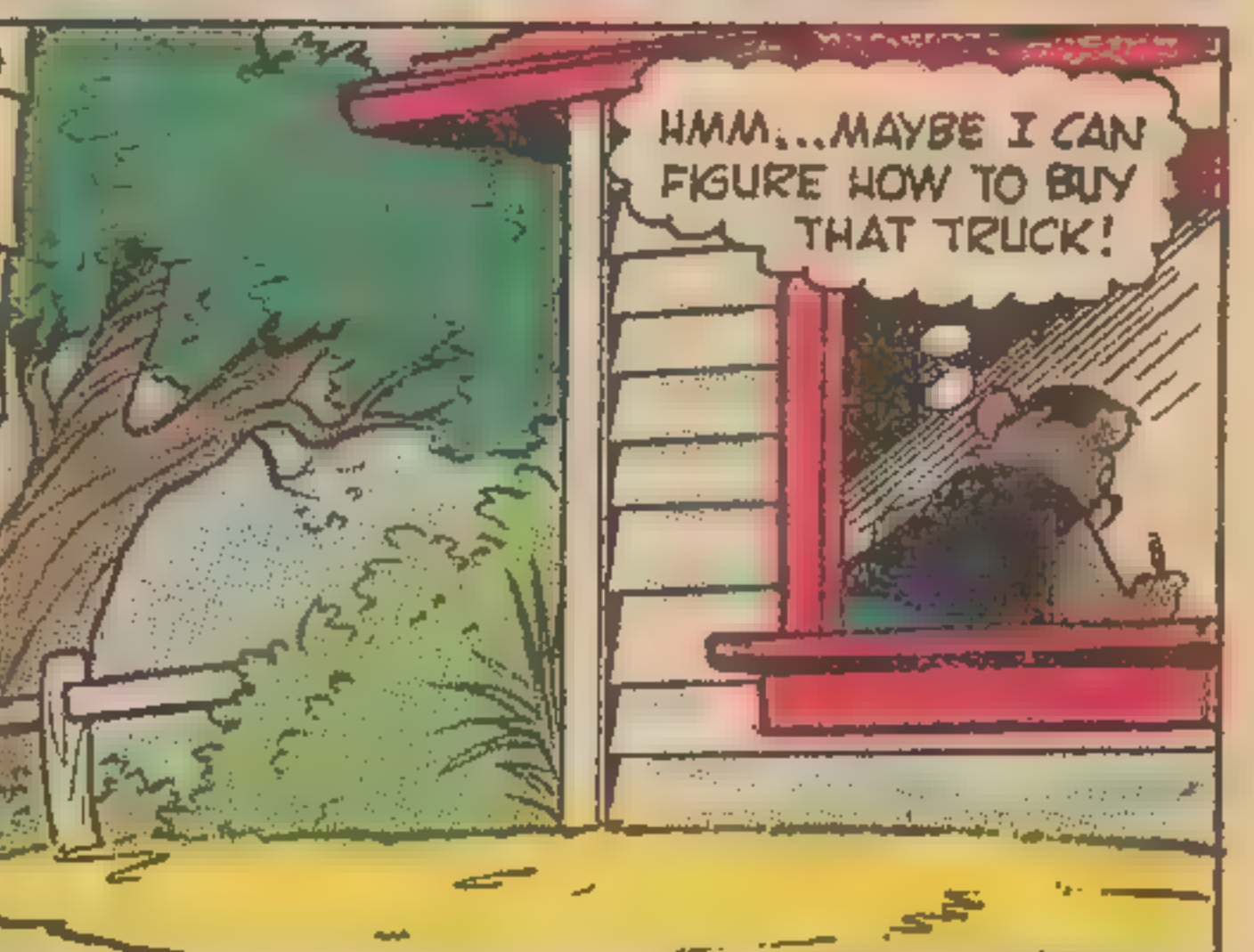
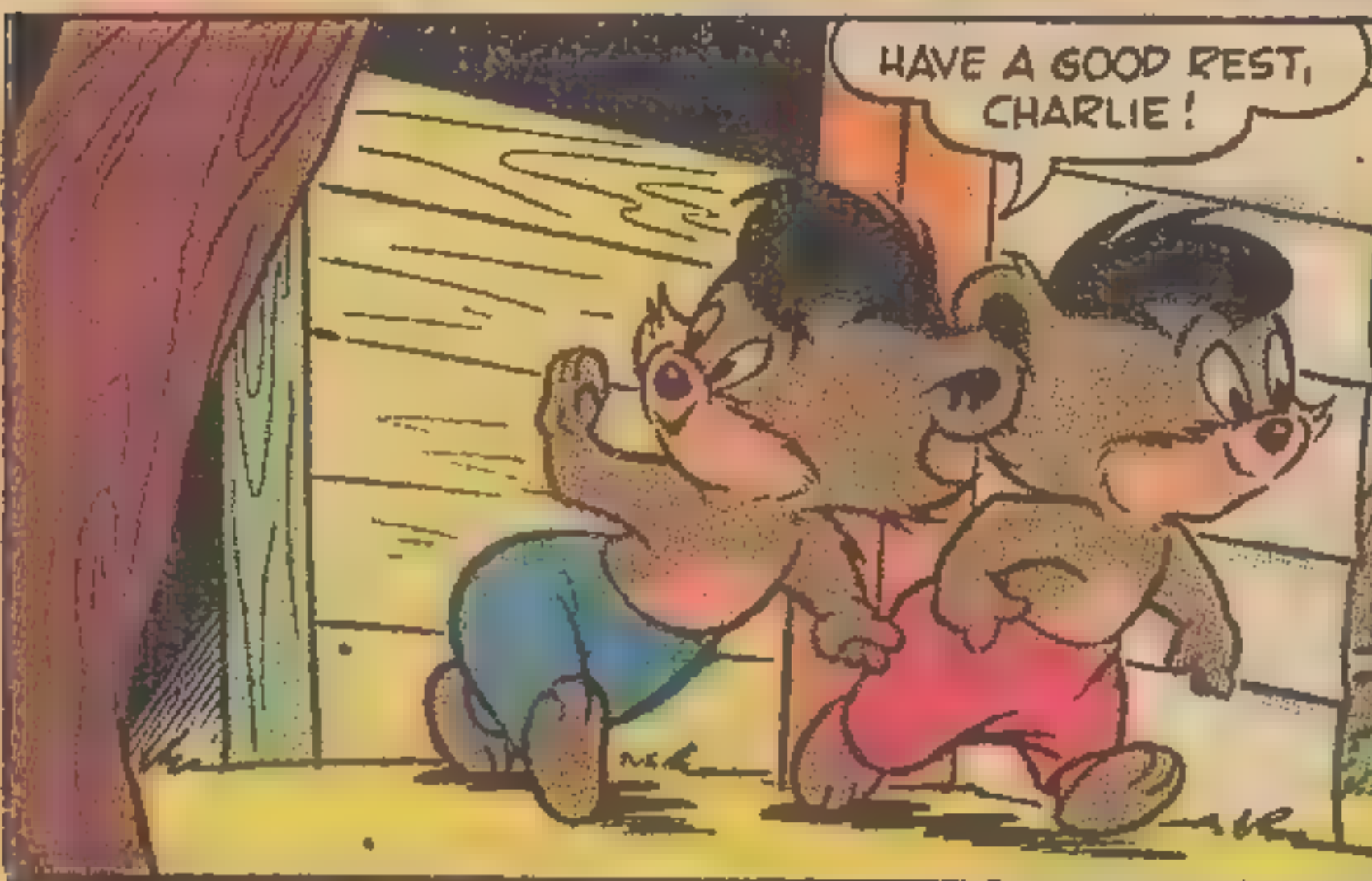
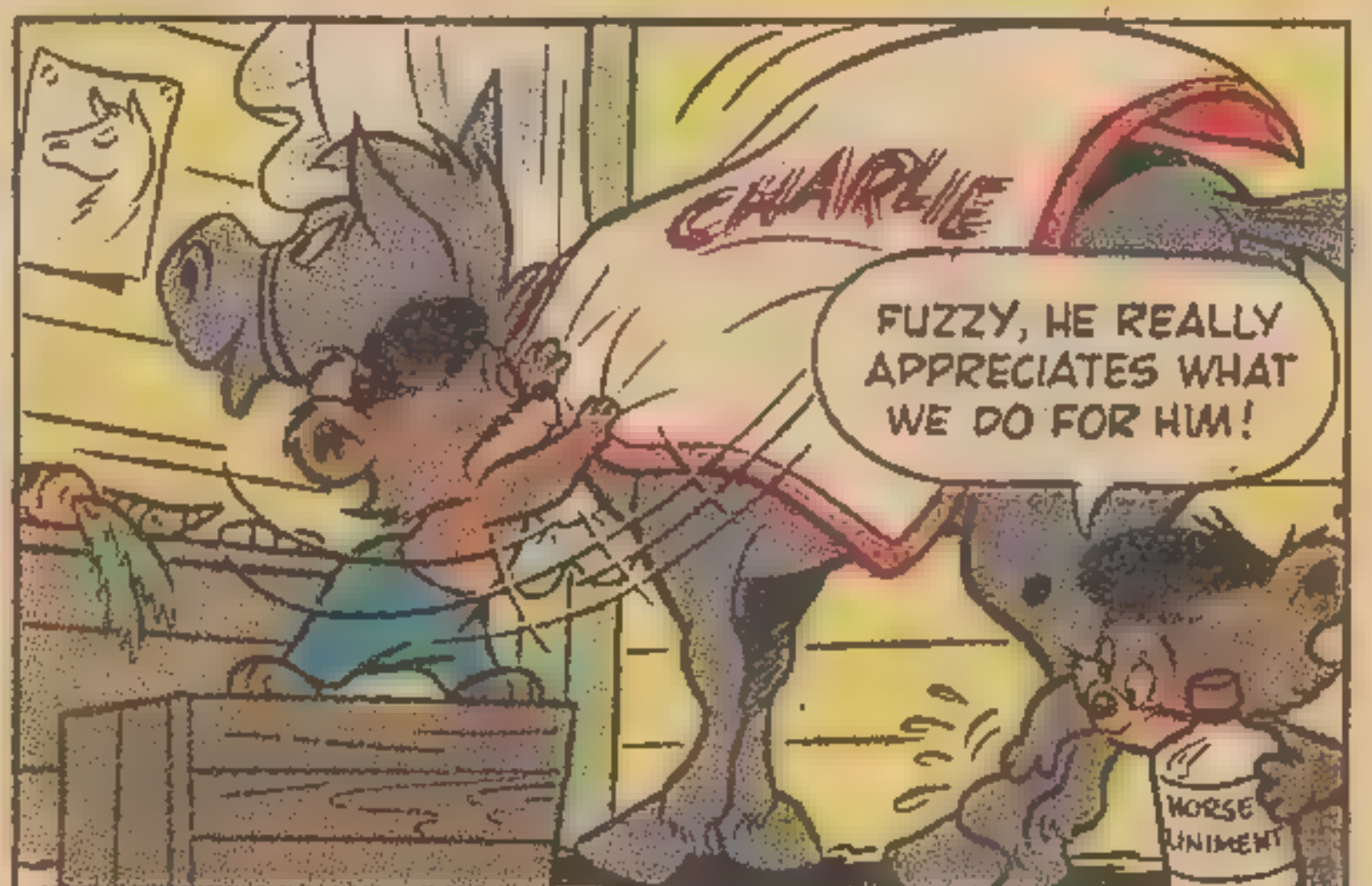
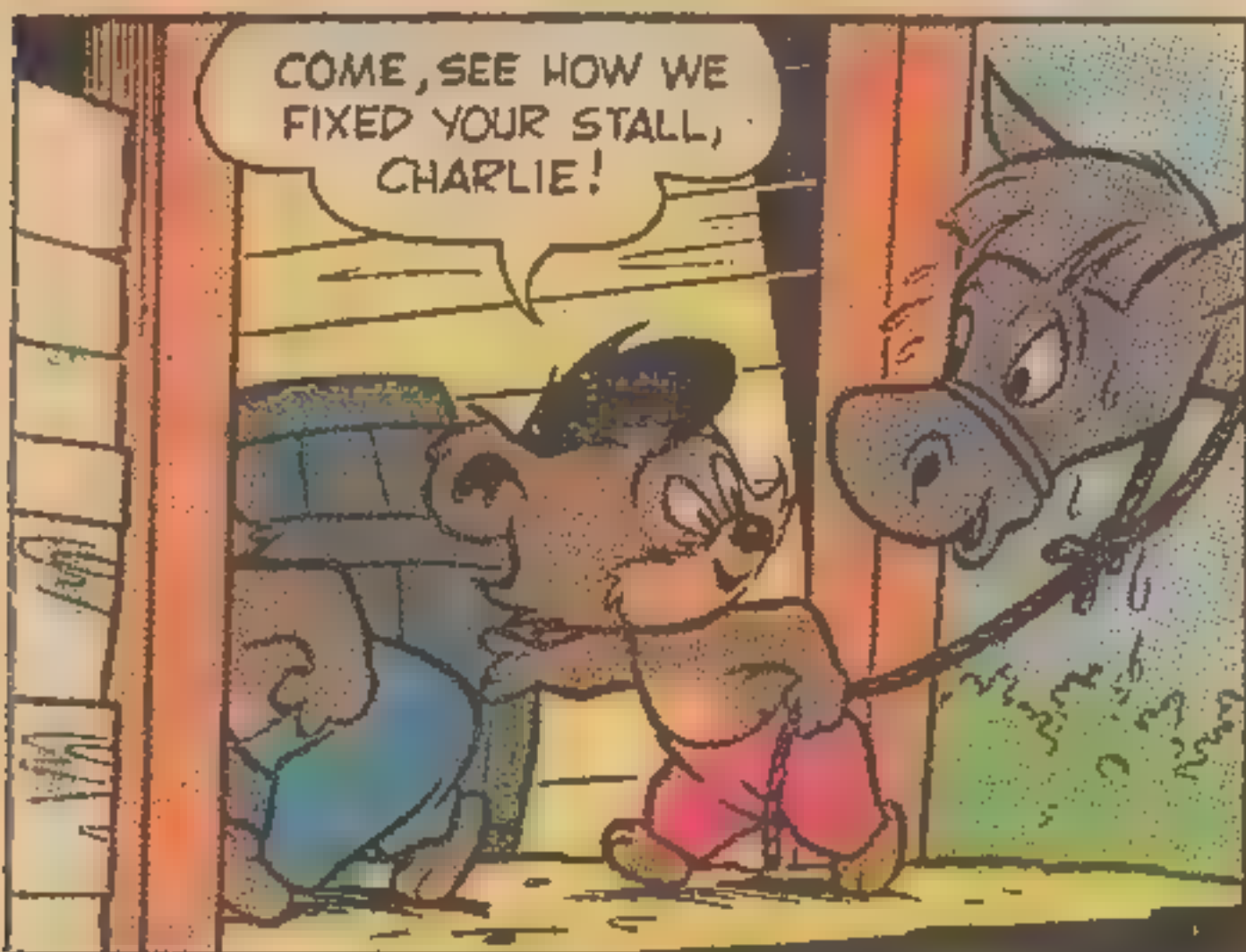
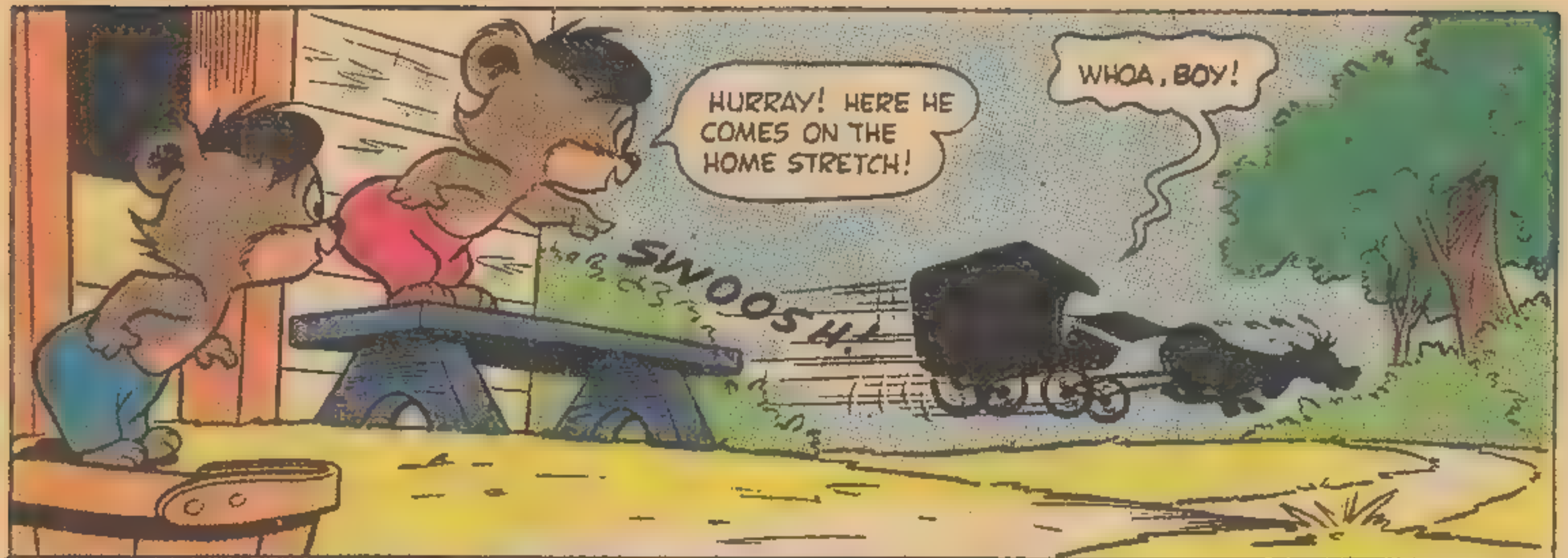
"Stop! Stop!" the little bee ordered loudly. "They were just giving me some good cake."

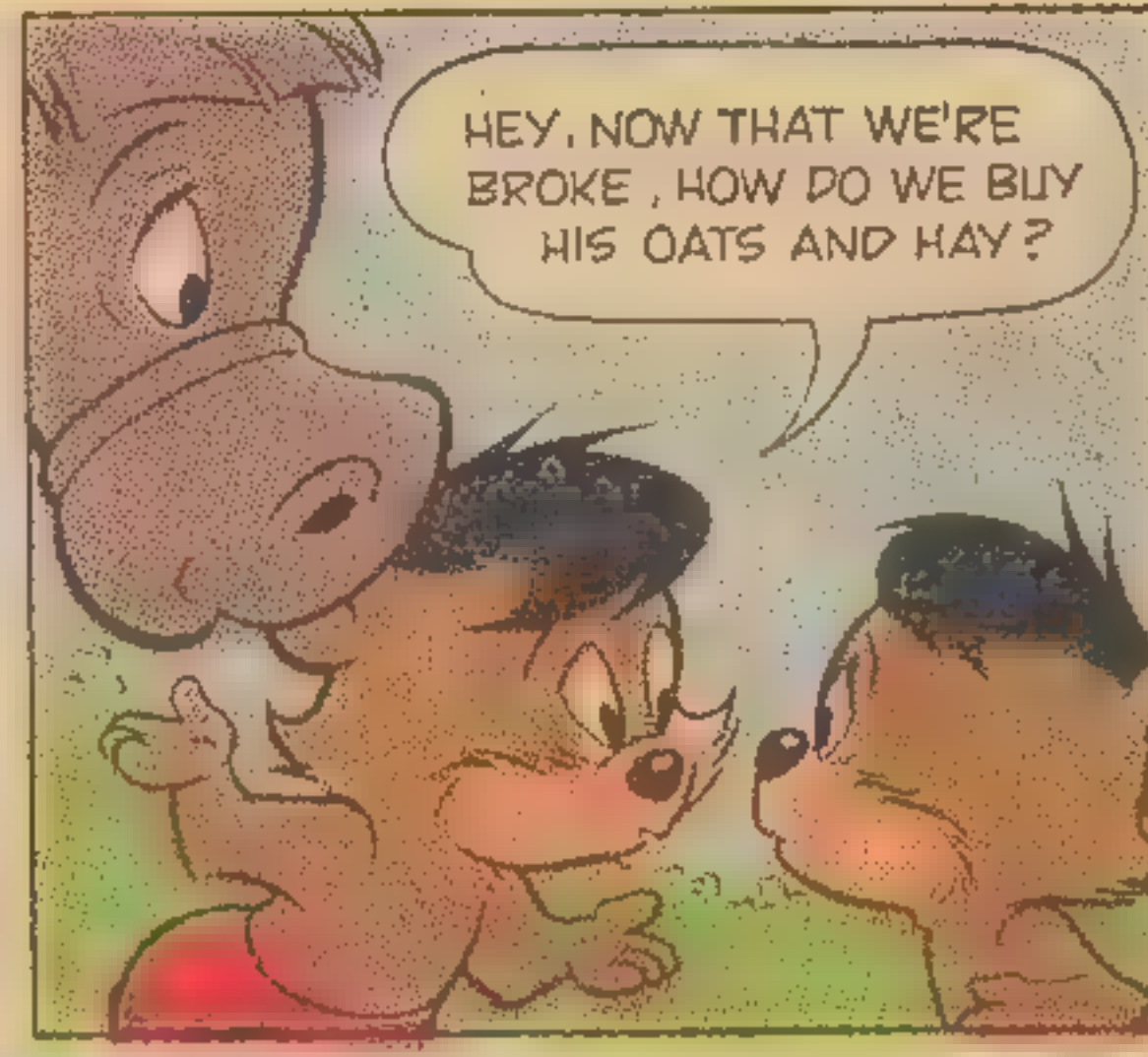
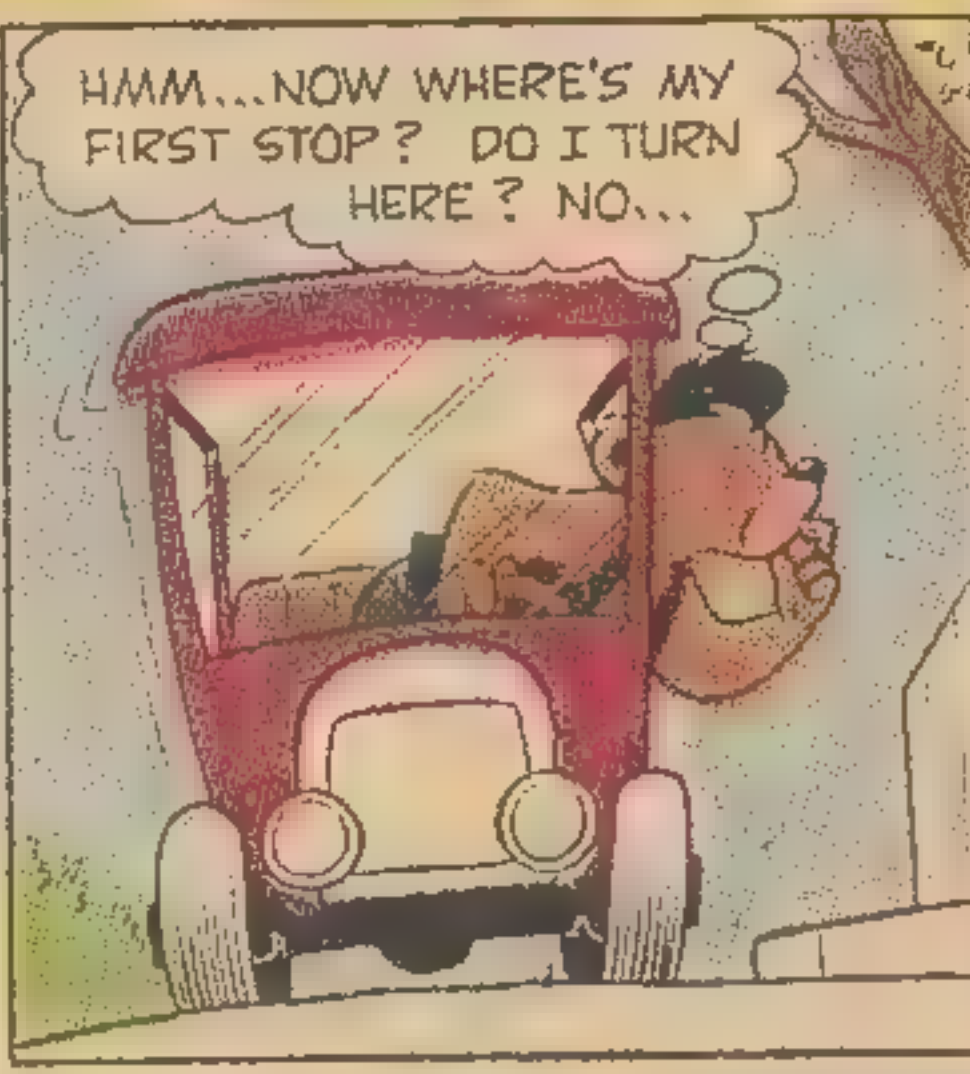
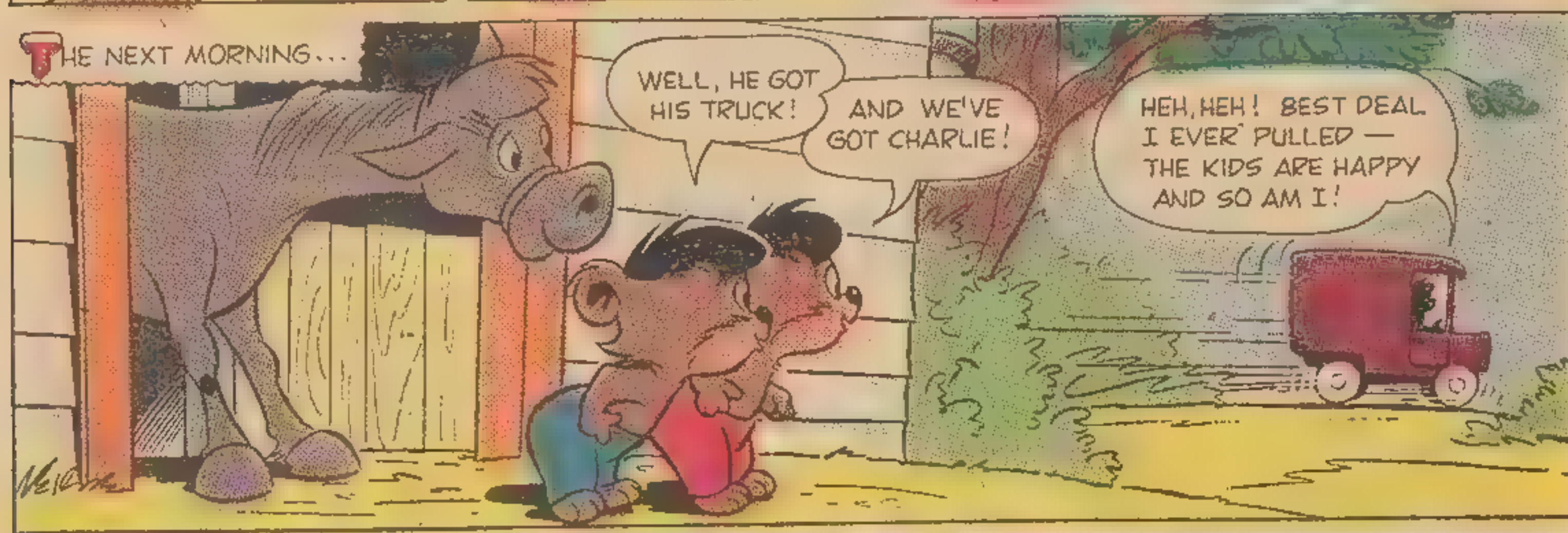
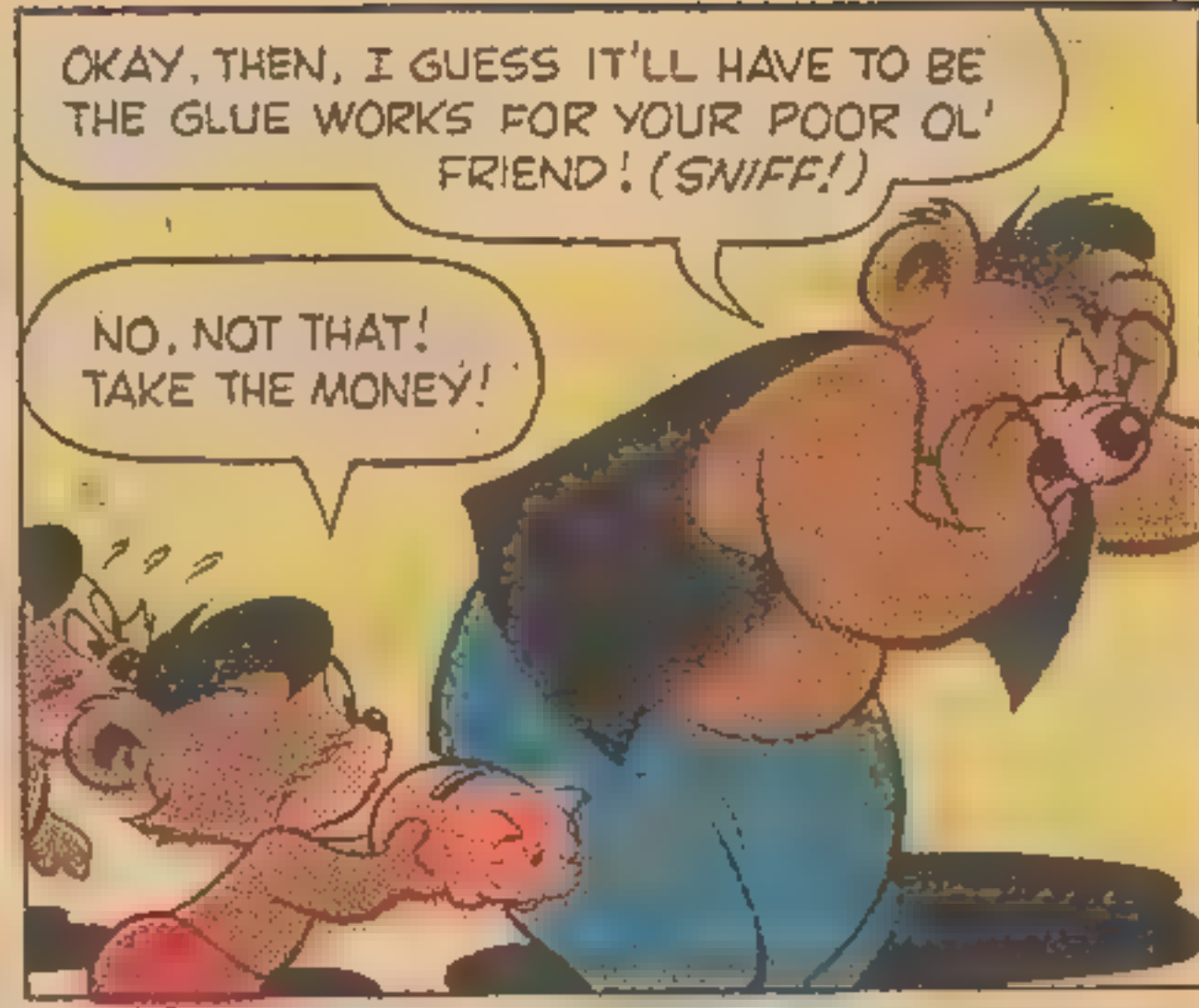
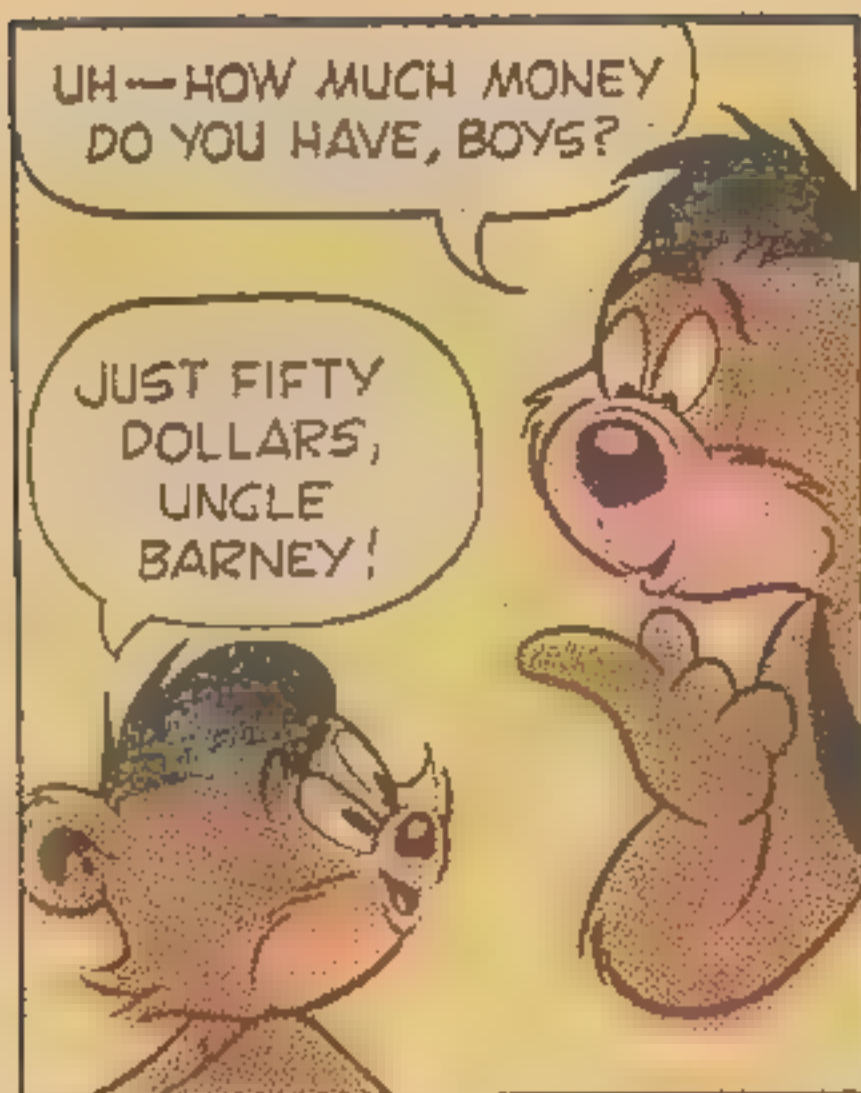
At that, the bees changed their frenzied buzzing to a soft, friendly whirring, and flew away.

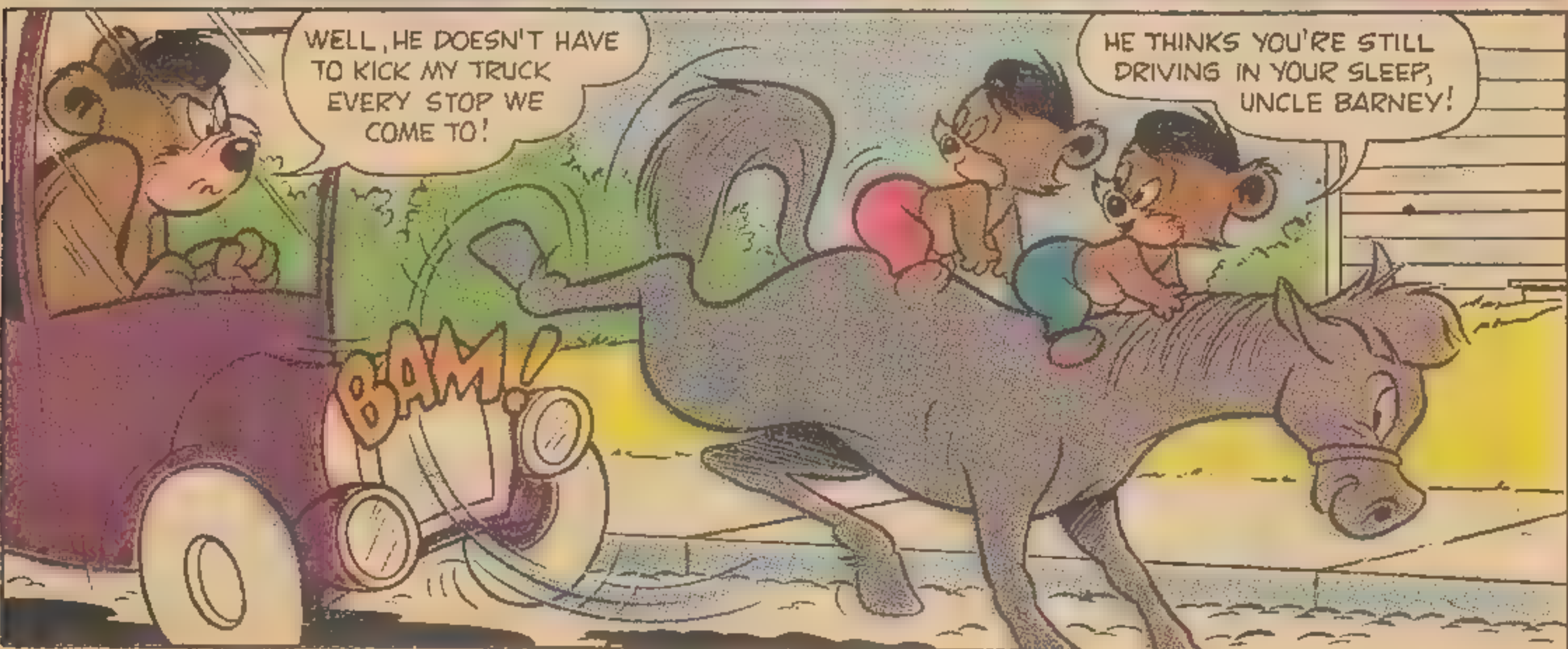
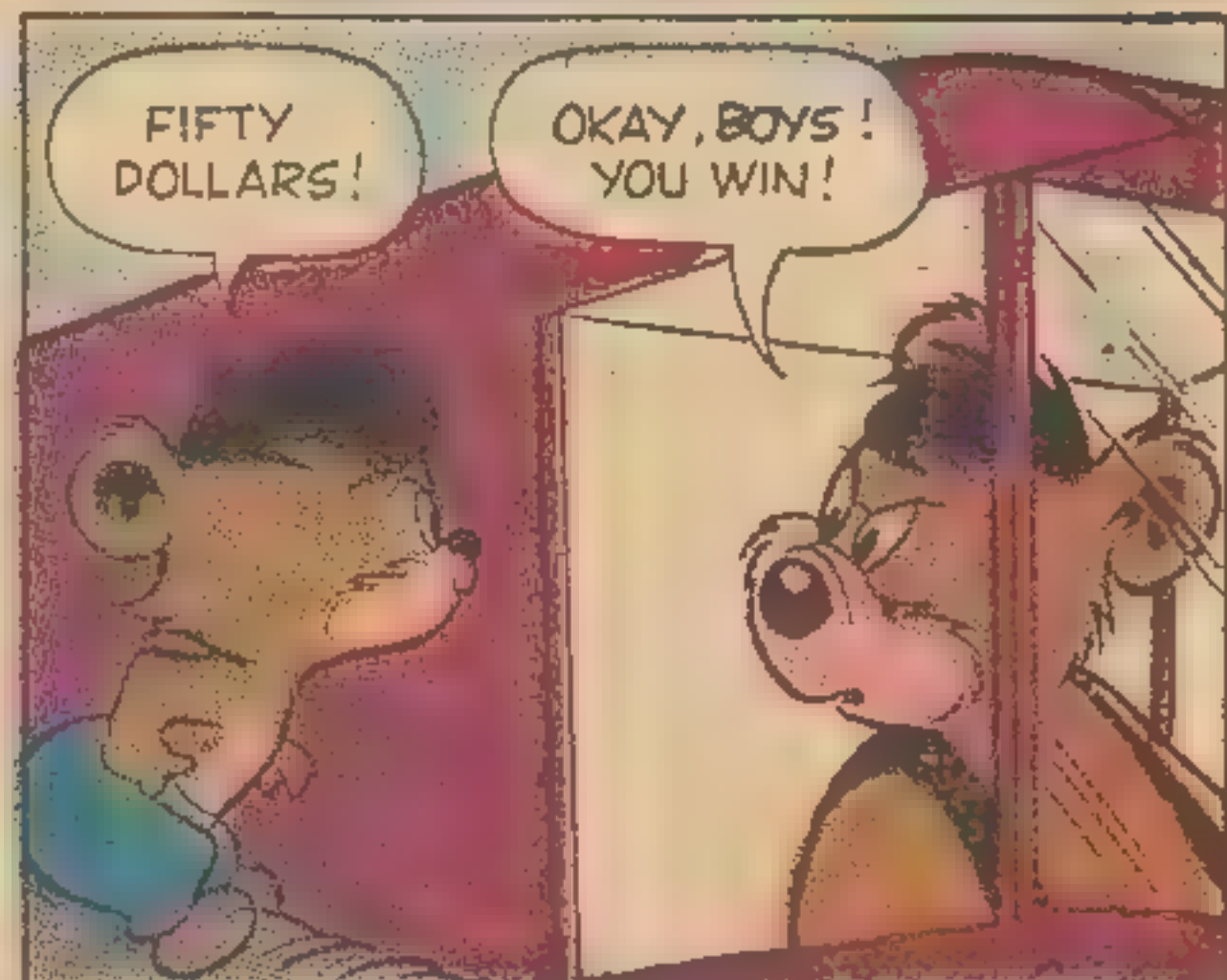
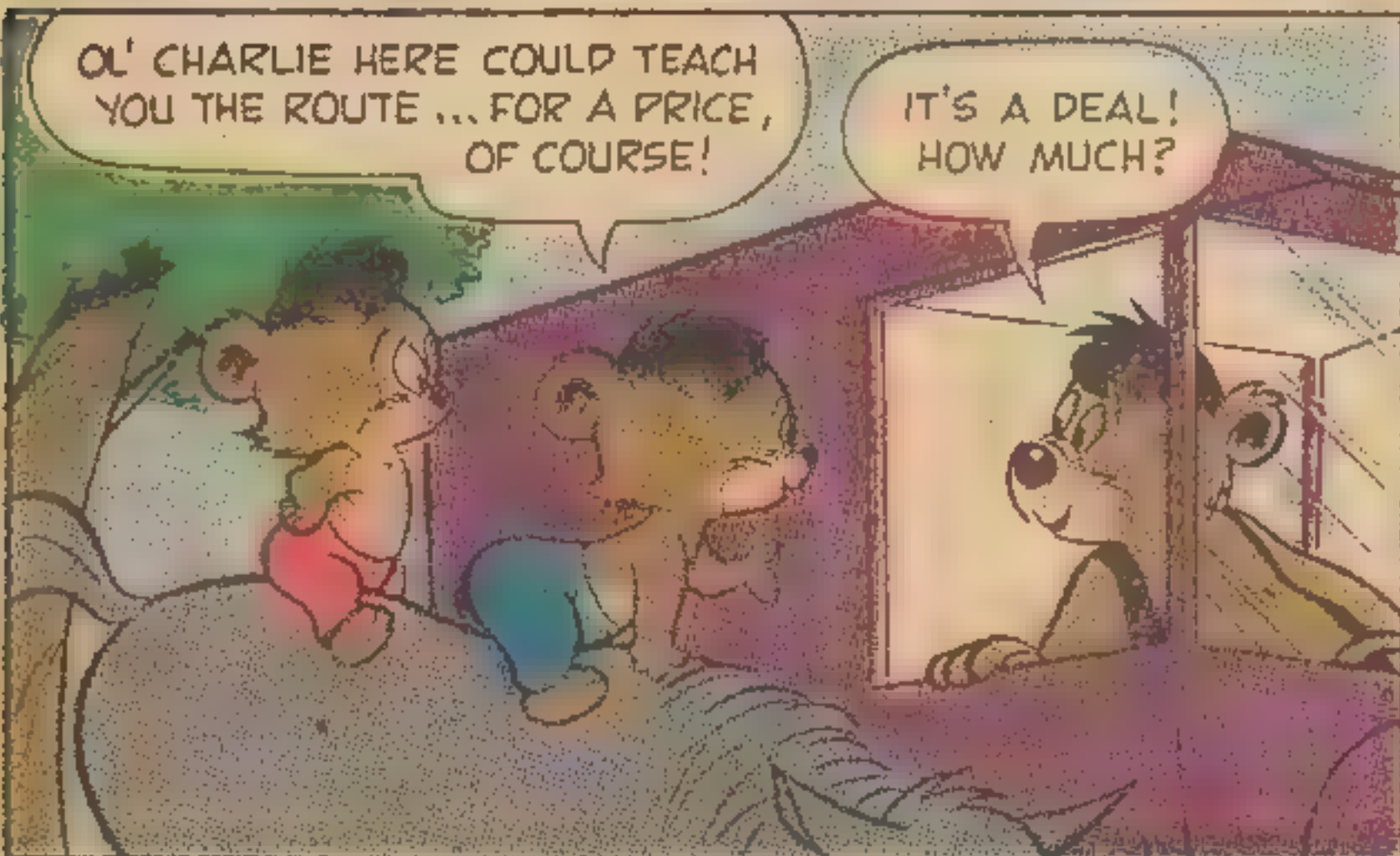
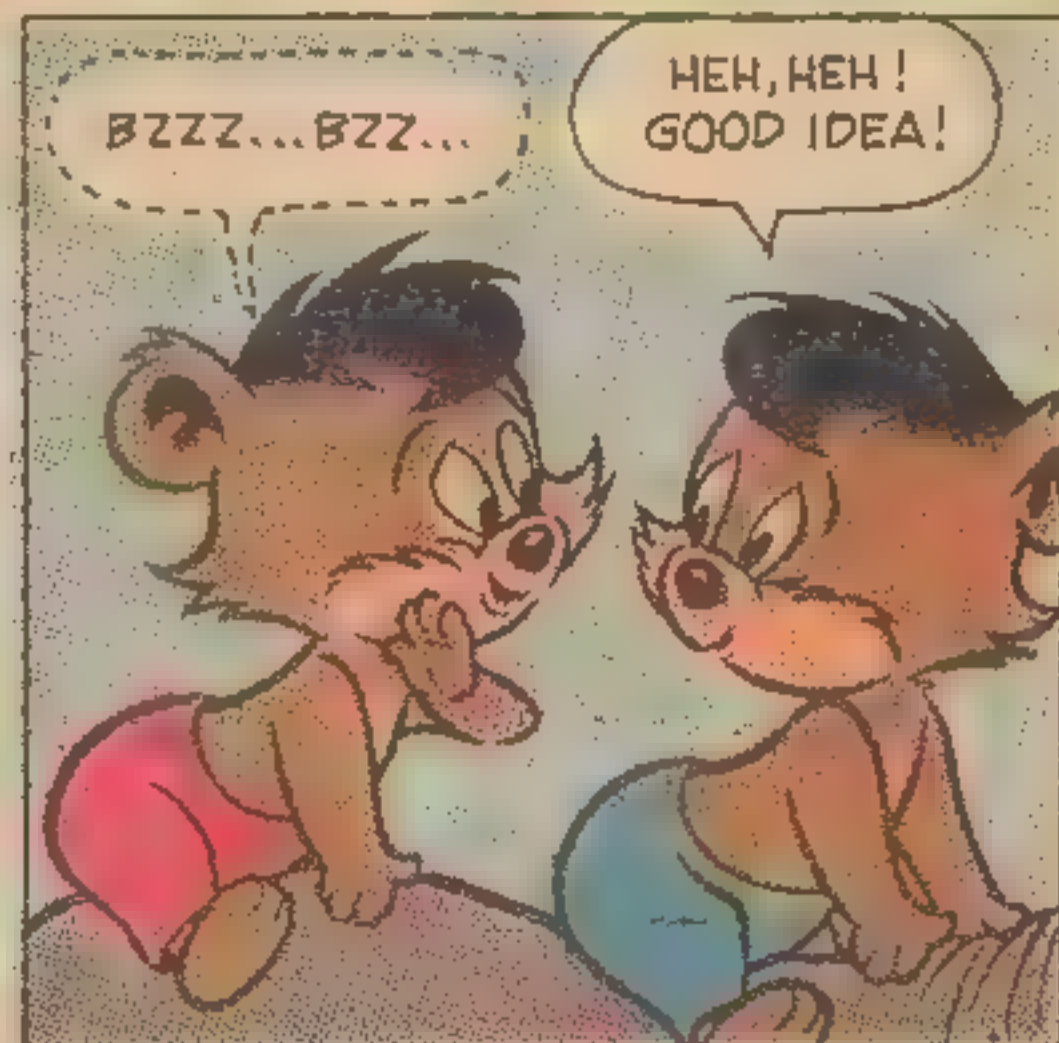
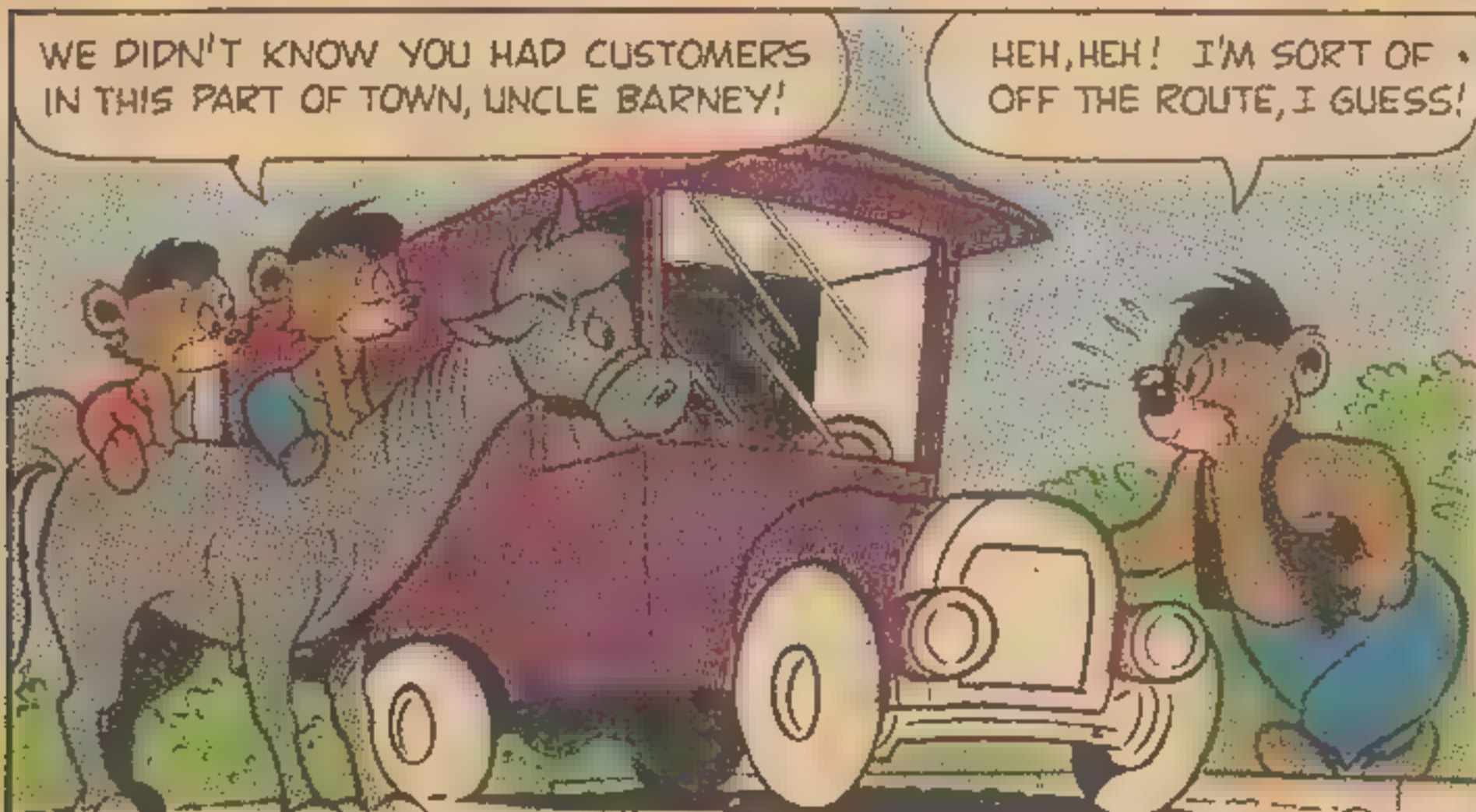
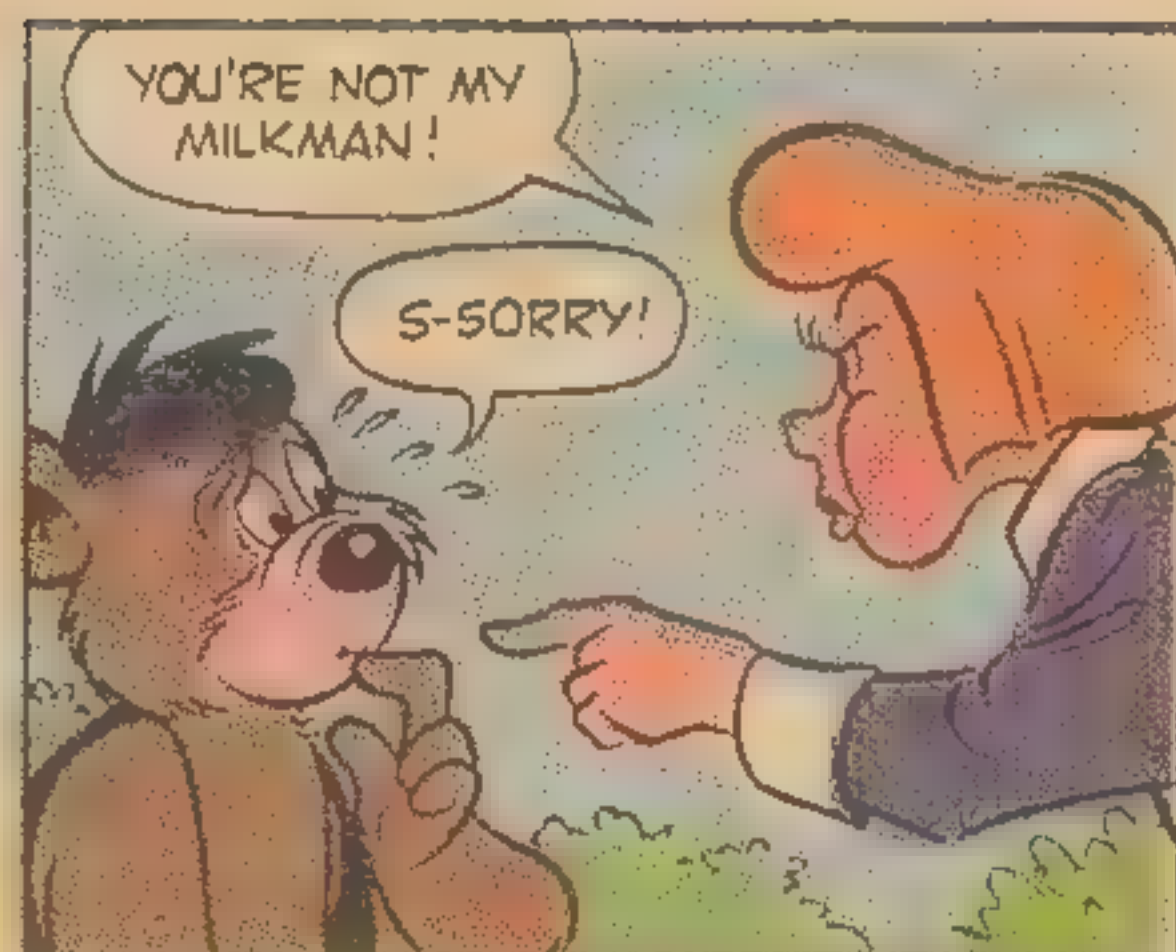
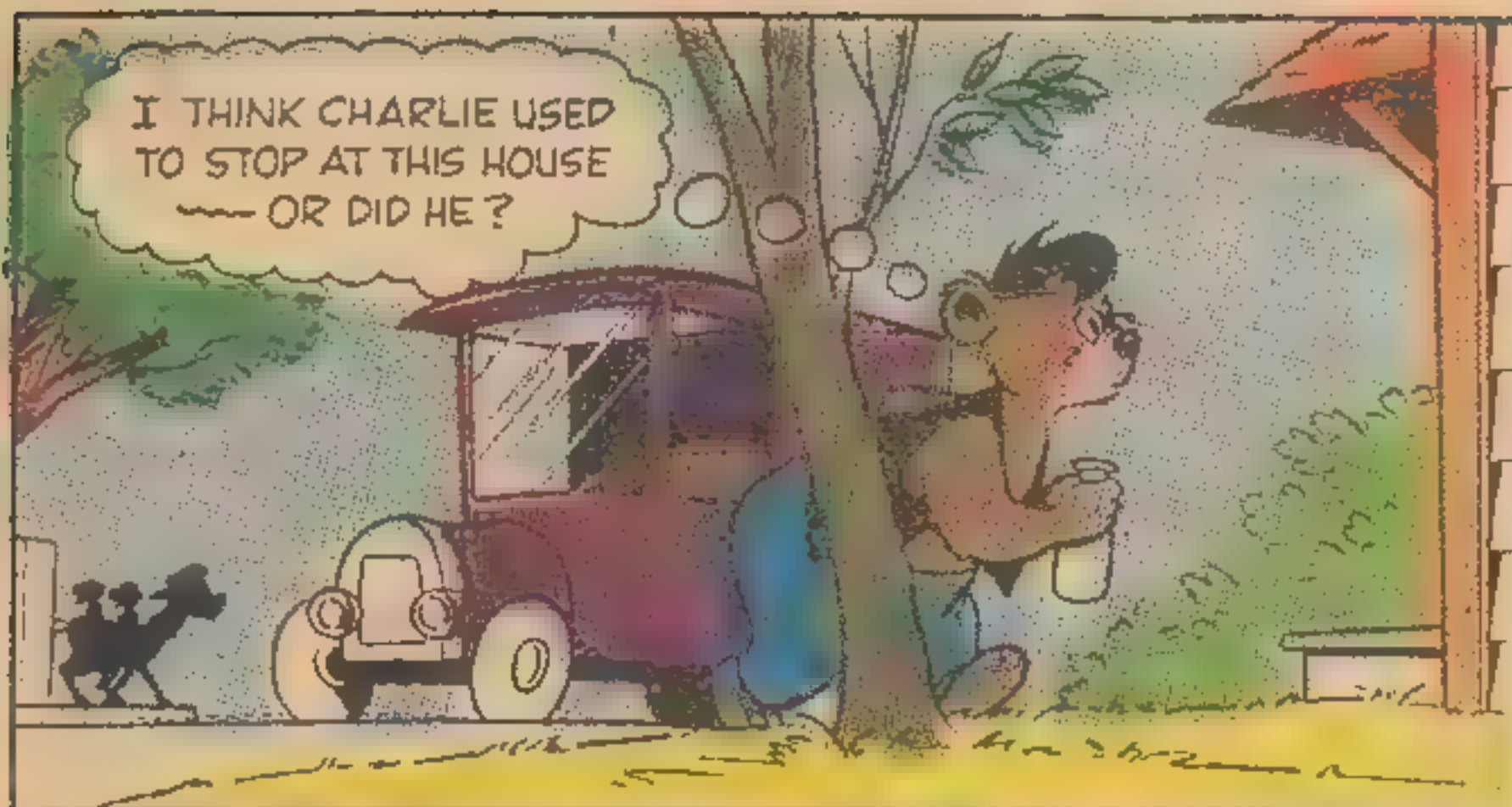
As Bertie and Billie flapped wearily home, sirup-smeared and bee-stung, they moaned in unison, "Gee, that picnic certainly was bee-wildering."











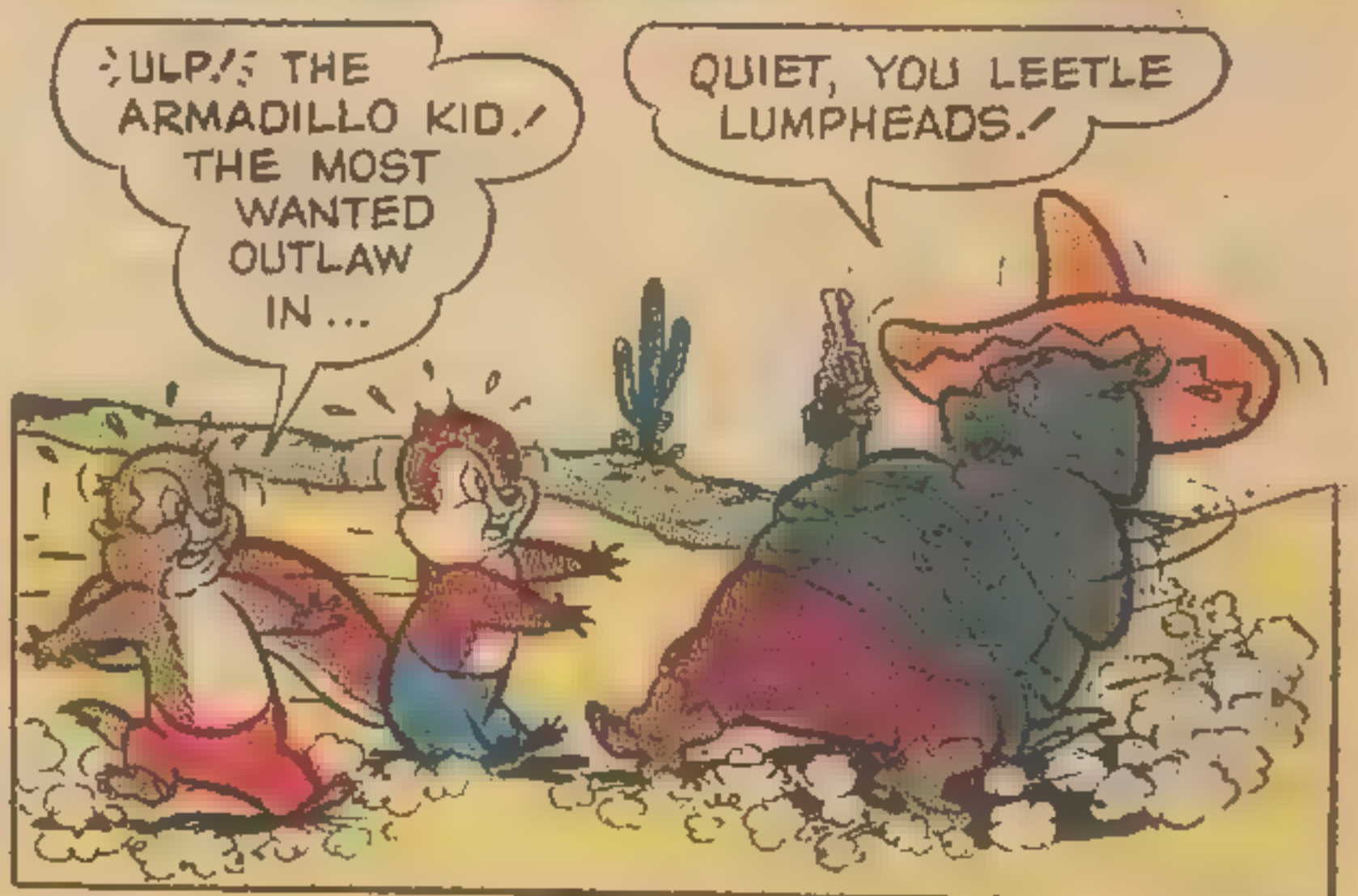
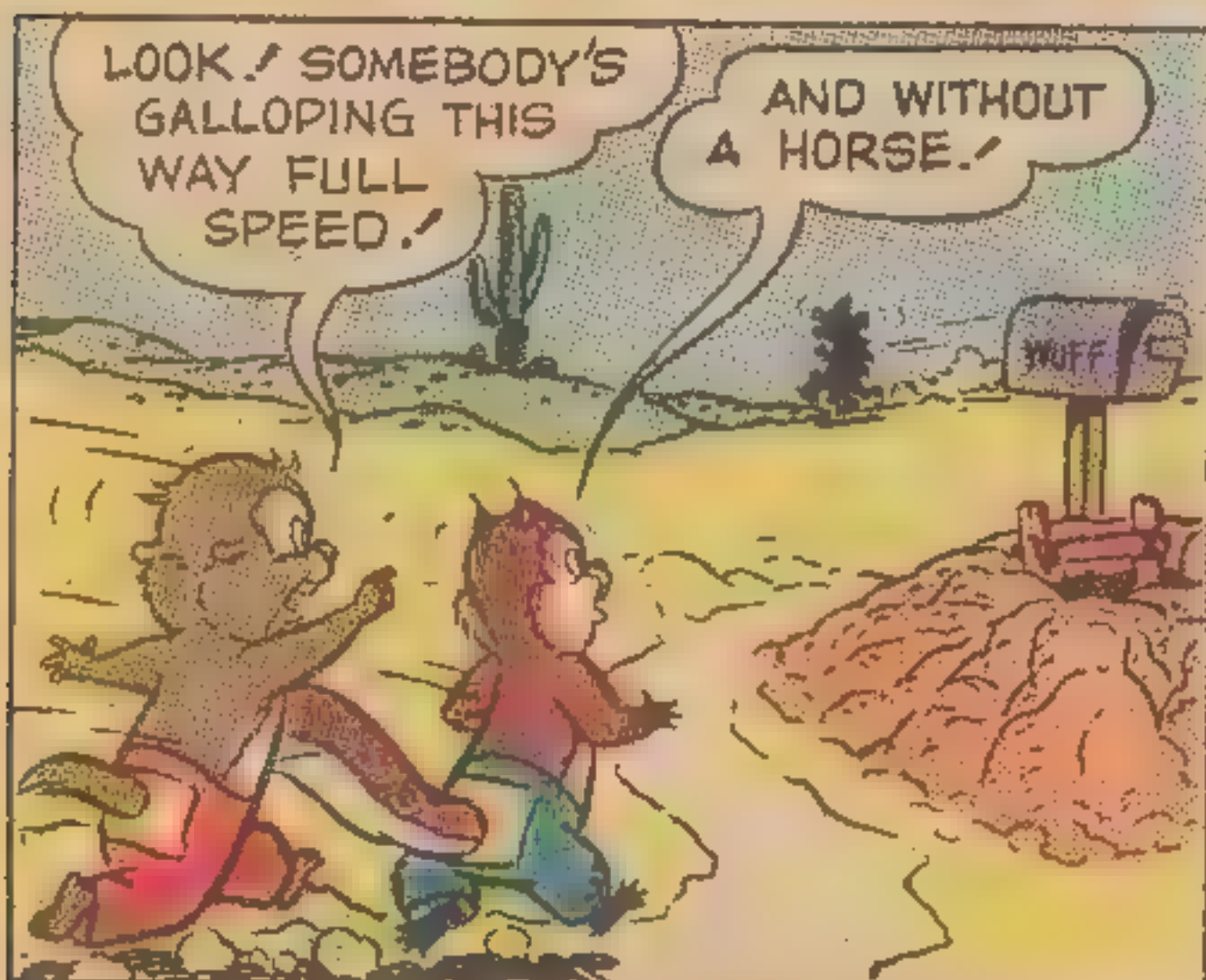
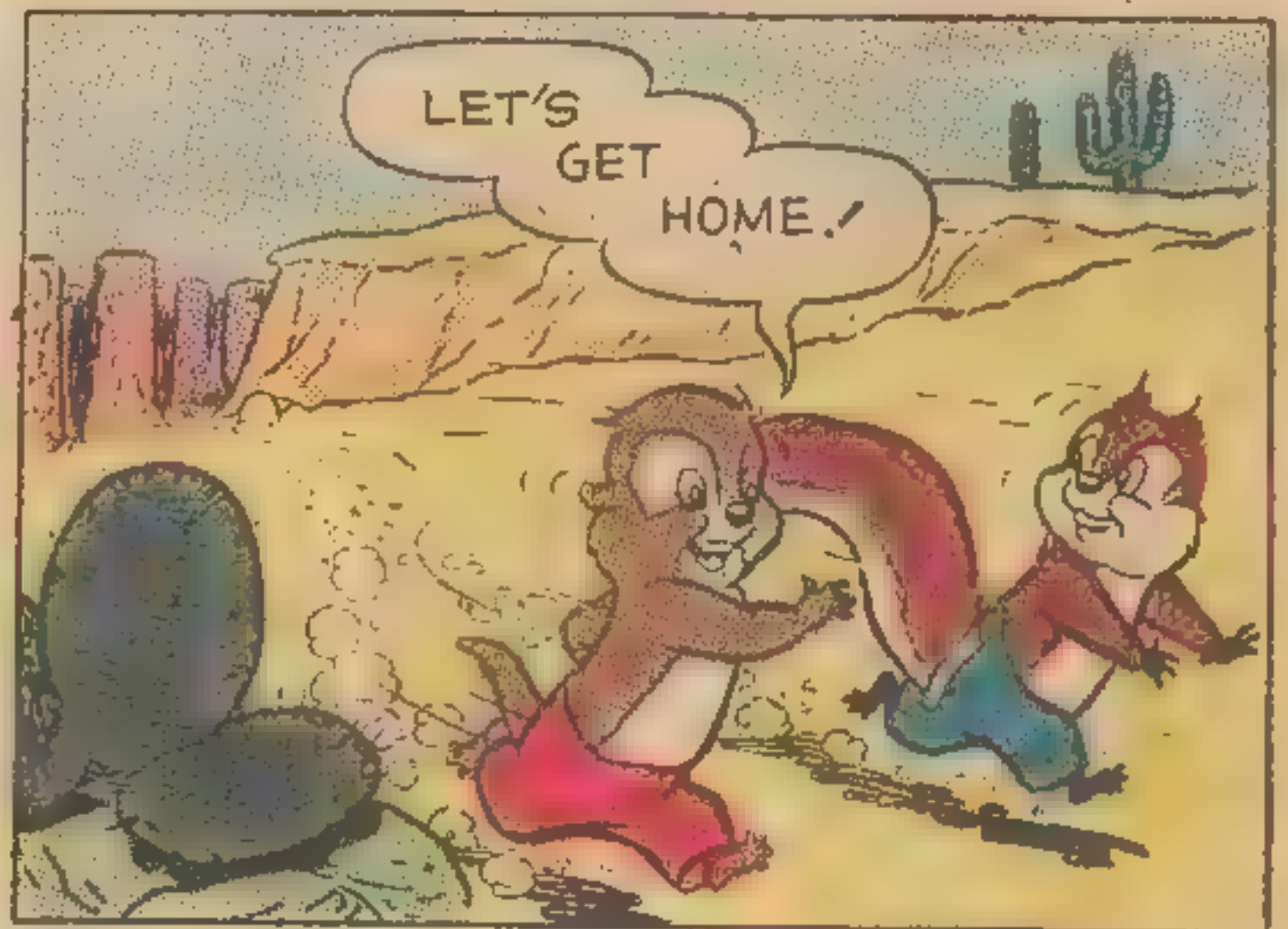
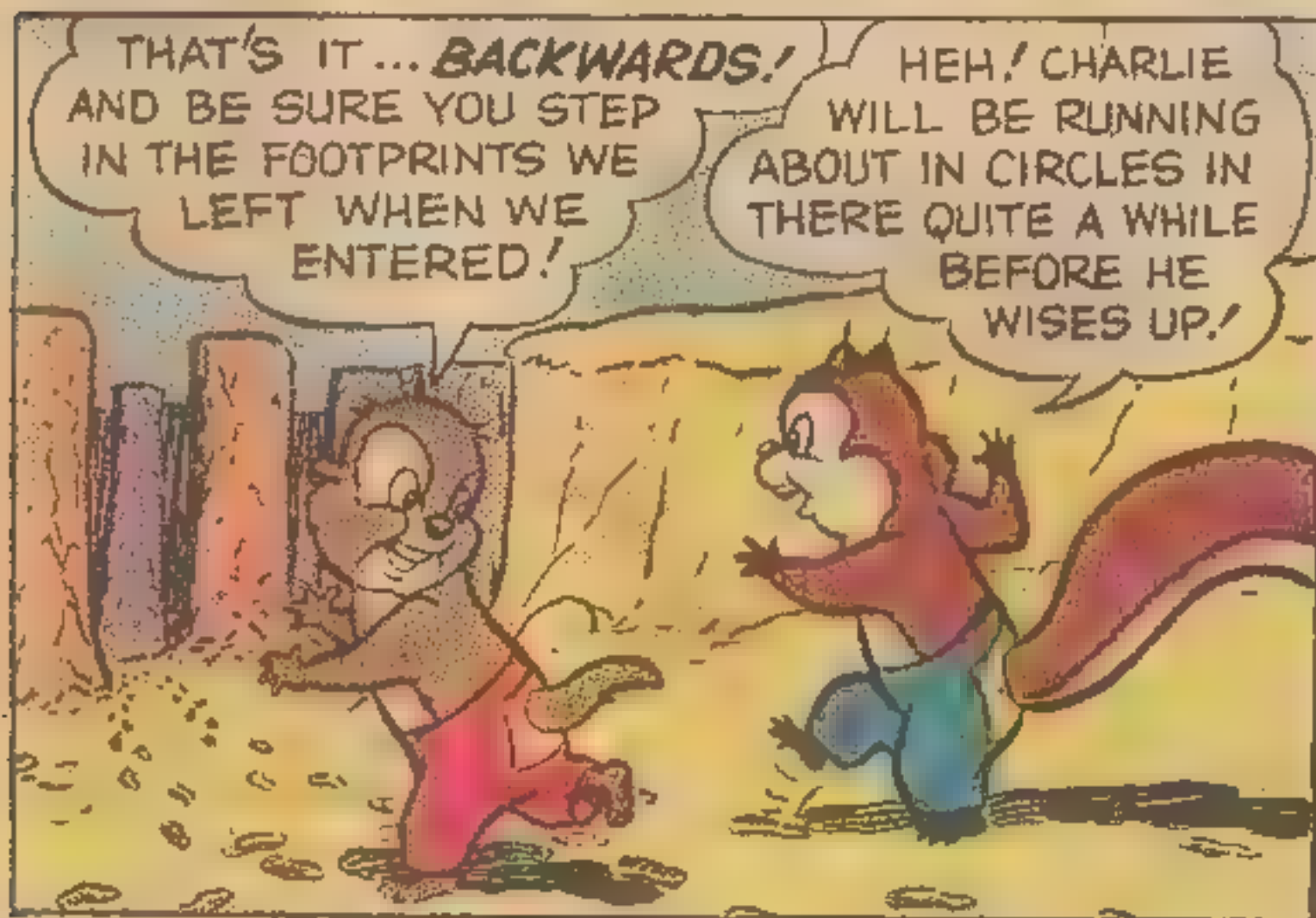
M-G-M
CARTOONS
present

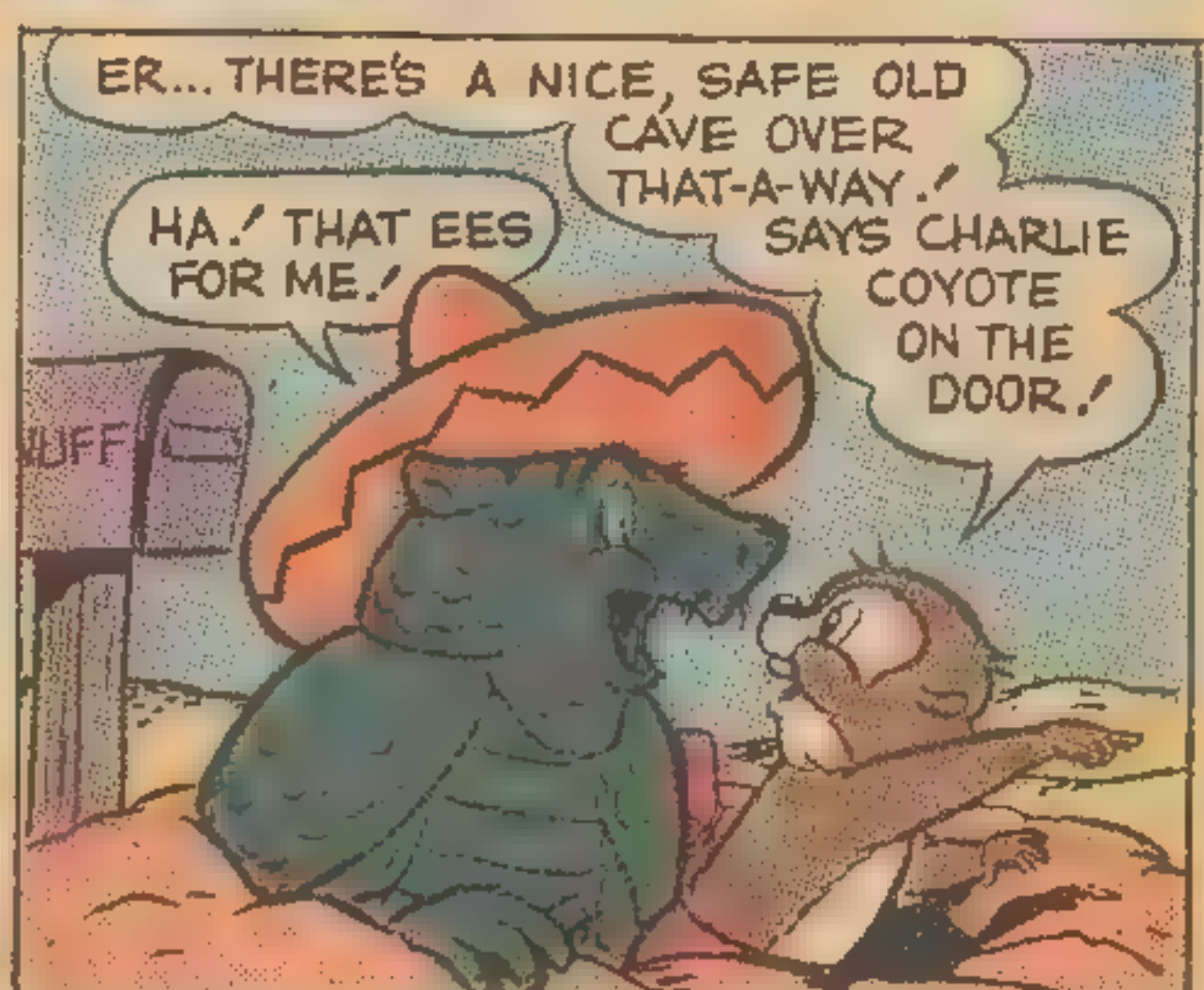
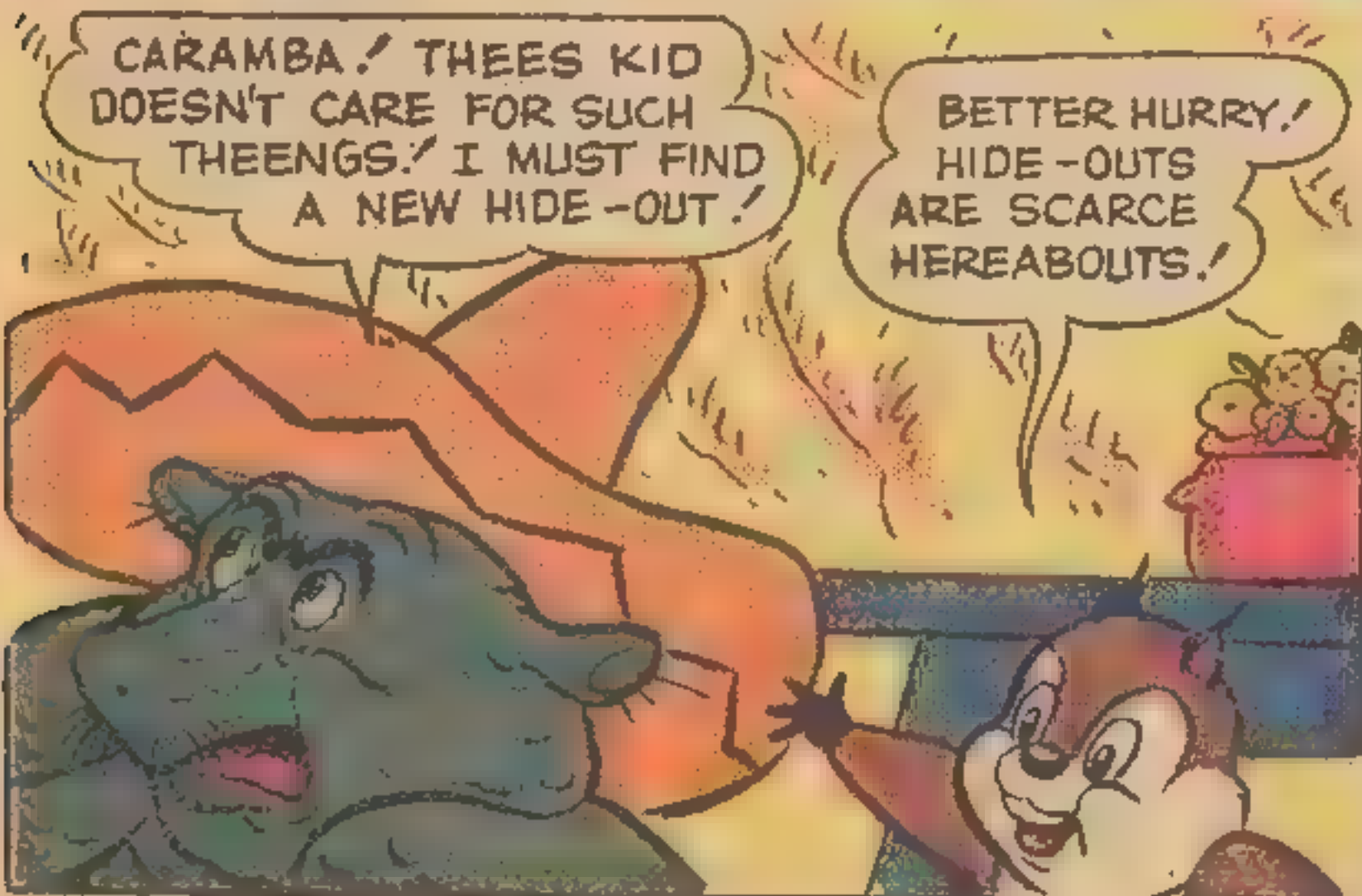
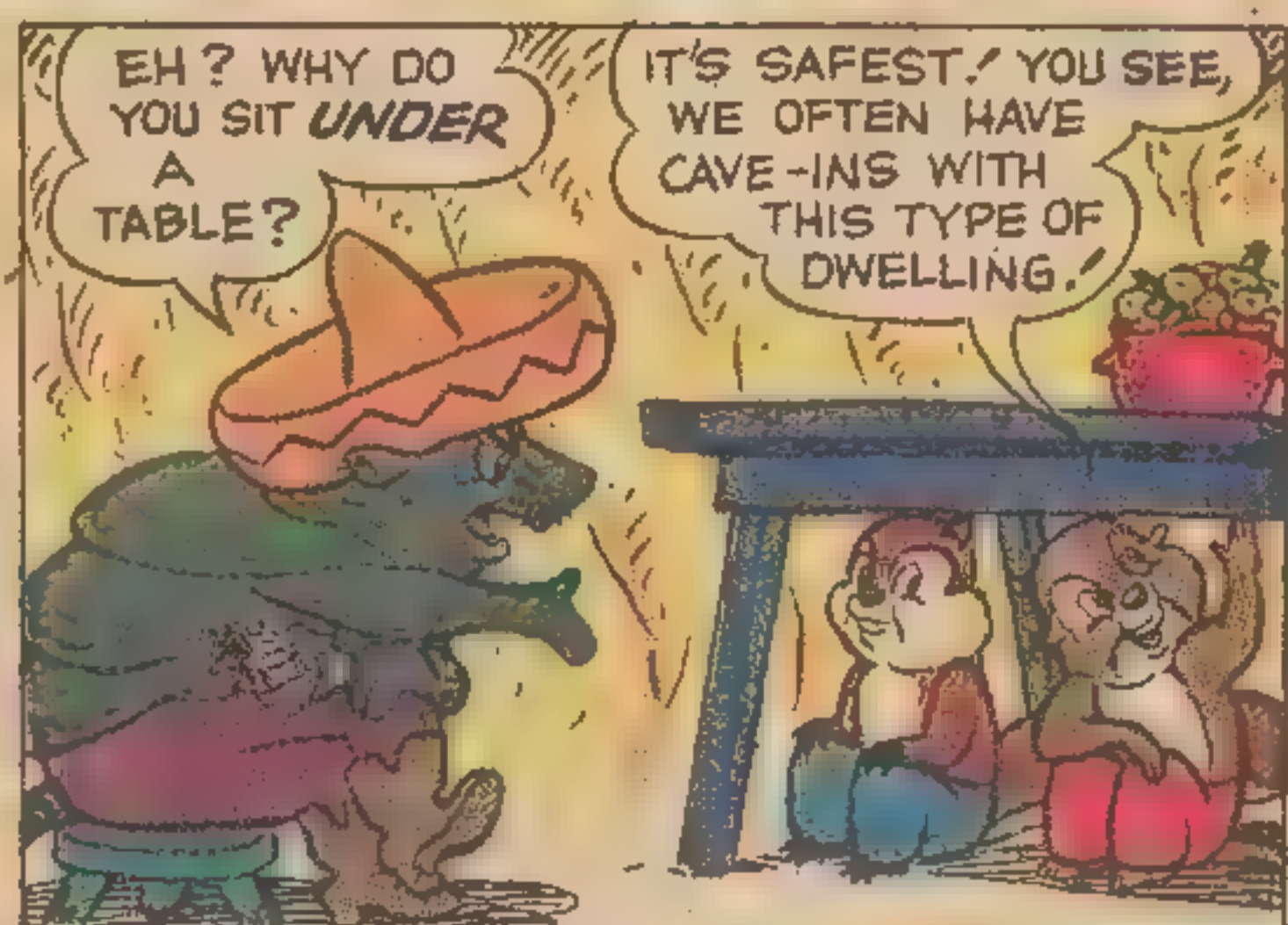
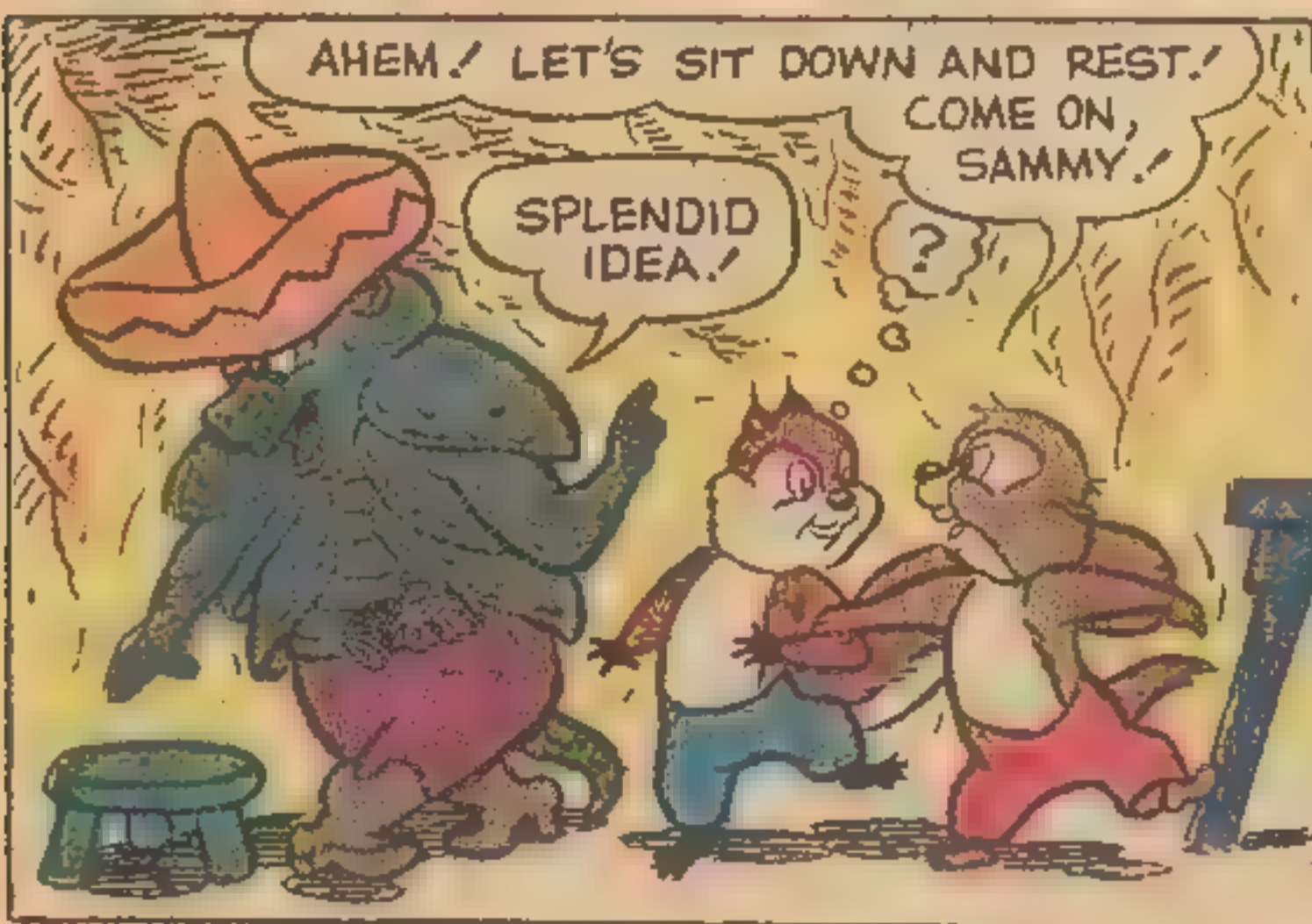
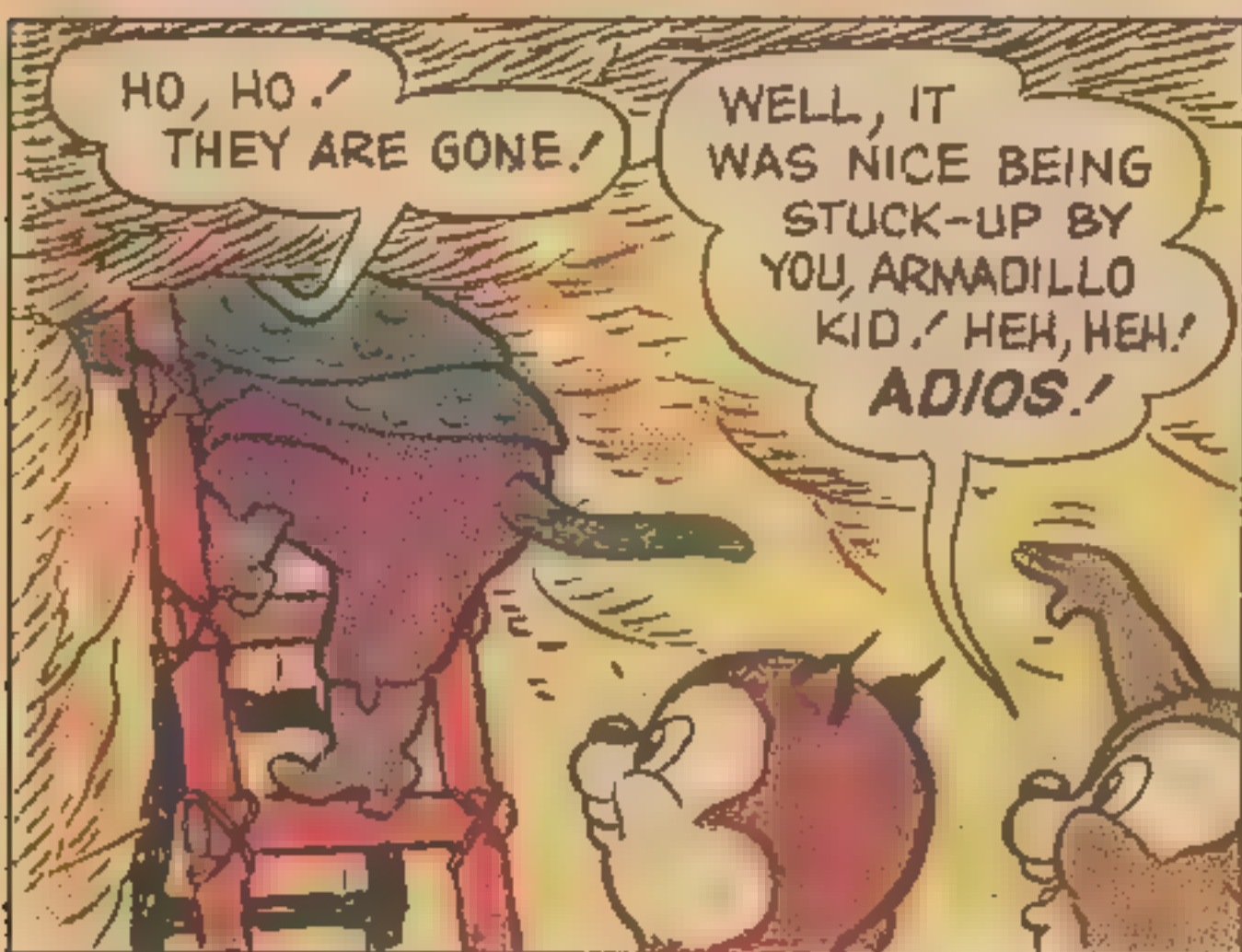
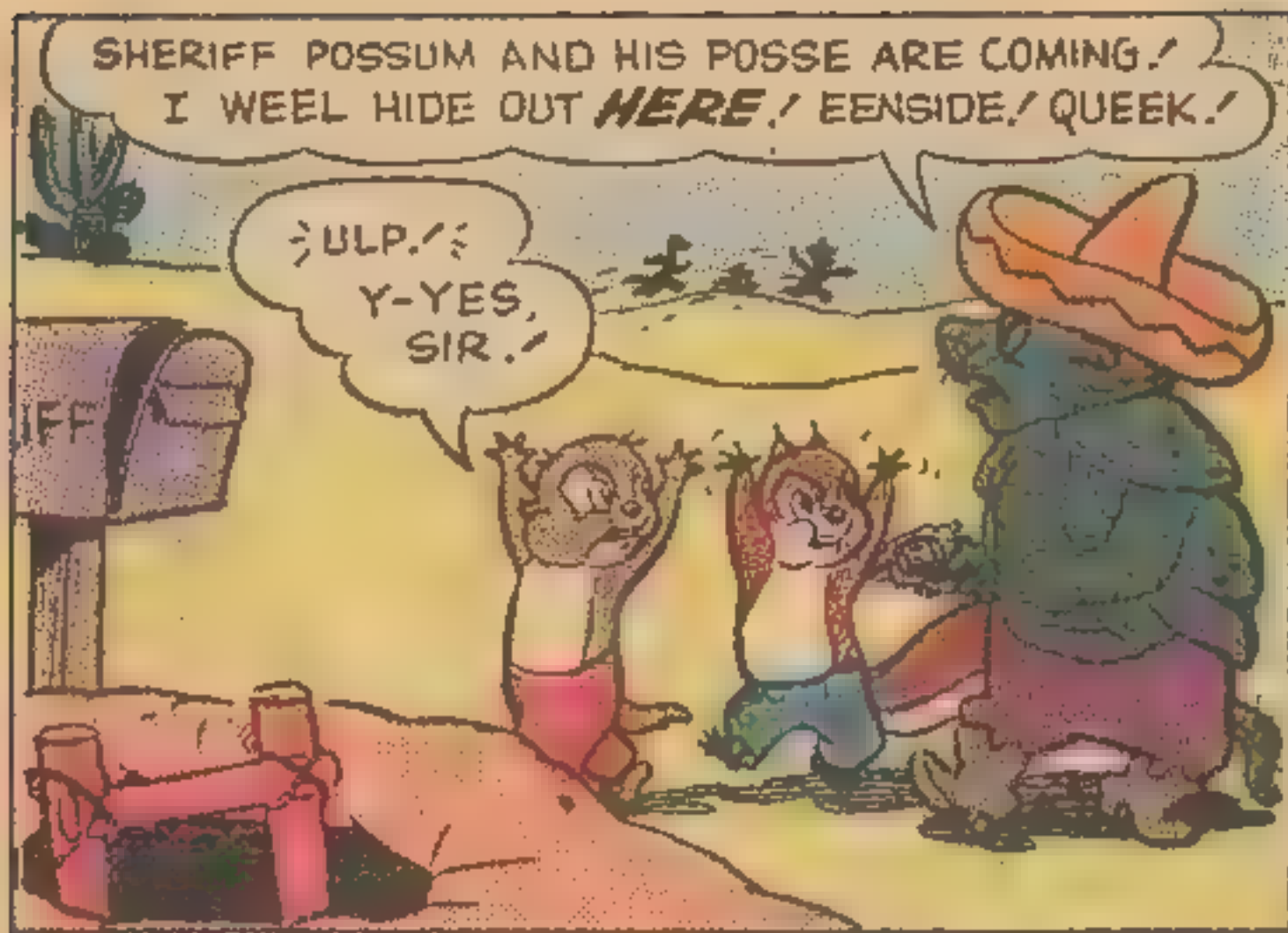
WUFF, THE PRAIRIE DOG

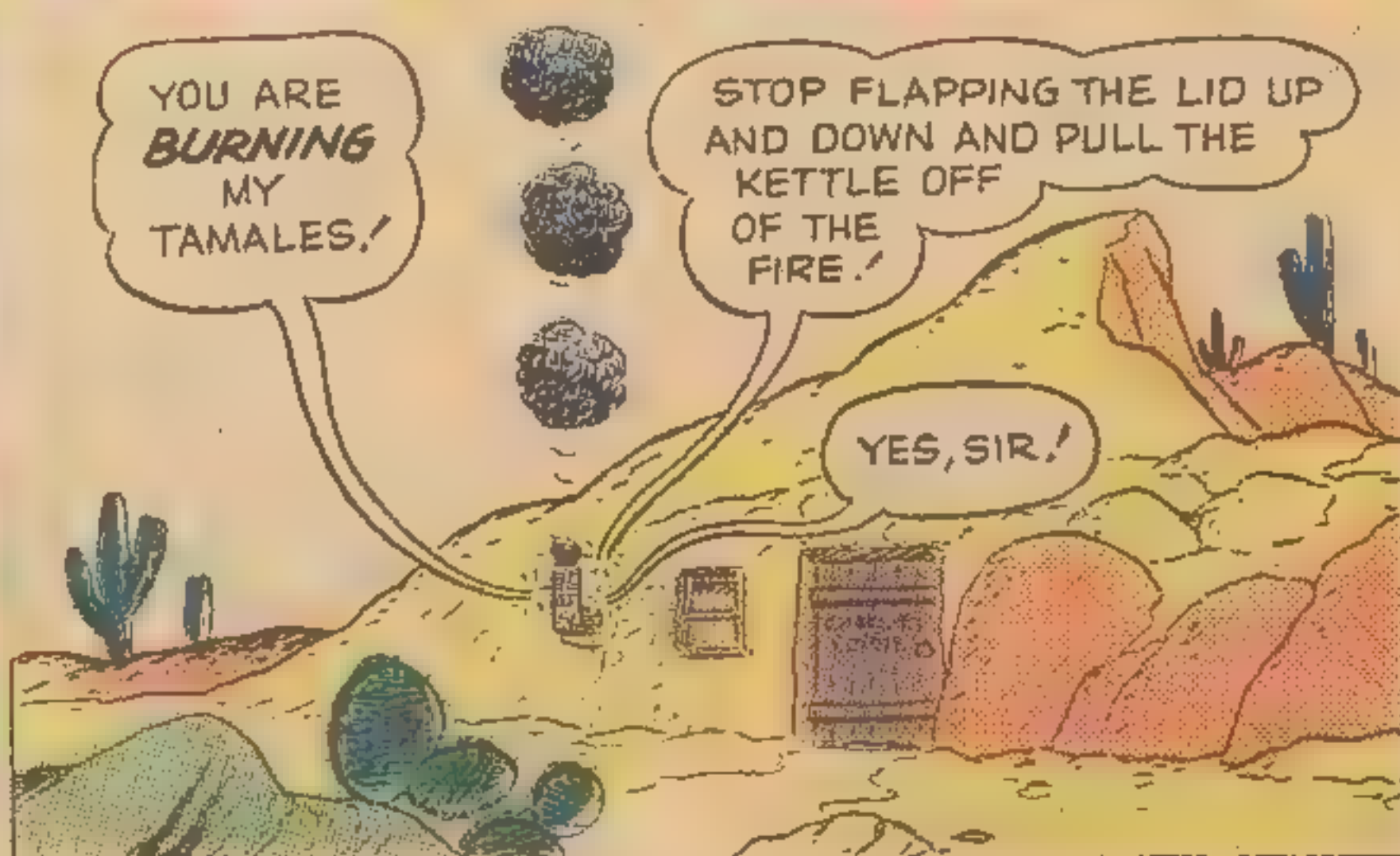
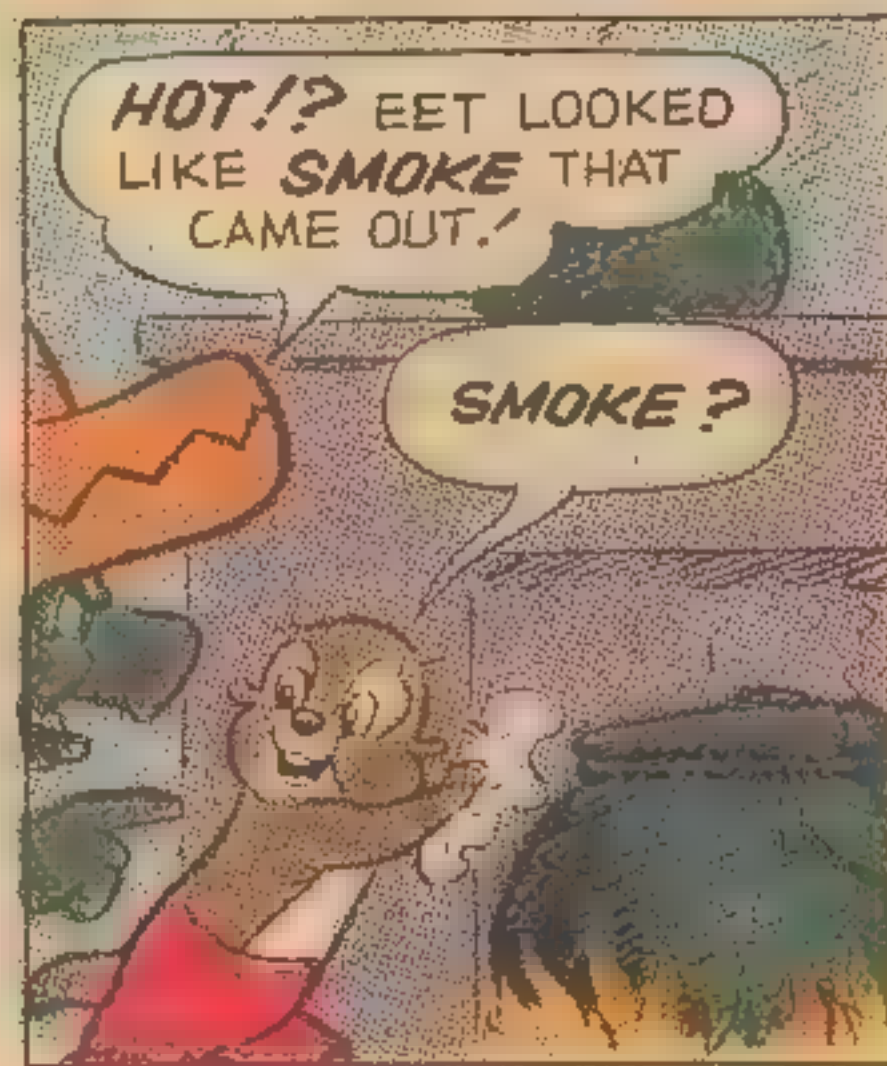
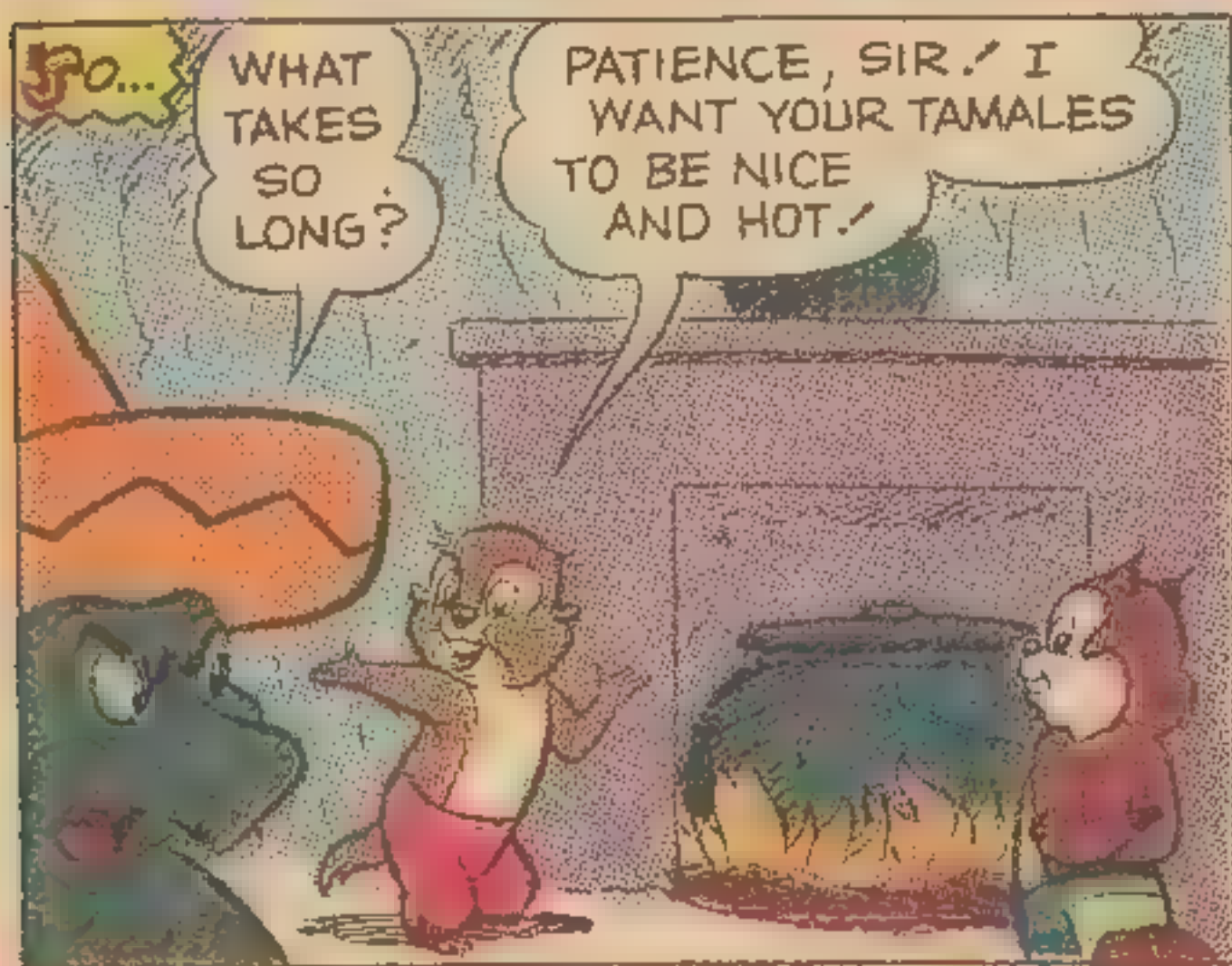
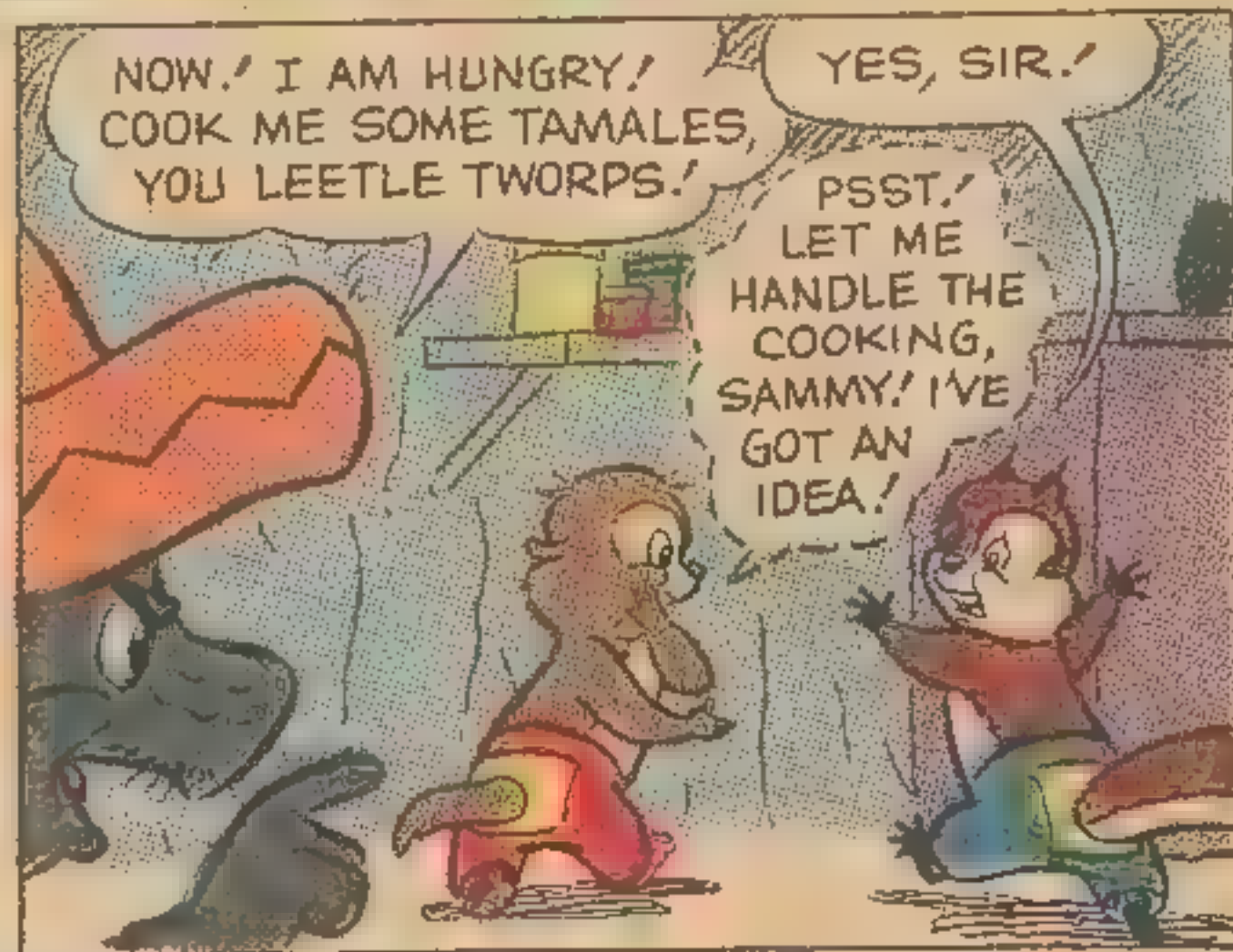
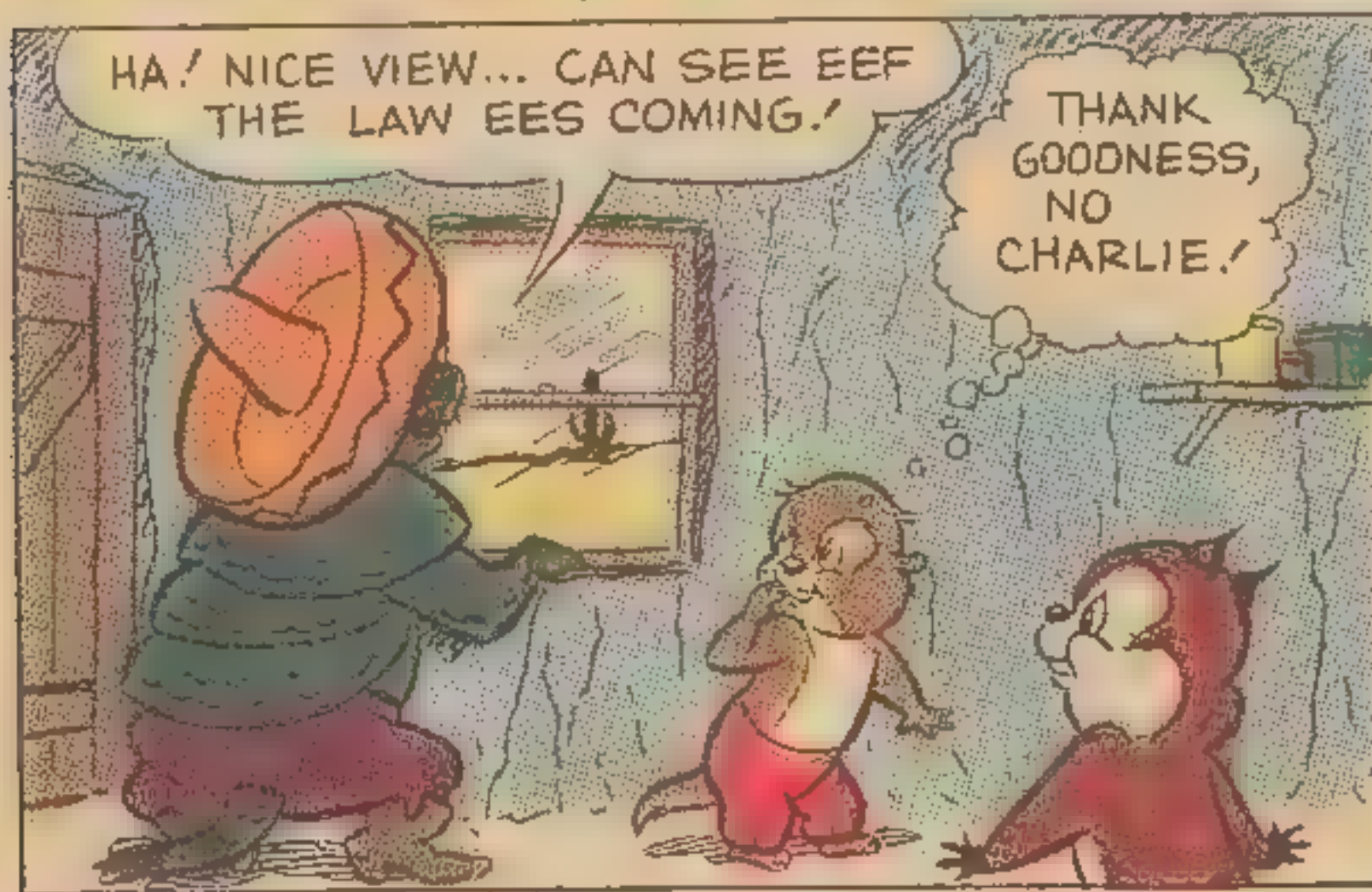
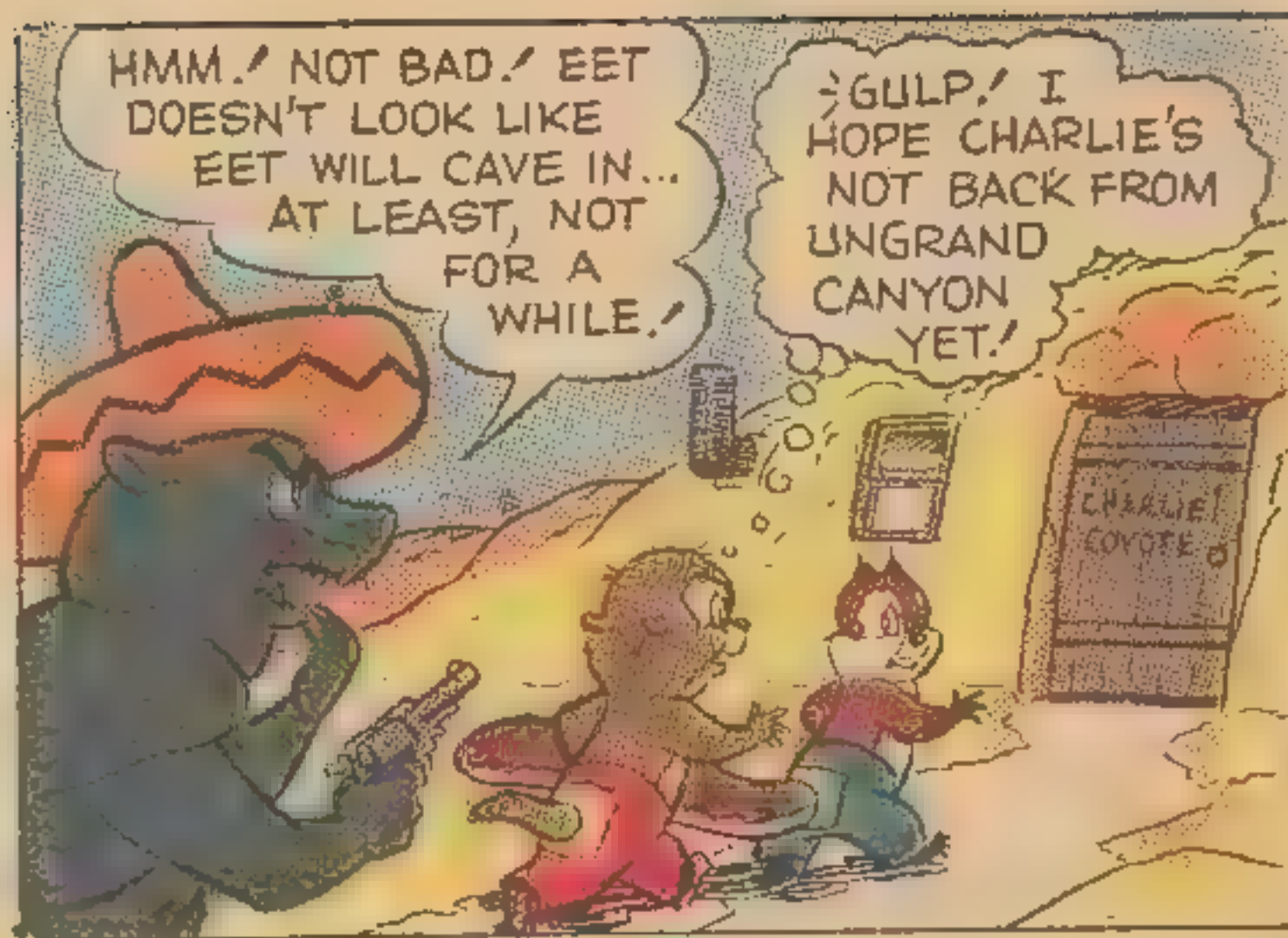
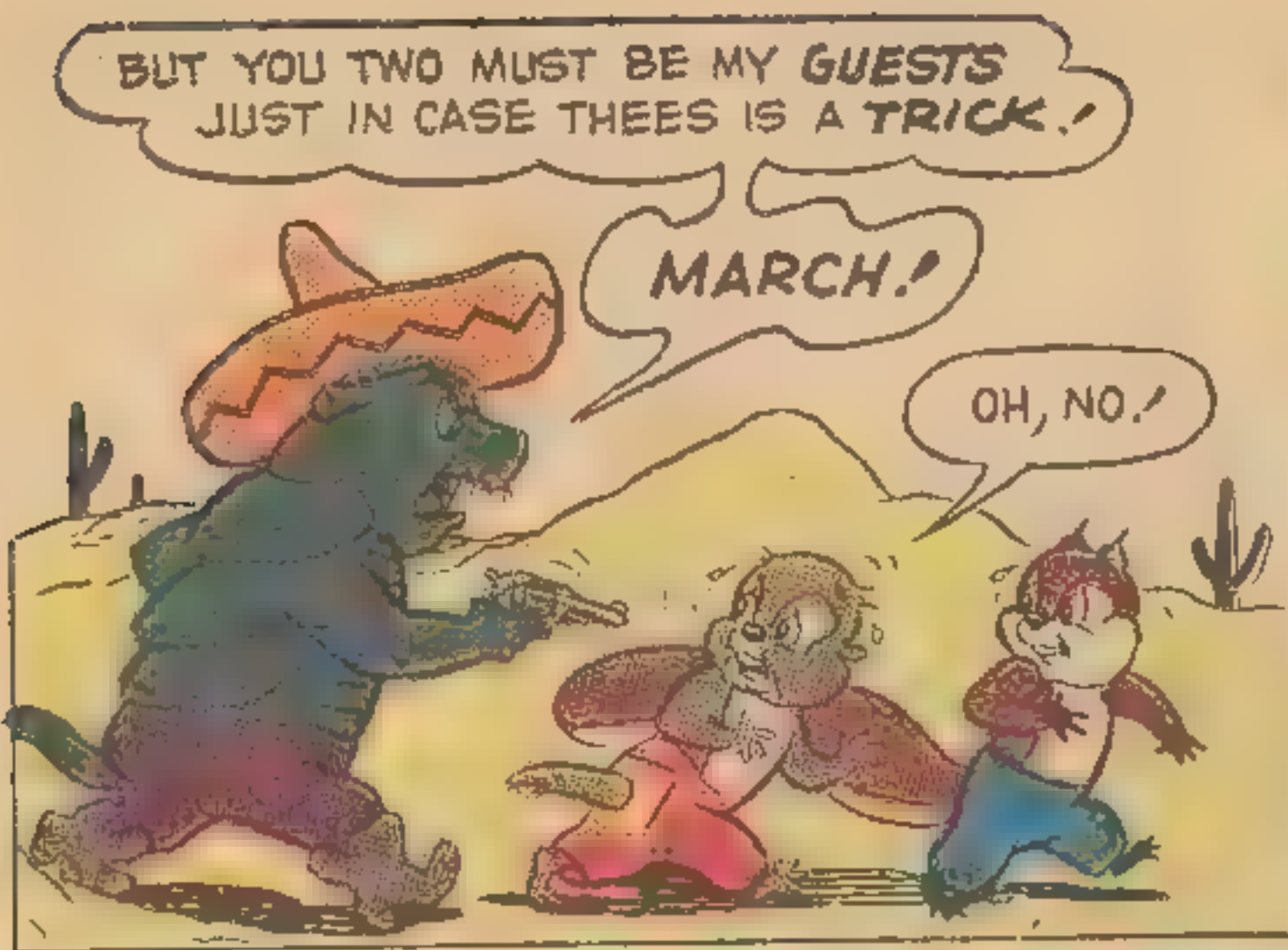
RUNNING INTO UNGRAND
CANYON SLOWED CHARLIE,
BUT HE'LL EVENTUALLY
OVERTAKE US, WUFF!

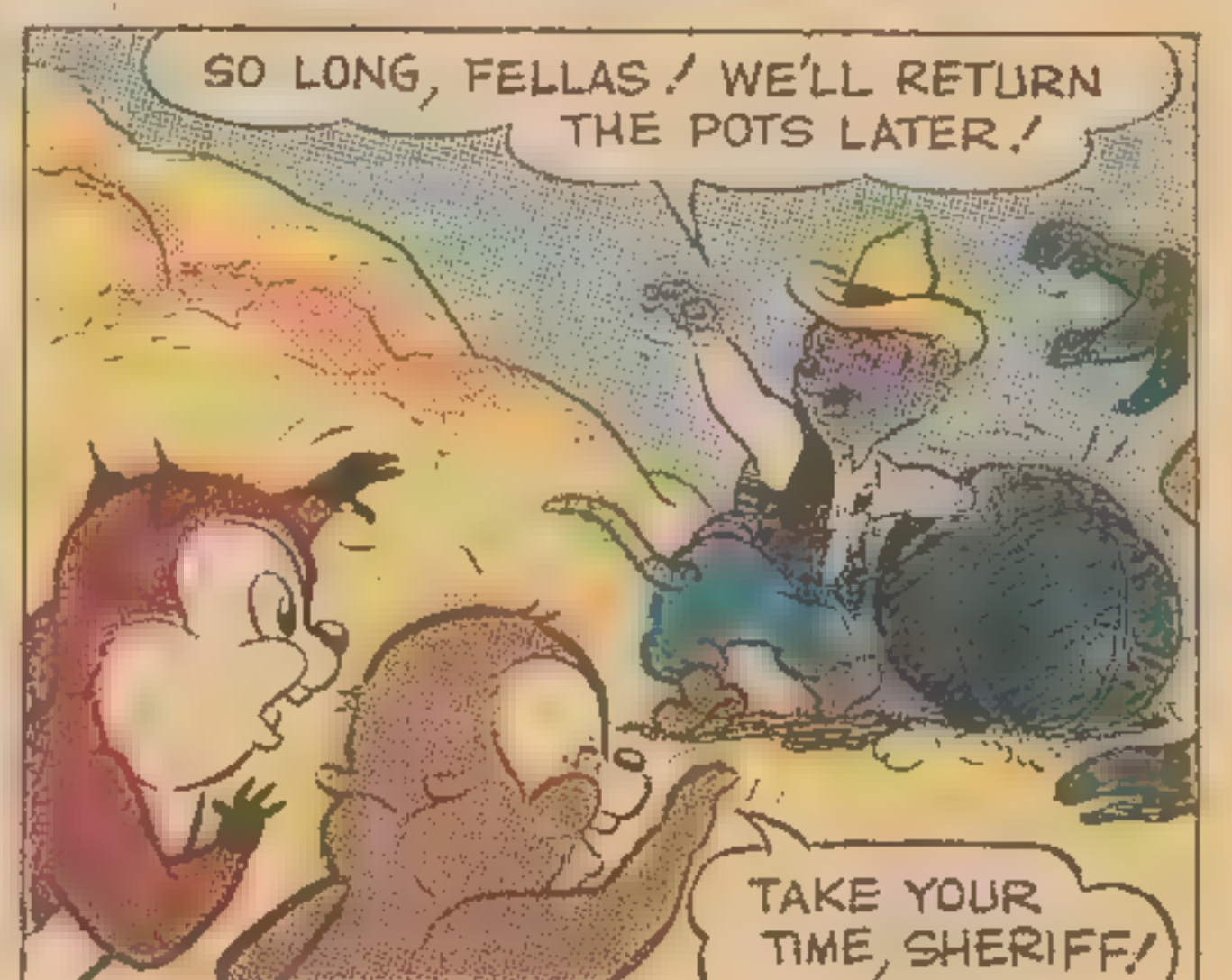
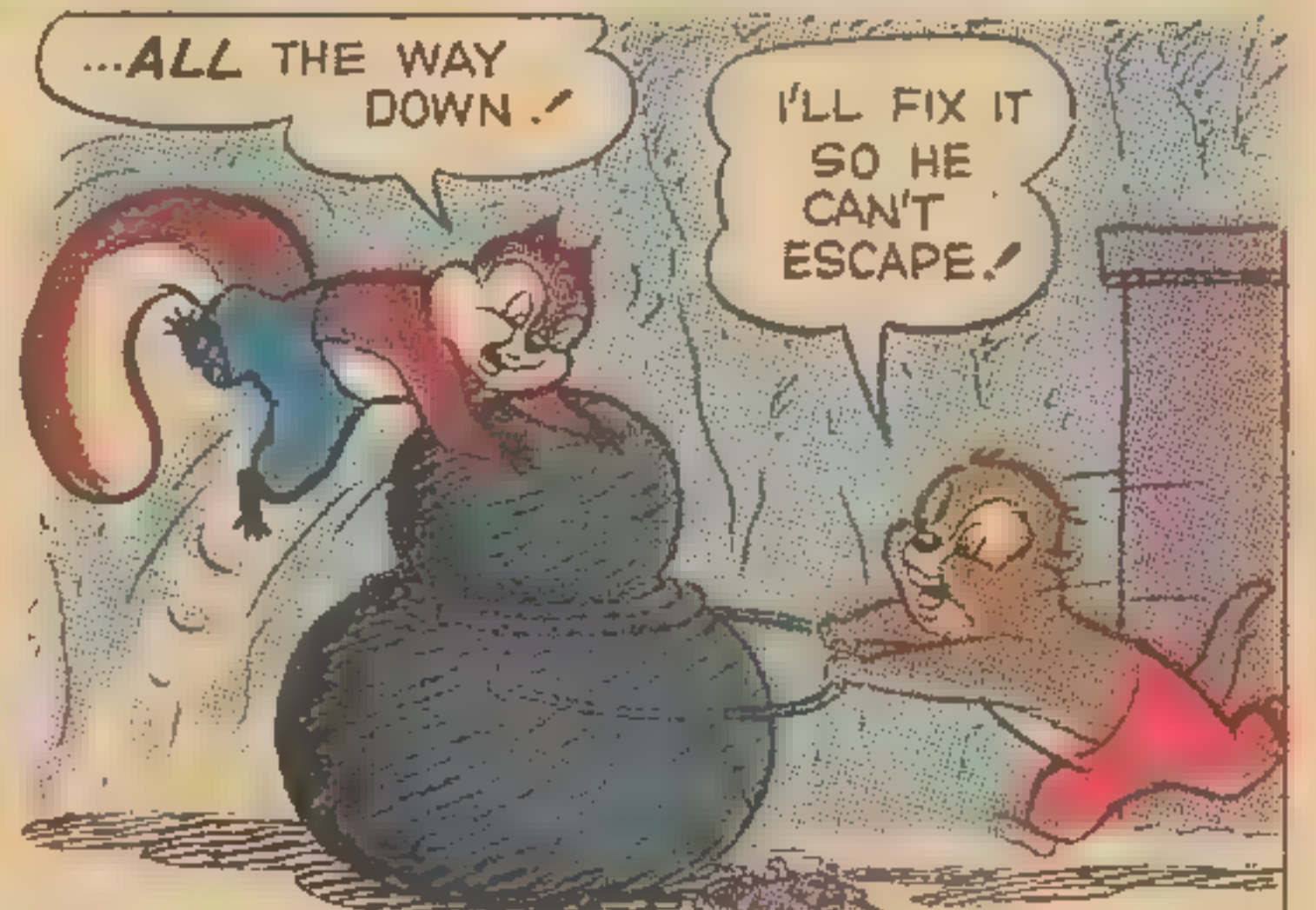
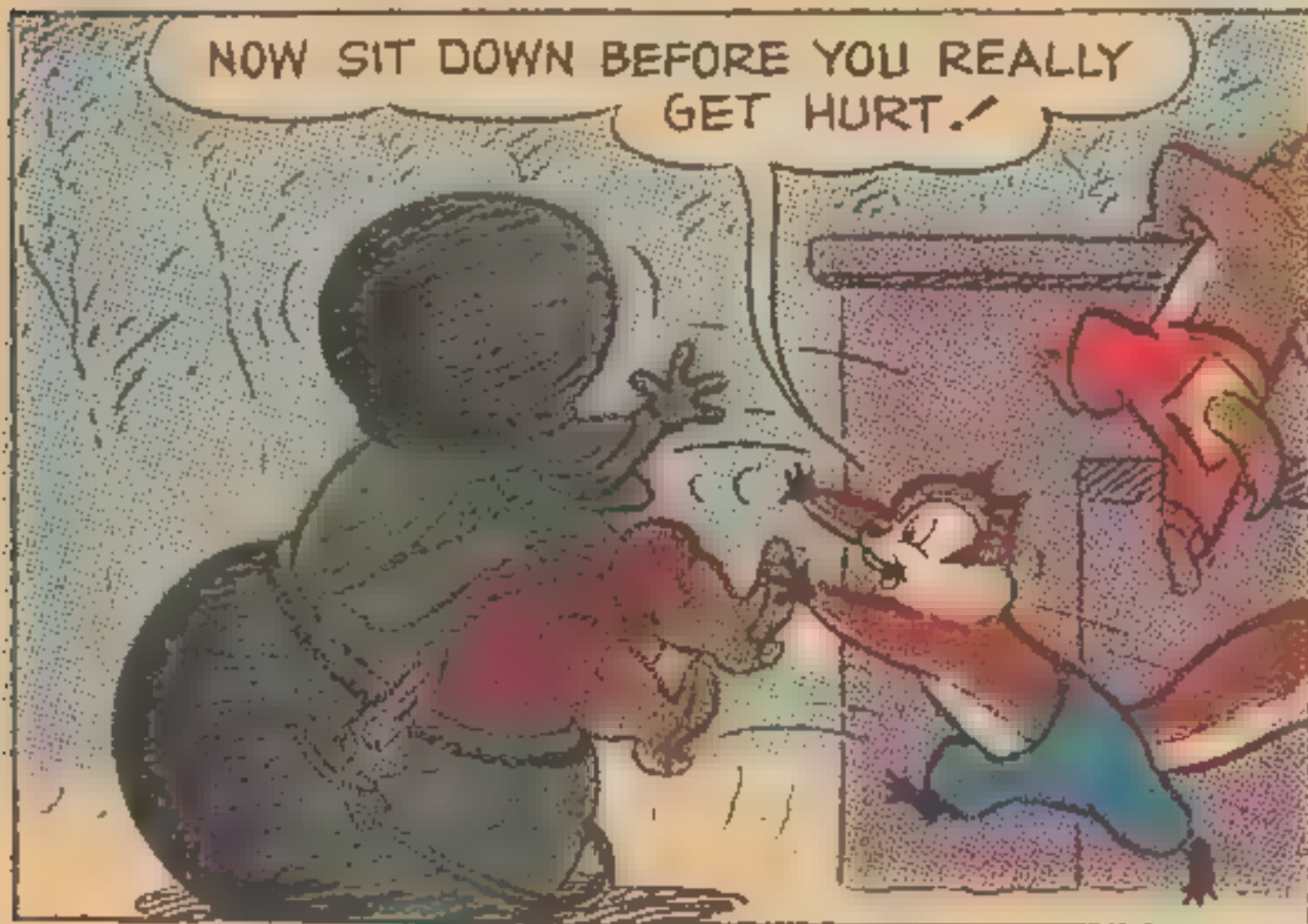
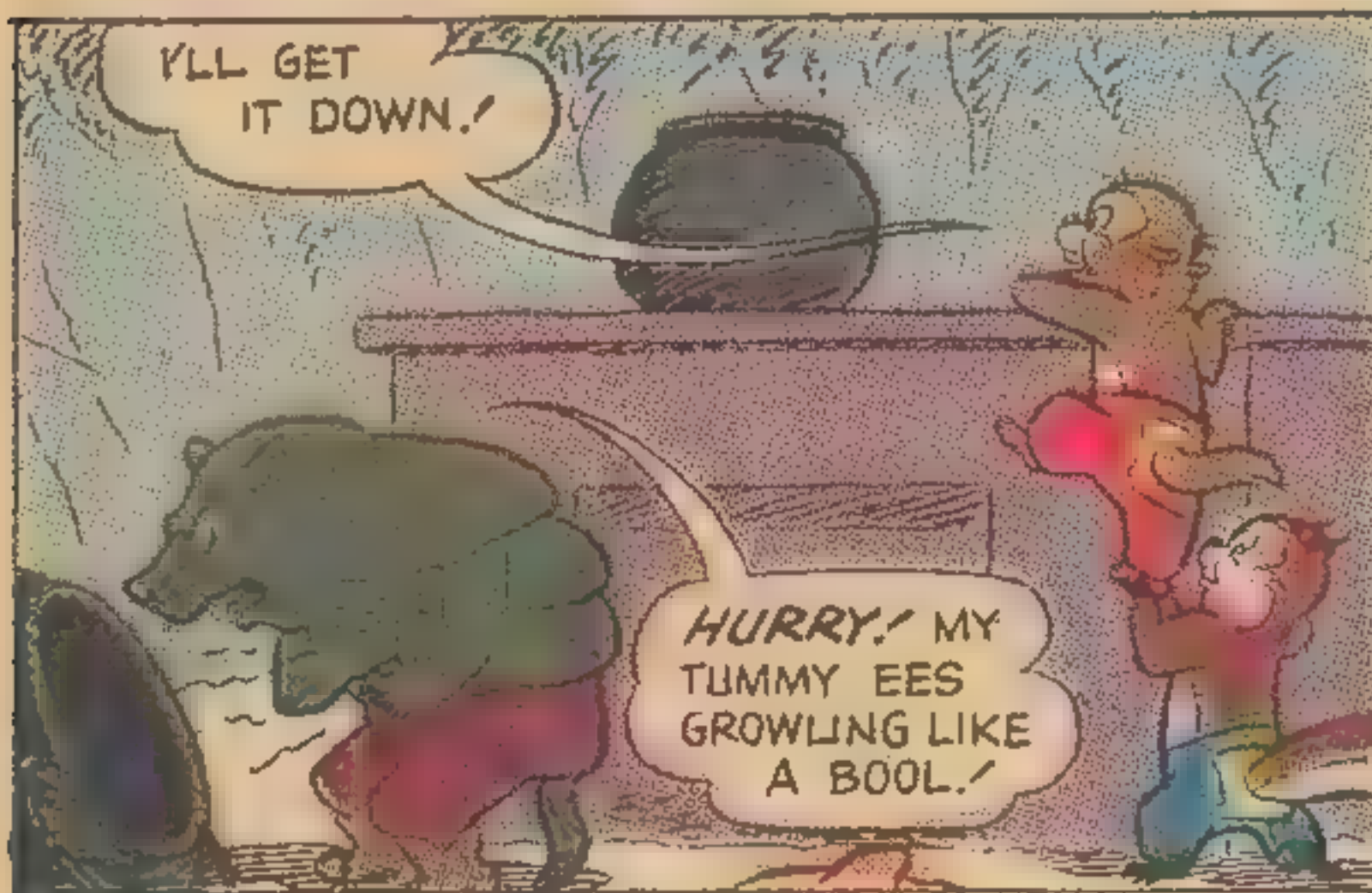
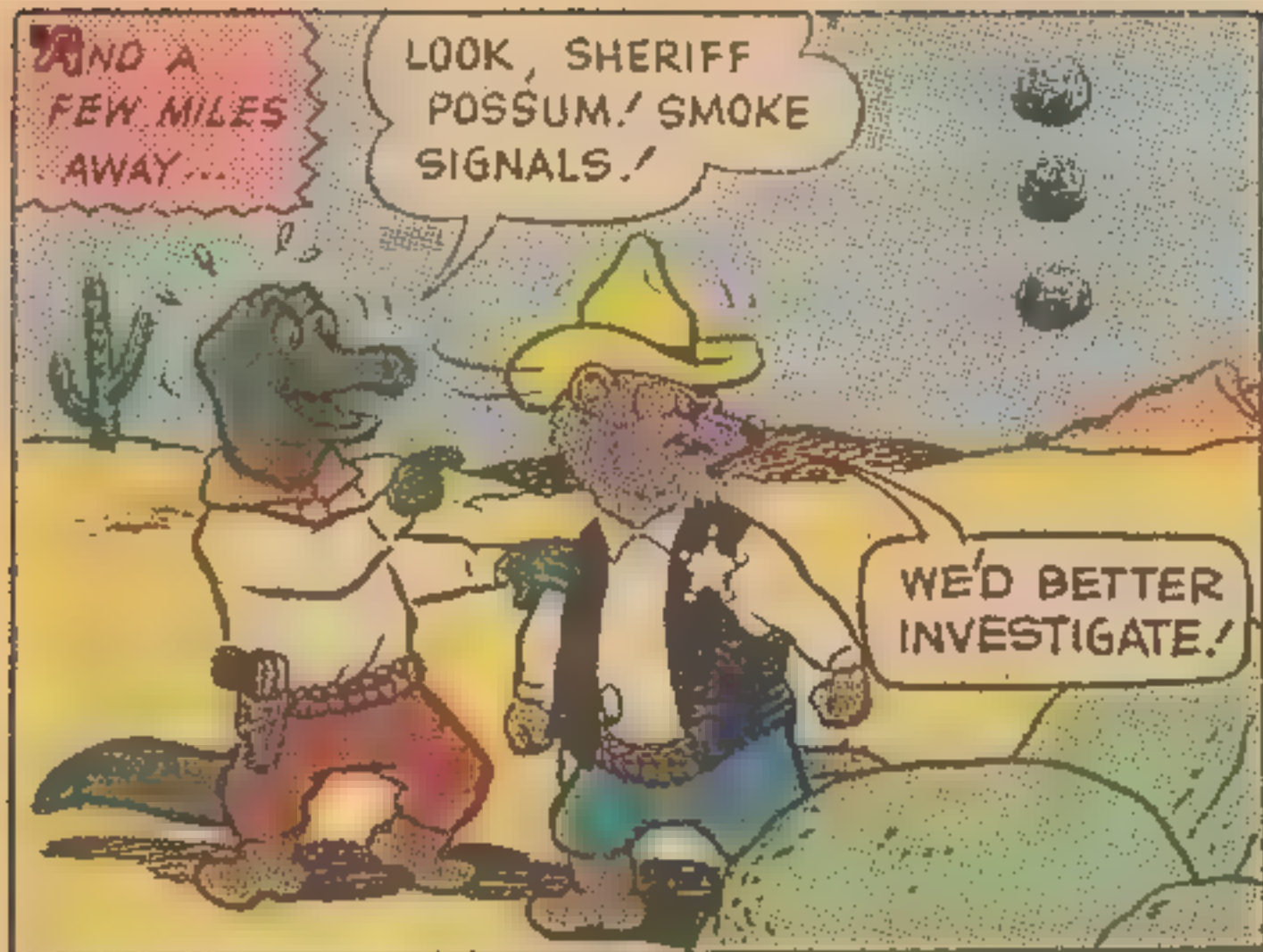
UNGRAND
CANYON
ELEVATION
-32 FT.

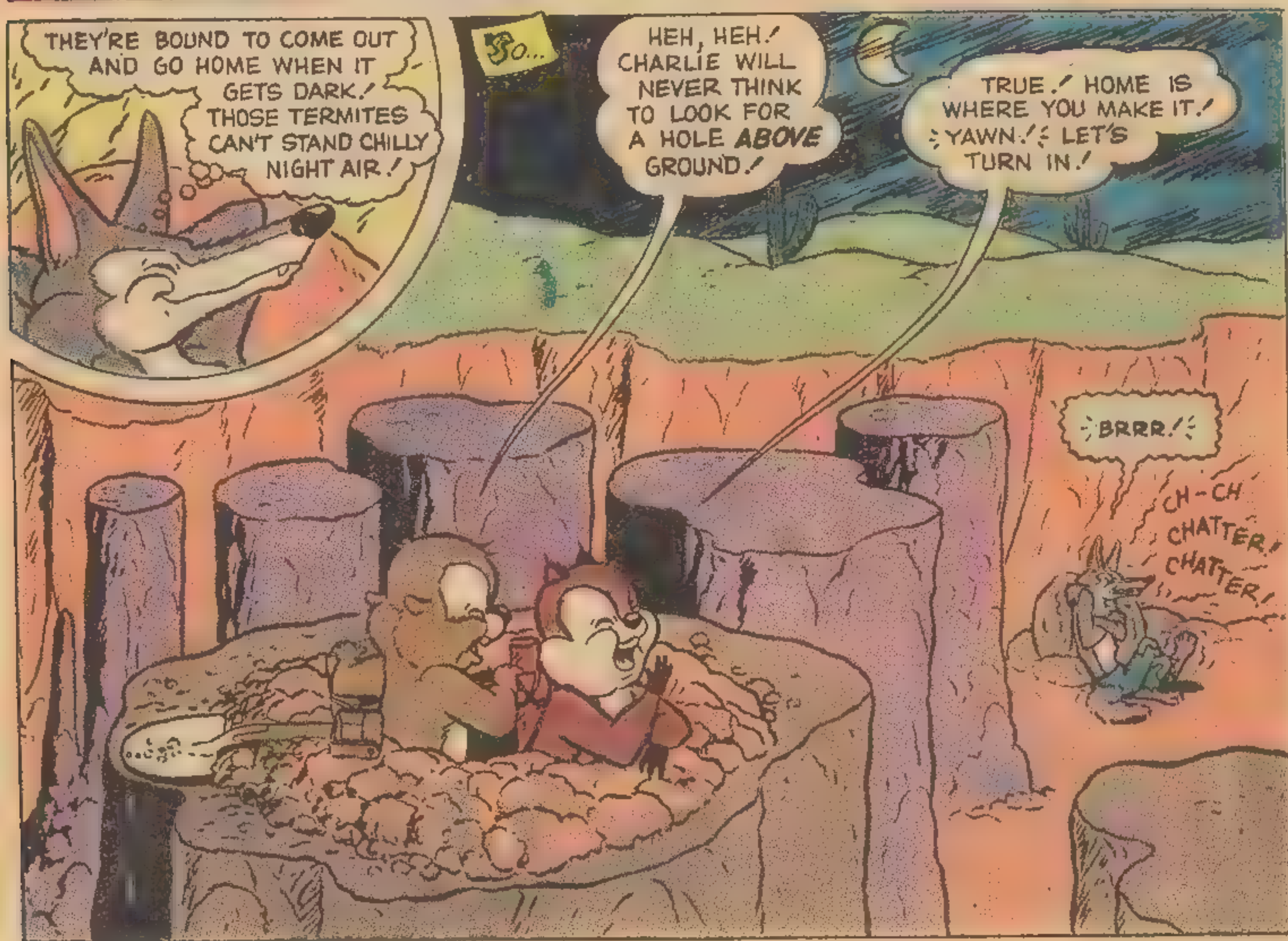
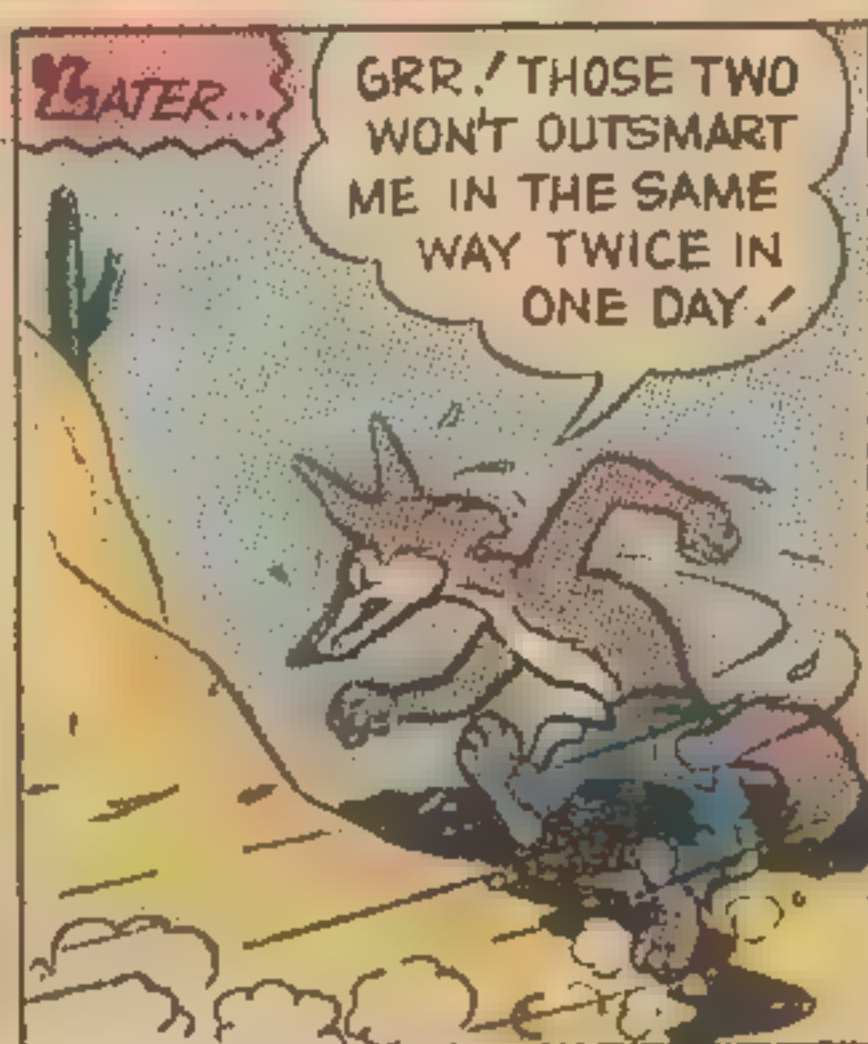
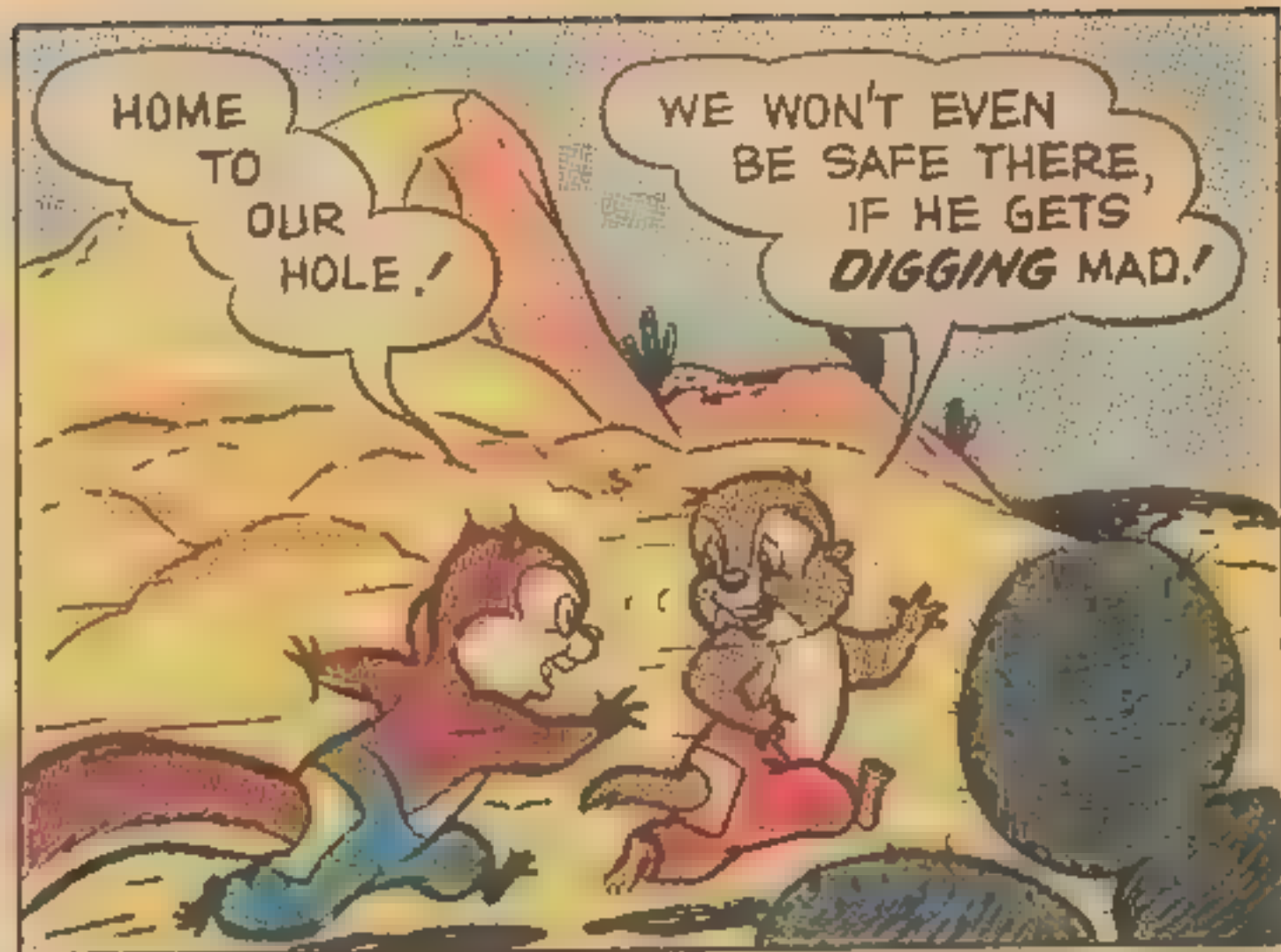
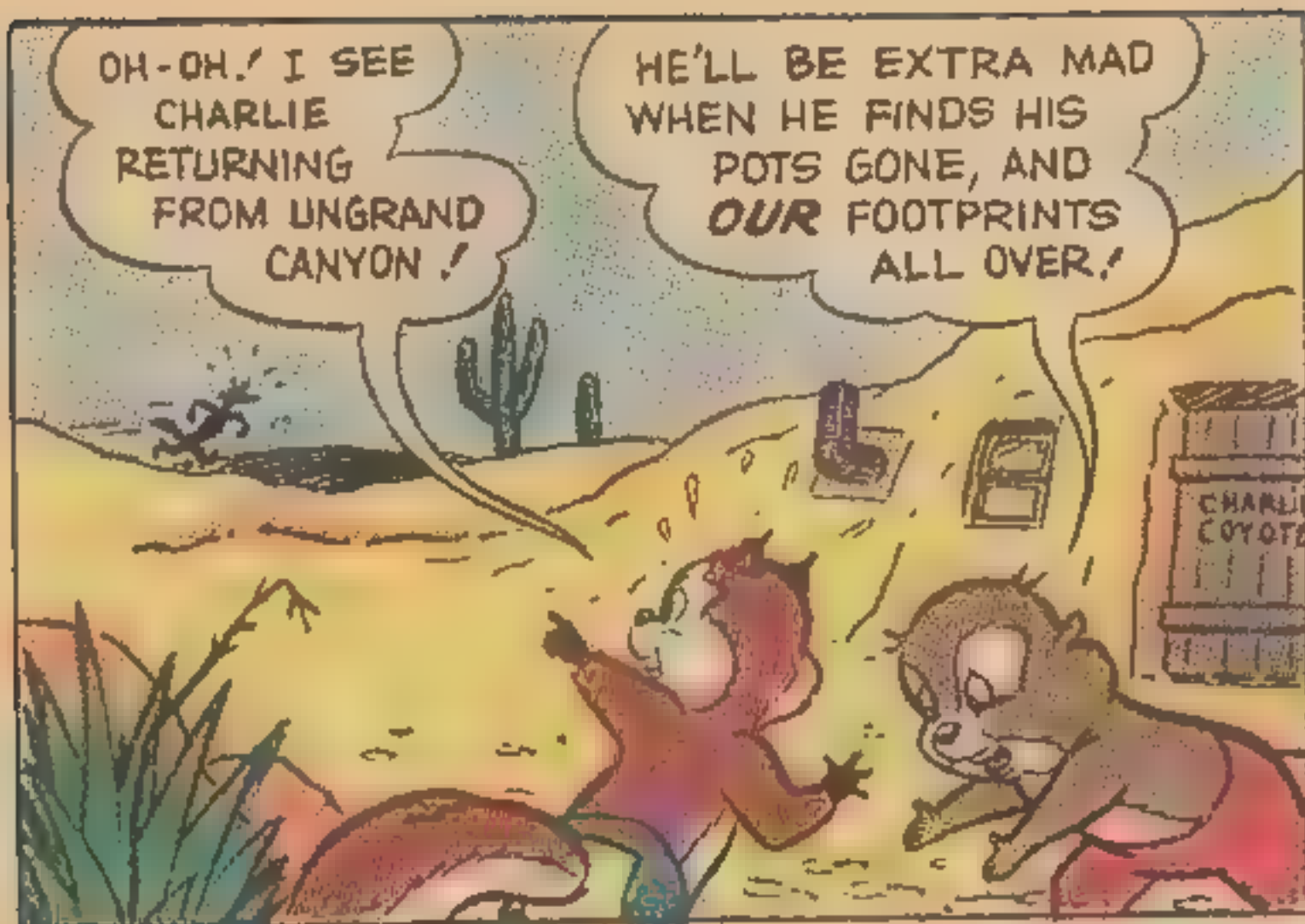
NOT IF
WE LEAVE
THE SAME WAY
WE CAME IN,
SAMMY!











M-G-M CARTOONS
present

TOM and JERRY

HOW DO YOU LIKE
THE SIZE OF THIS
ONE, TOM?

CAUGHT BY
JERRY AND TUFFY

CAUGHT BY
TOM

I'LL NEVER
HEAR THE LAST
OF THIS!

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO,
WE CAN DO BETTER!

UNTIL I CATCH A BIGGER
FISH, THEY WON'T BE FIT
TO LIVE WITH!

MAN, IF I COULD CATCH
A MONSTER LIKE THAT,
IT WOULD SHUT THEM UP!

WE'RE THE ALL-TIME
FISHING CHAMPIONS!

WHEN BIGGER FISH ARE
CAUGHT, WE'LL CATCH 'EM!

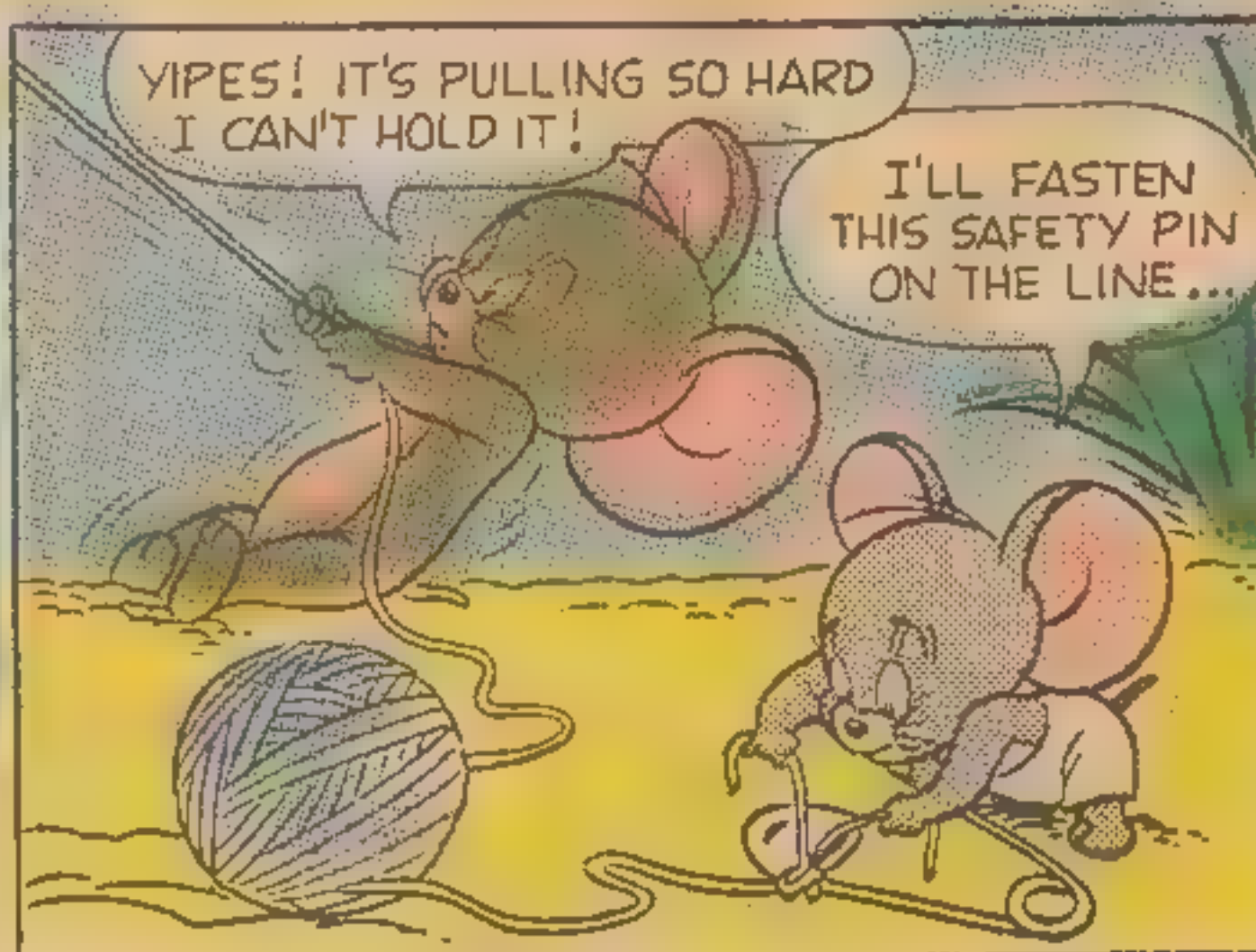
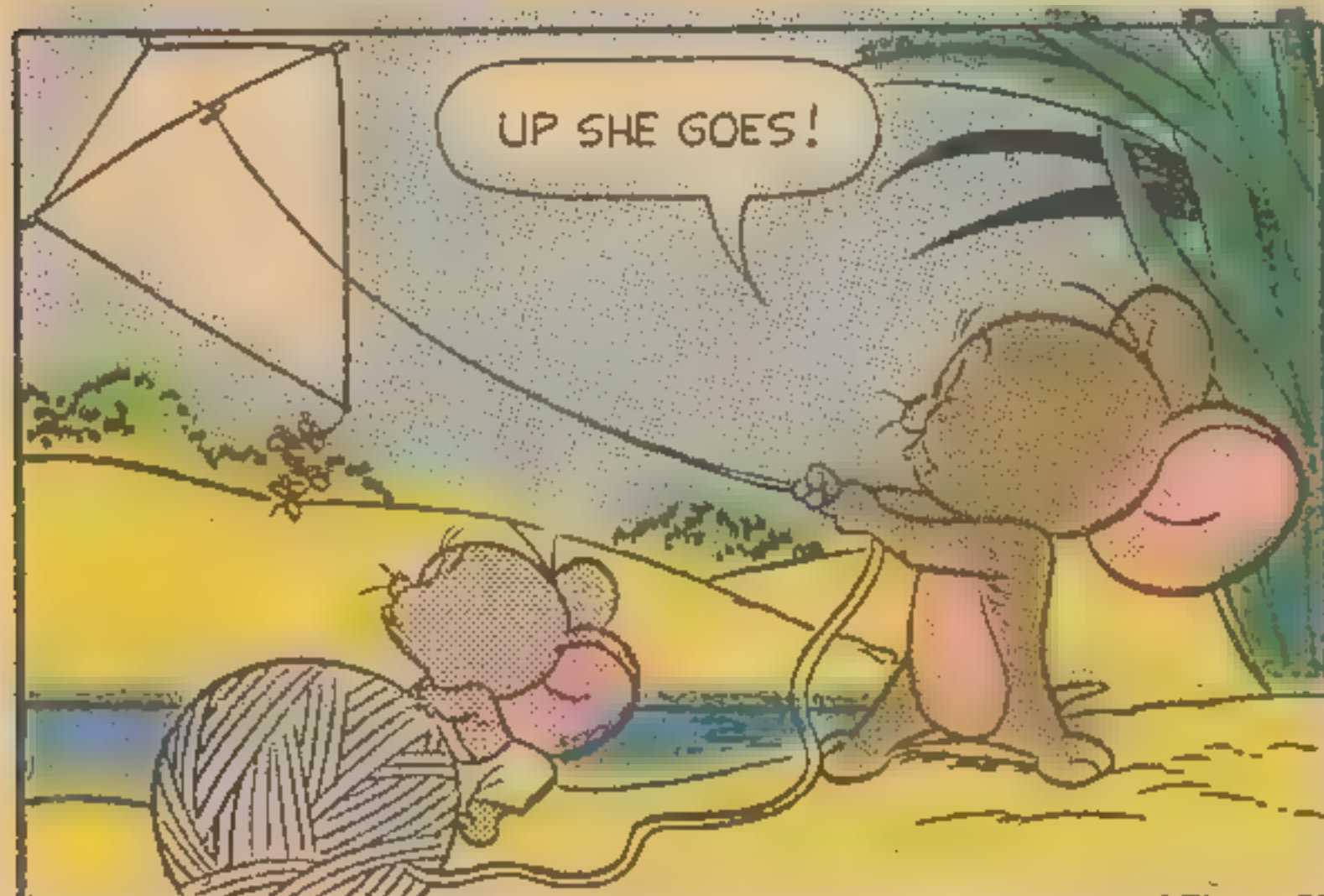
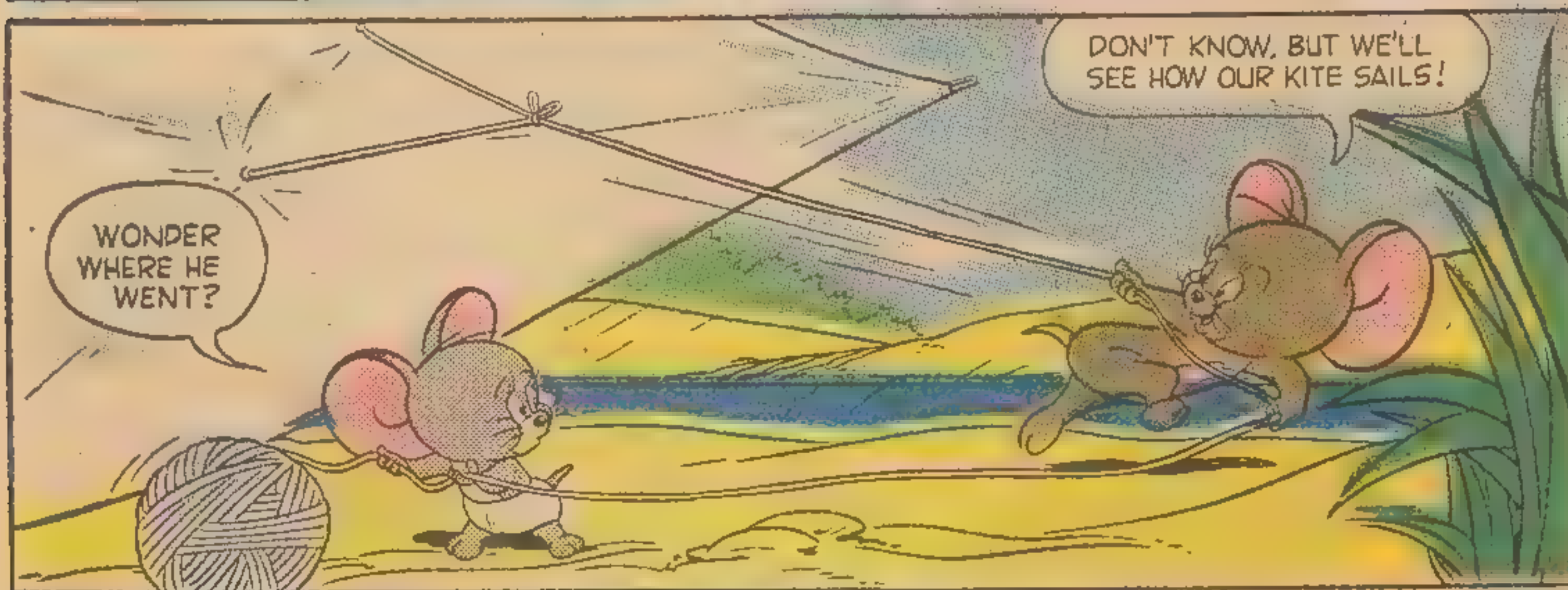
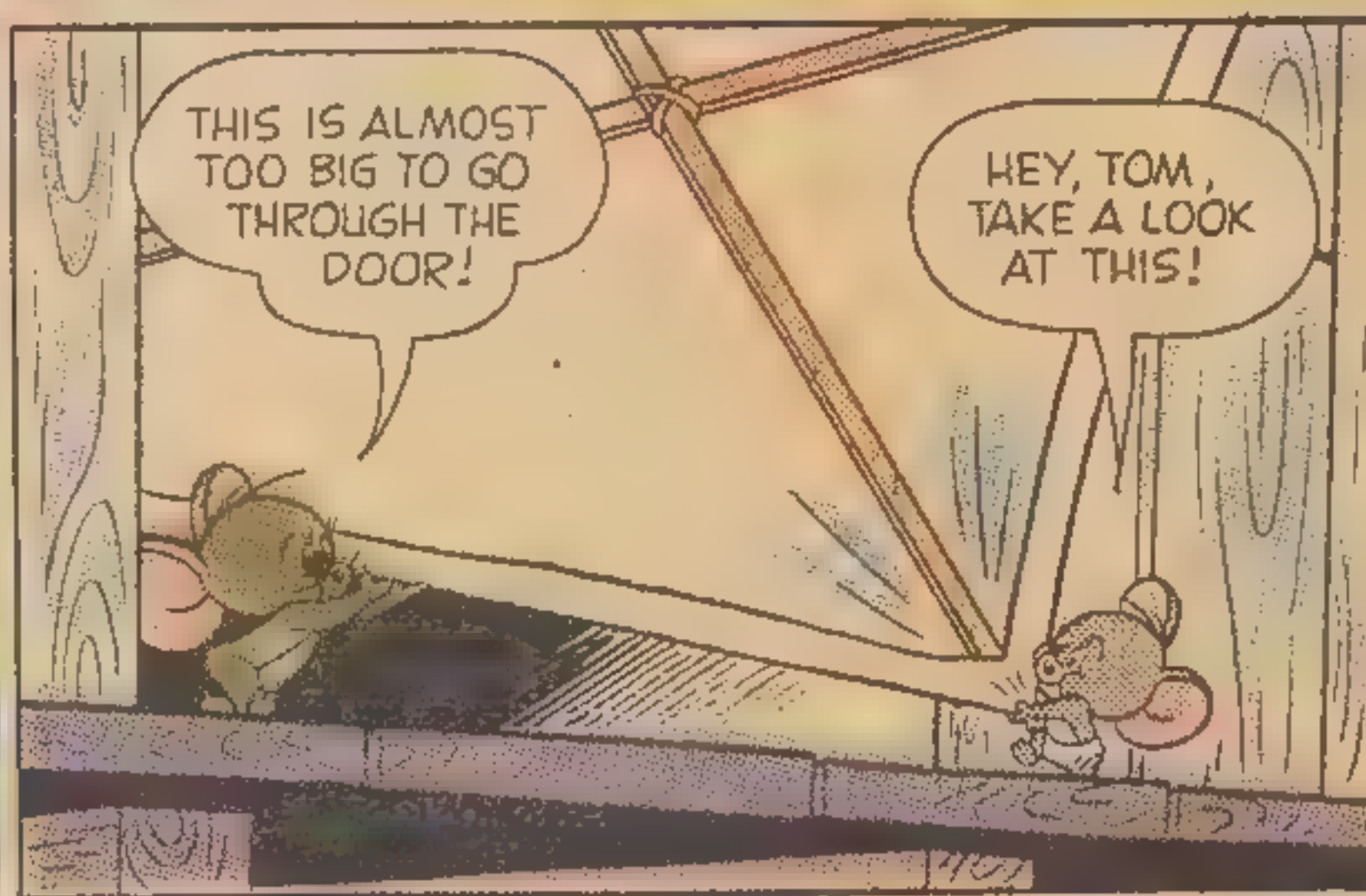
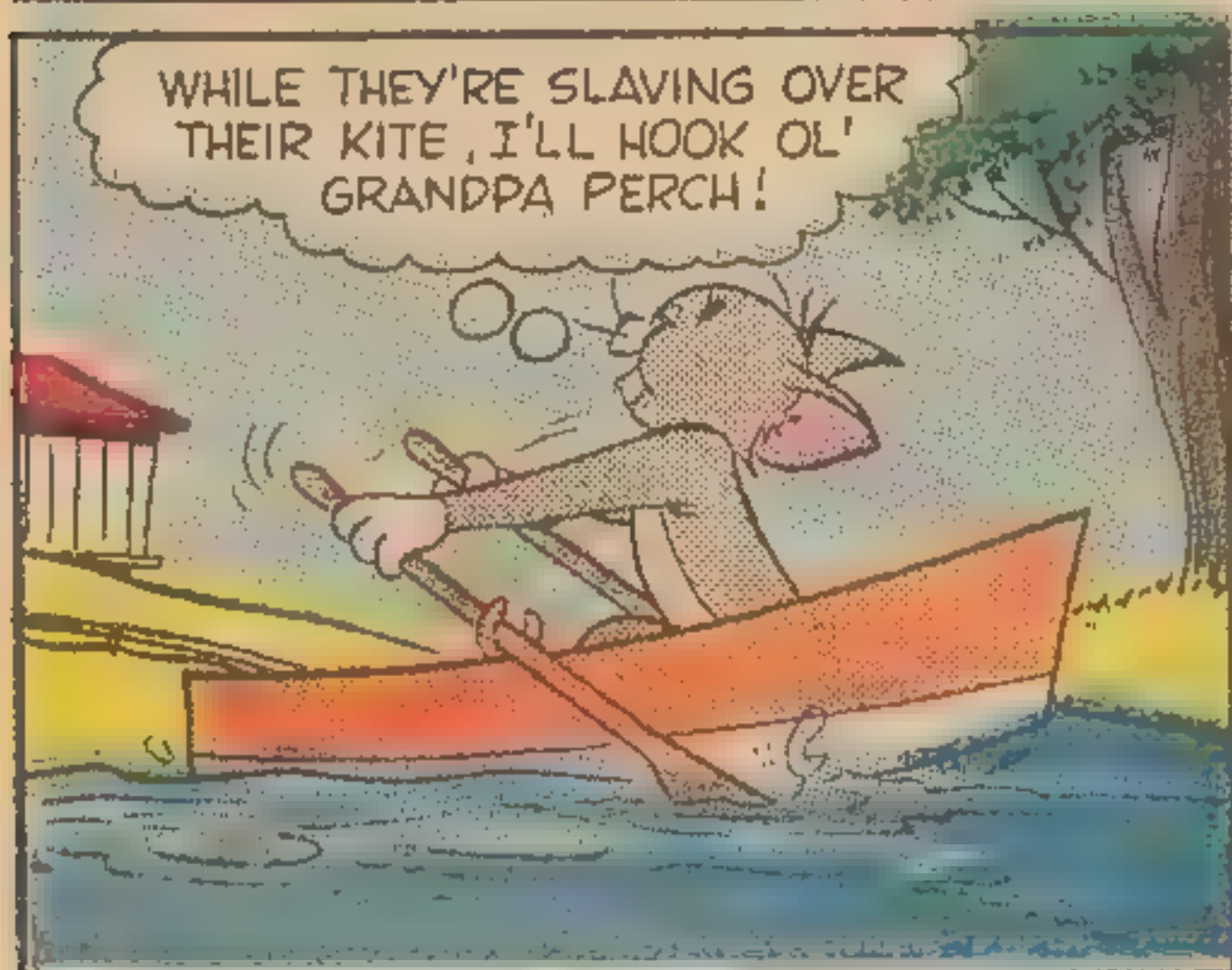
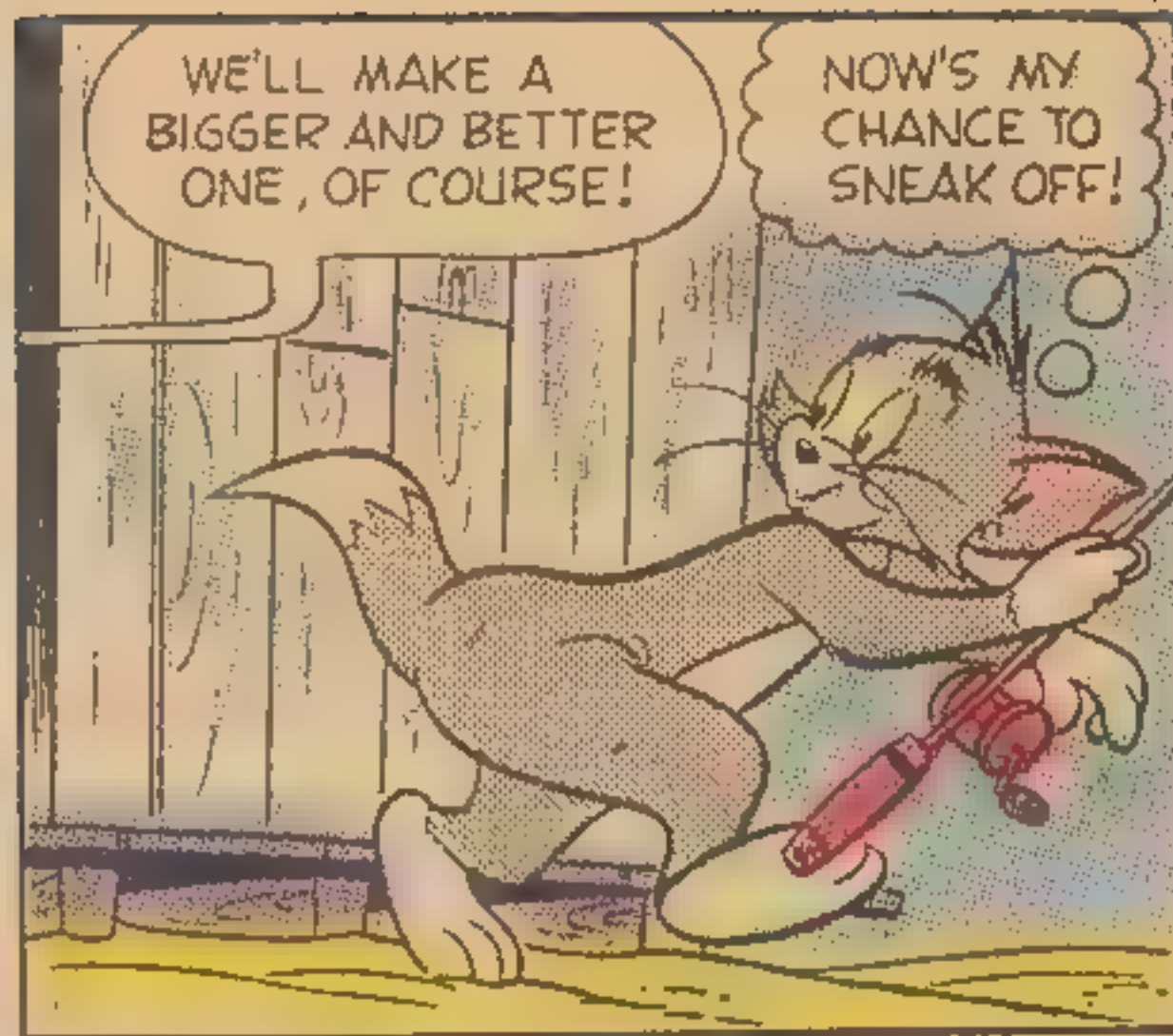
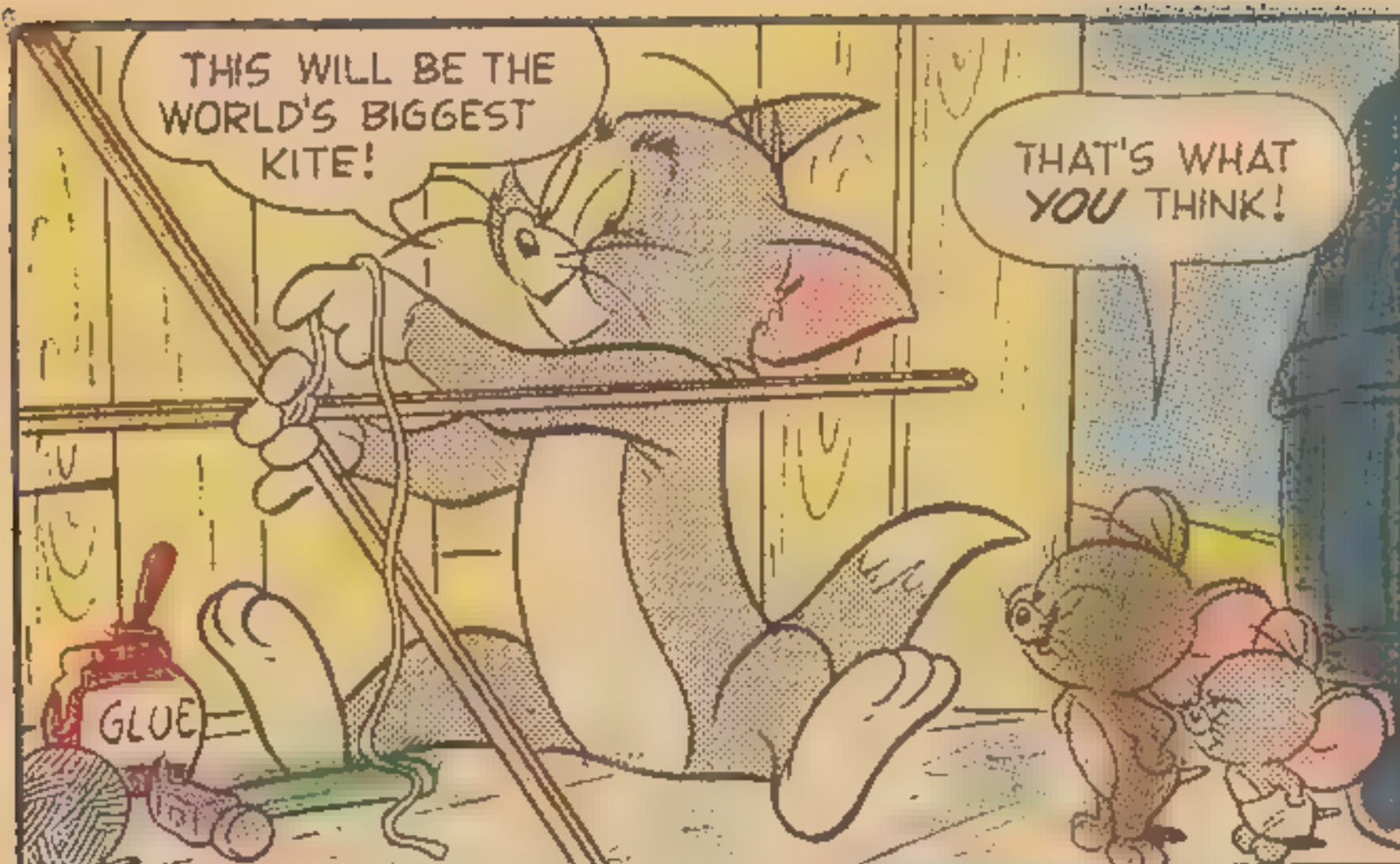
BUT I CAN'T LET
THEM SEE ME GO
OUT FISHING...

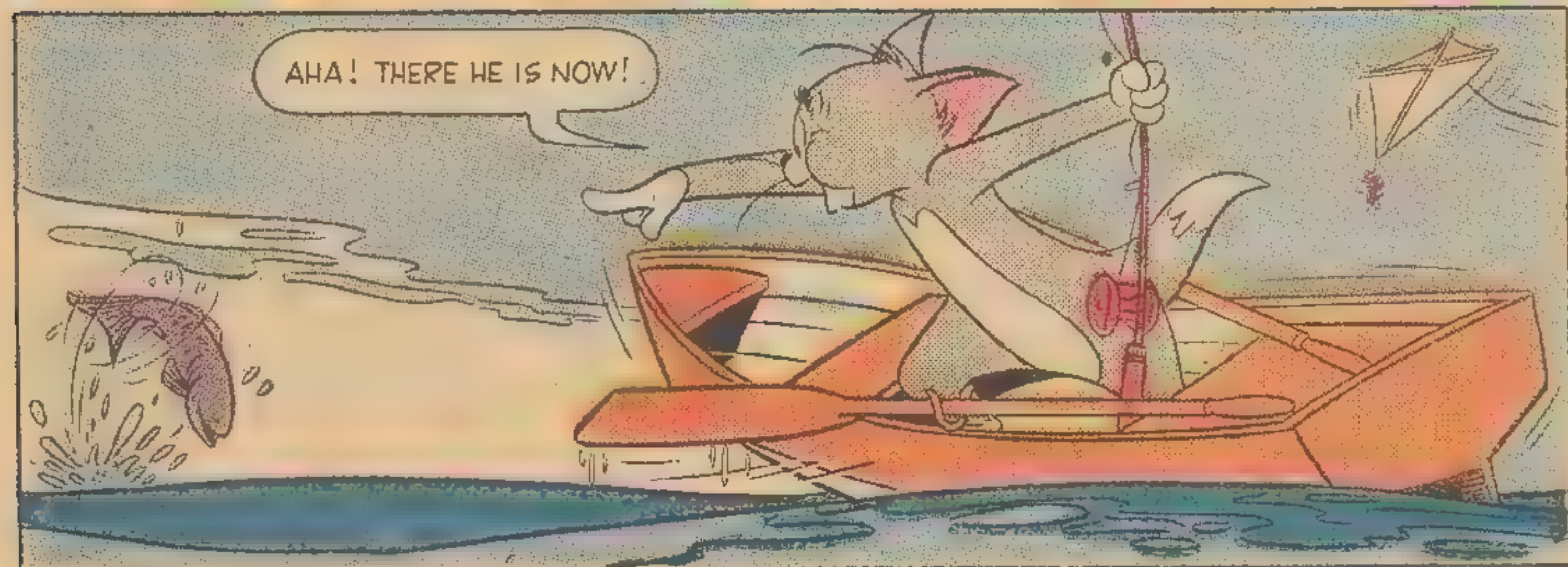
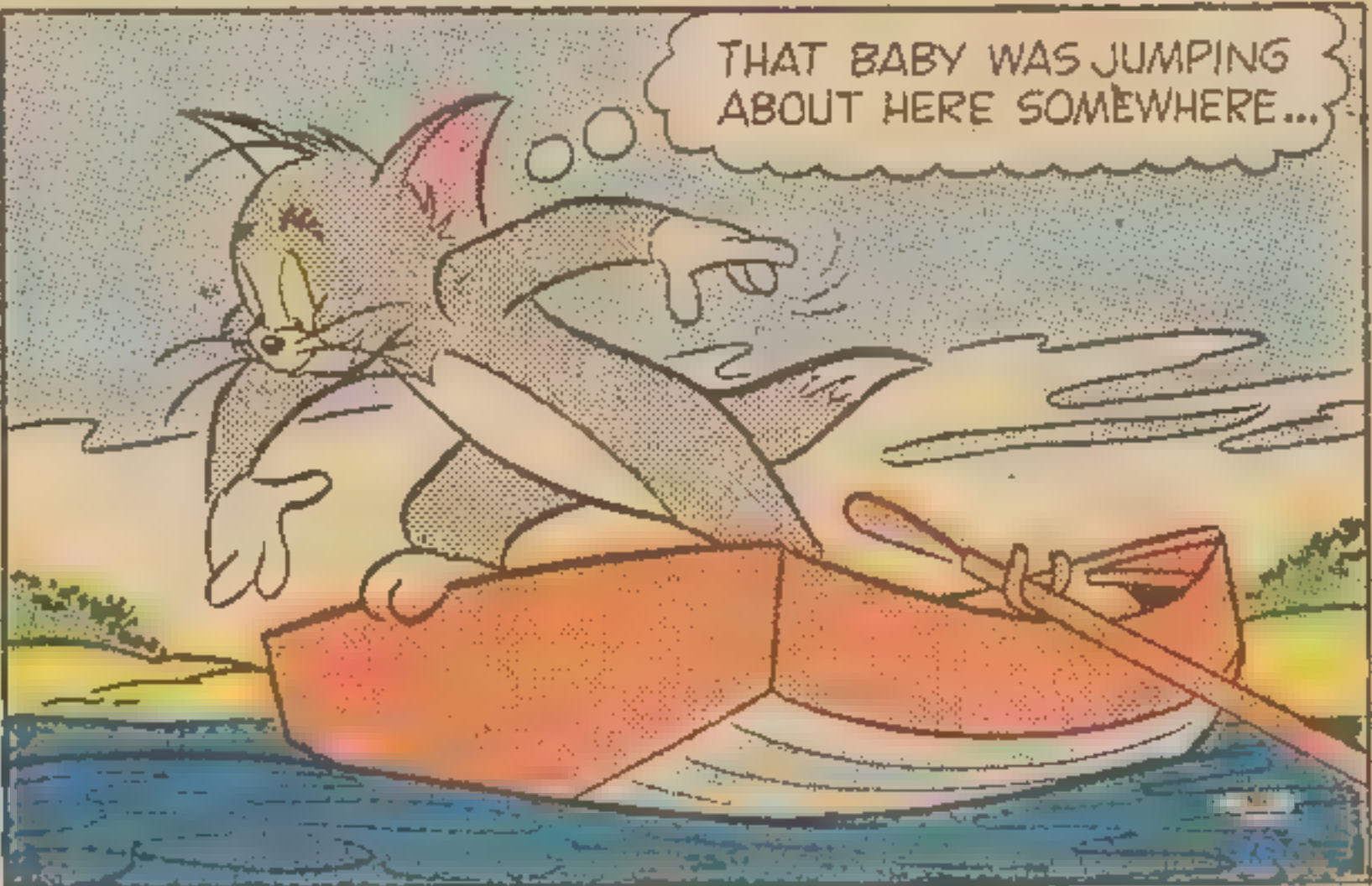
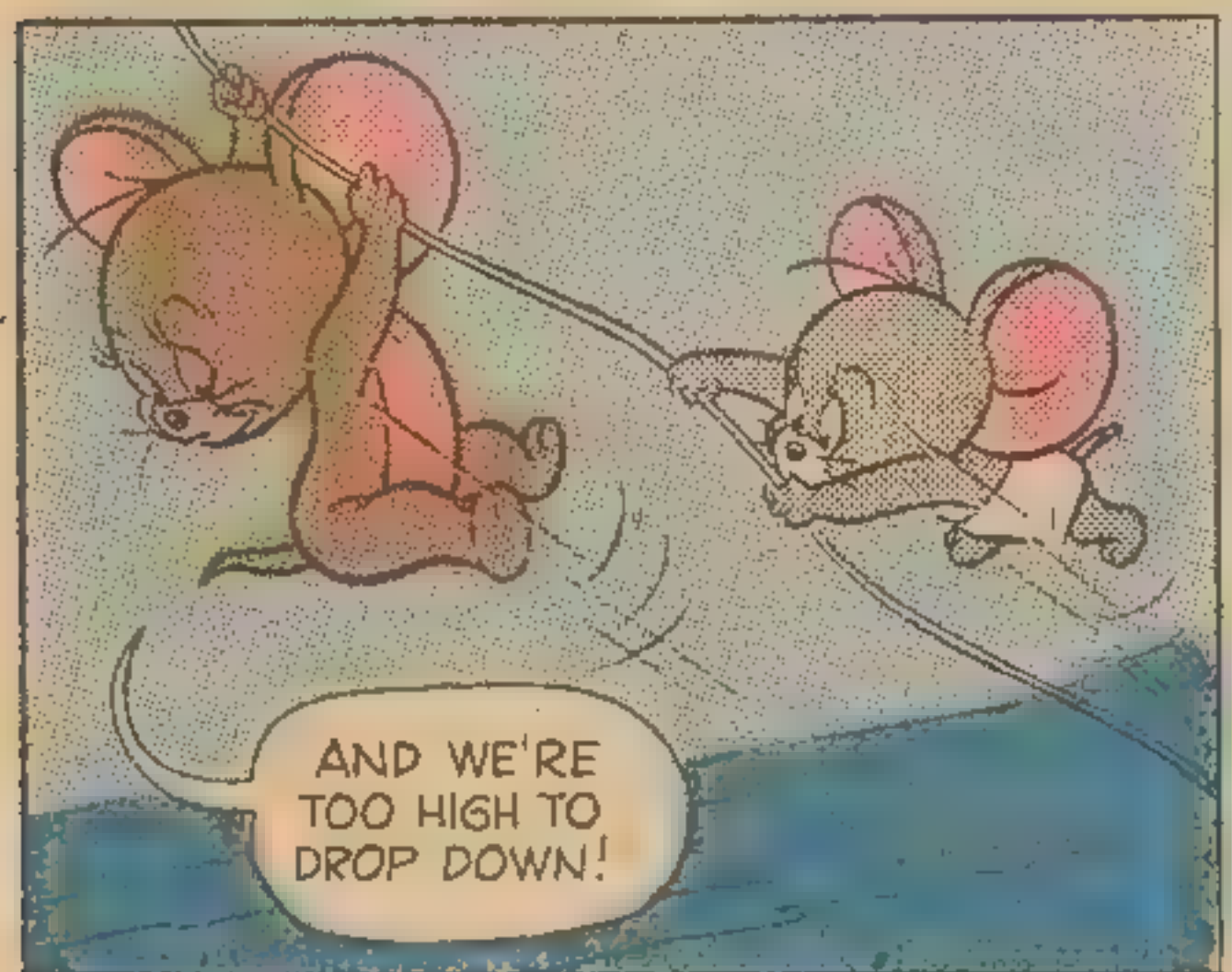
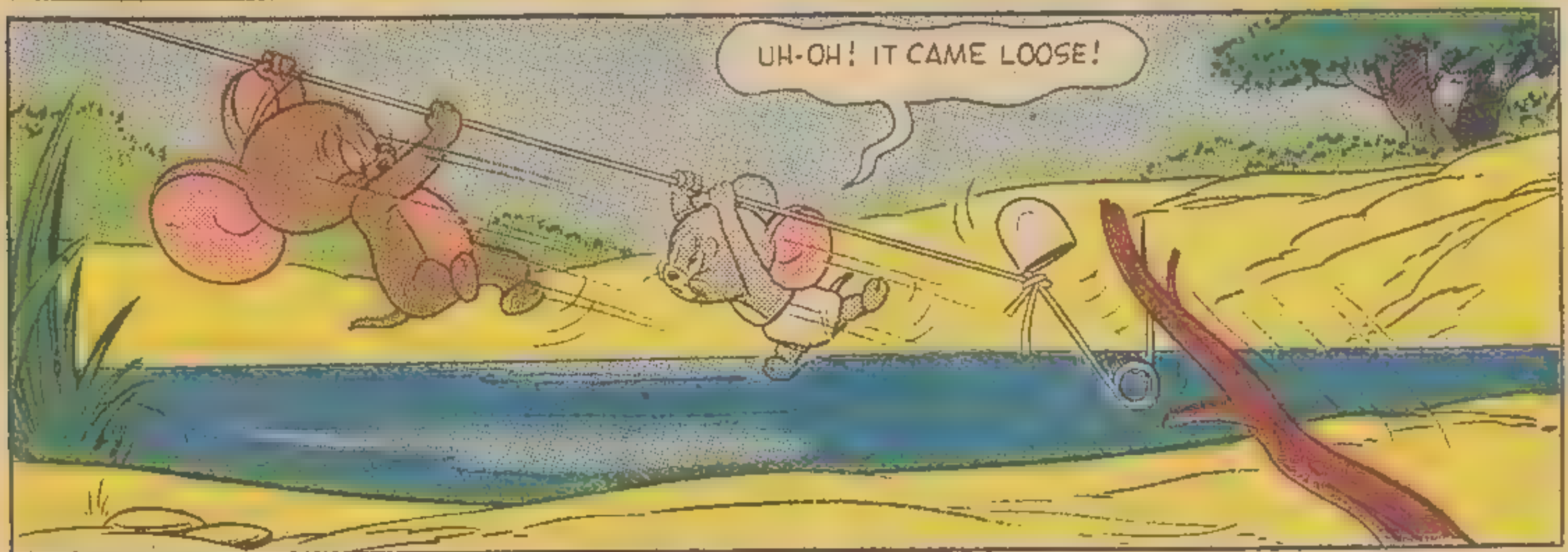
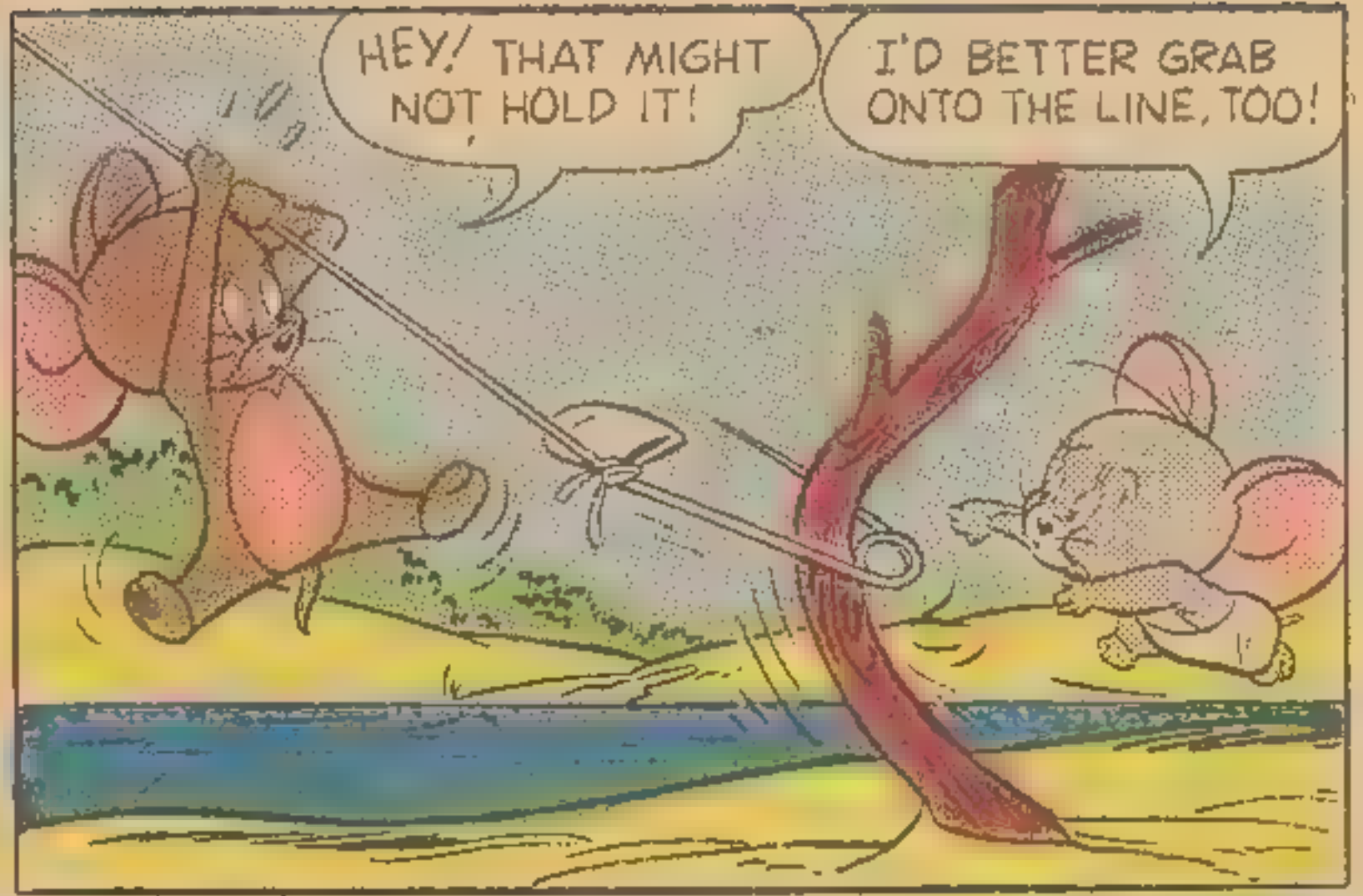
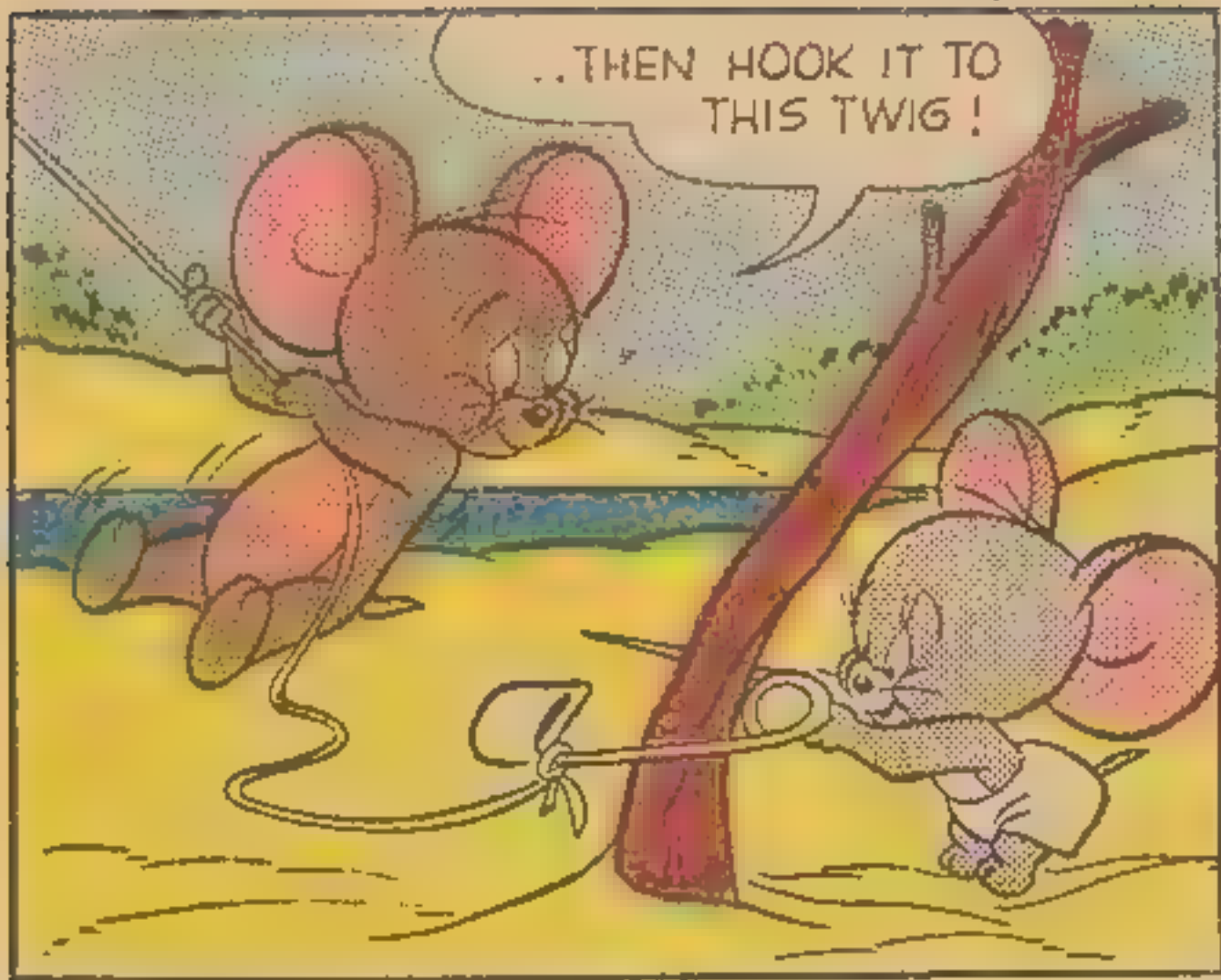
...OR THEY'D COME ALONG AND
CATCH IT THEMSELVES!

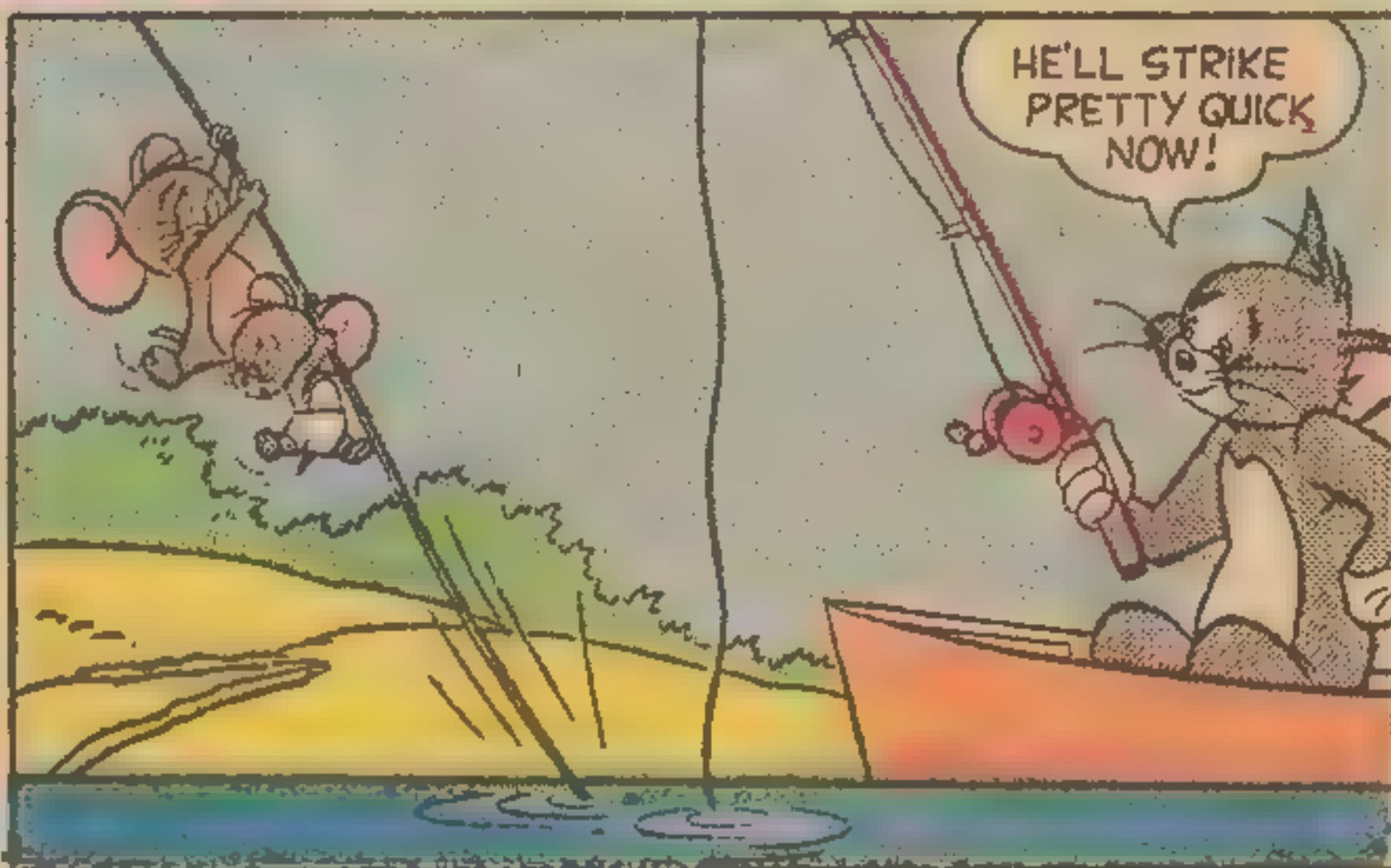
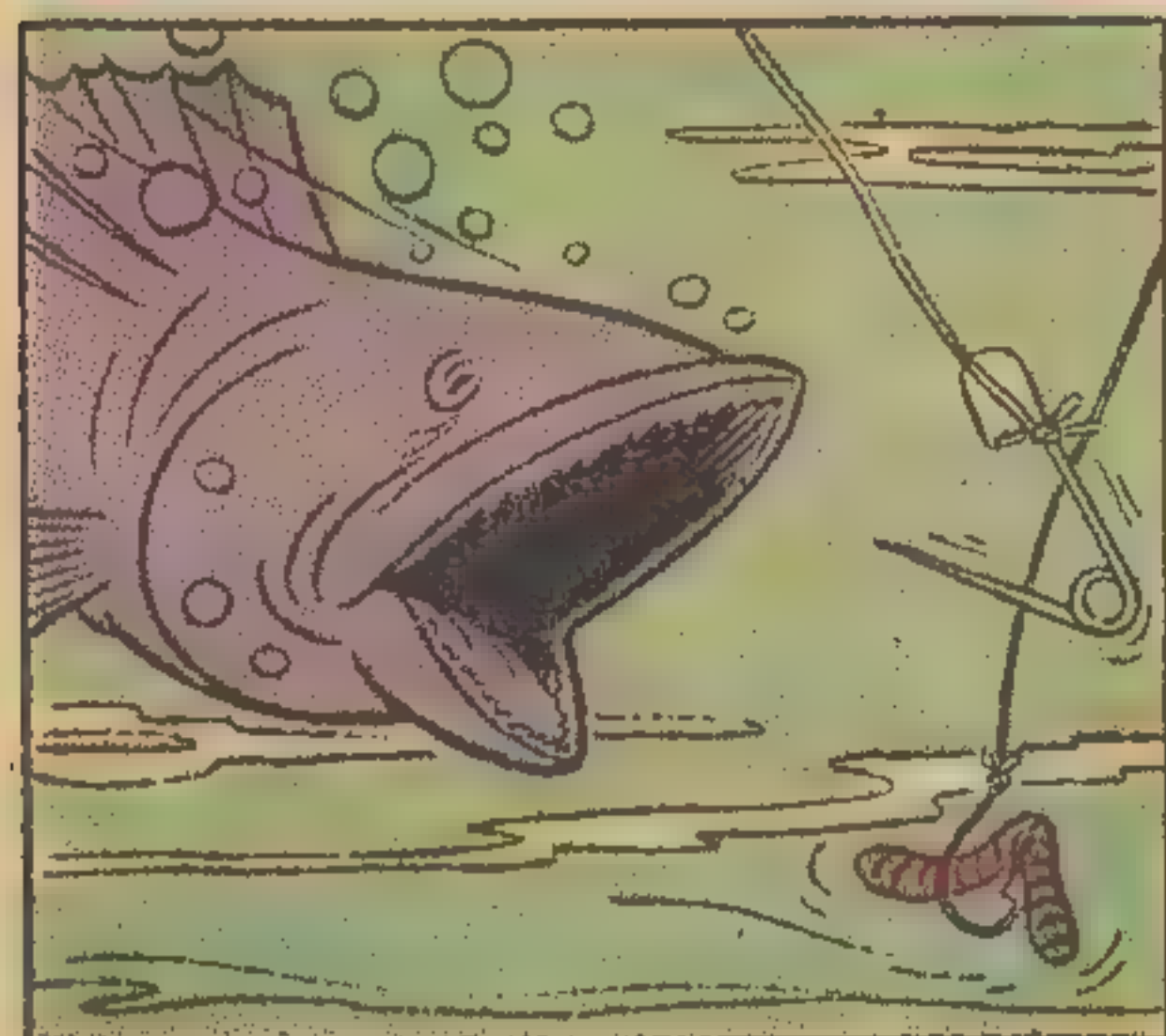
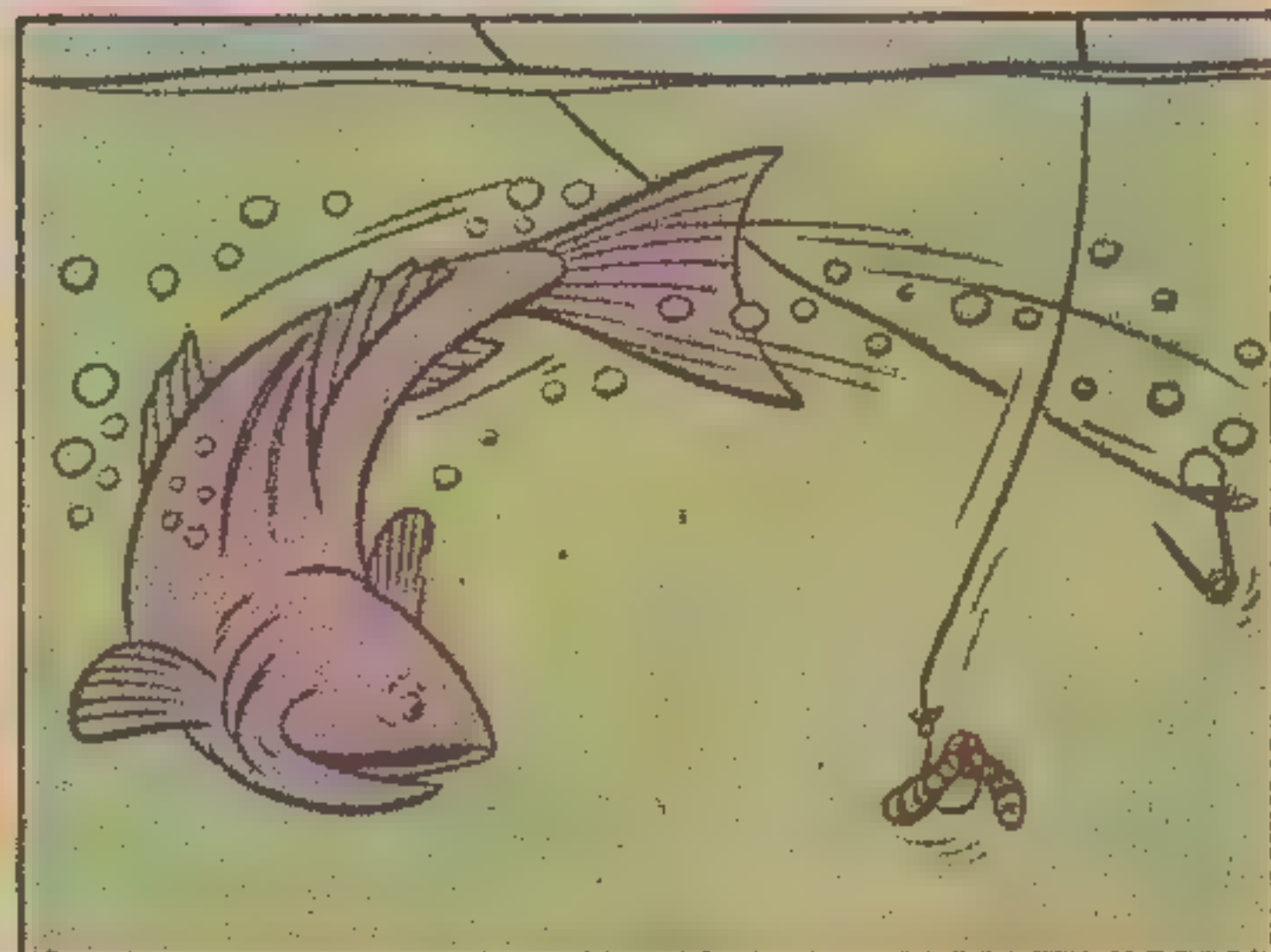
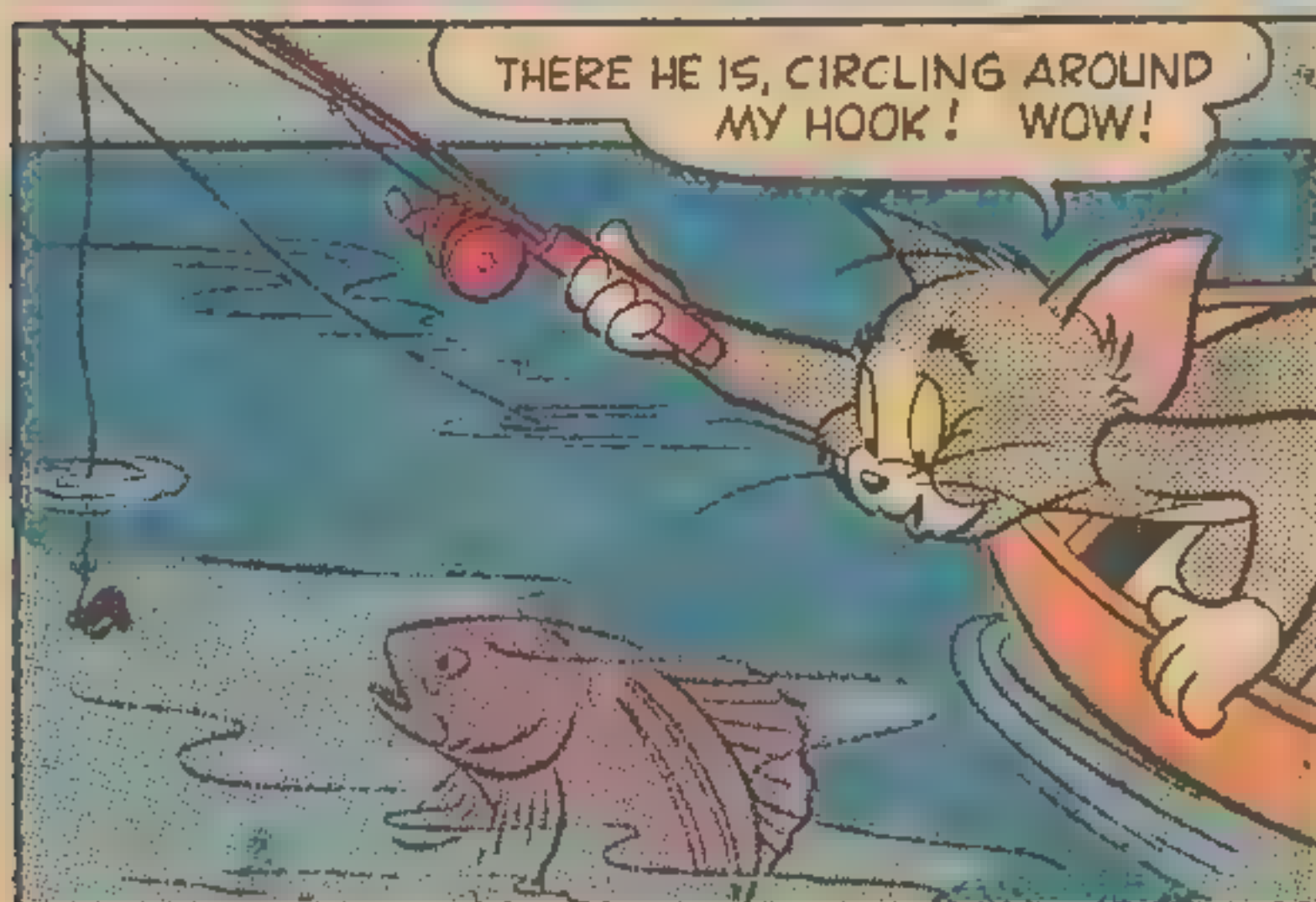
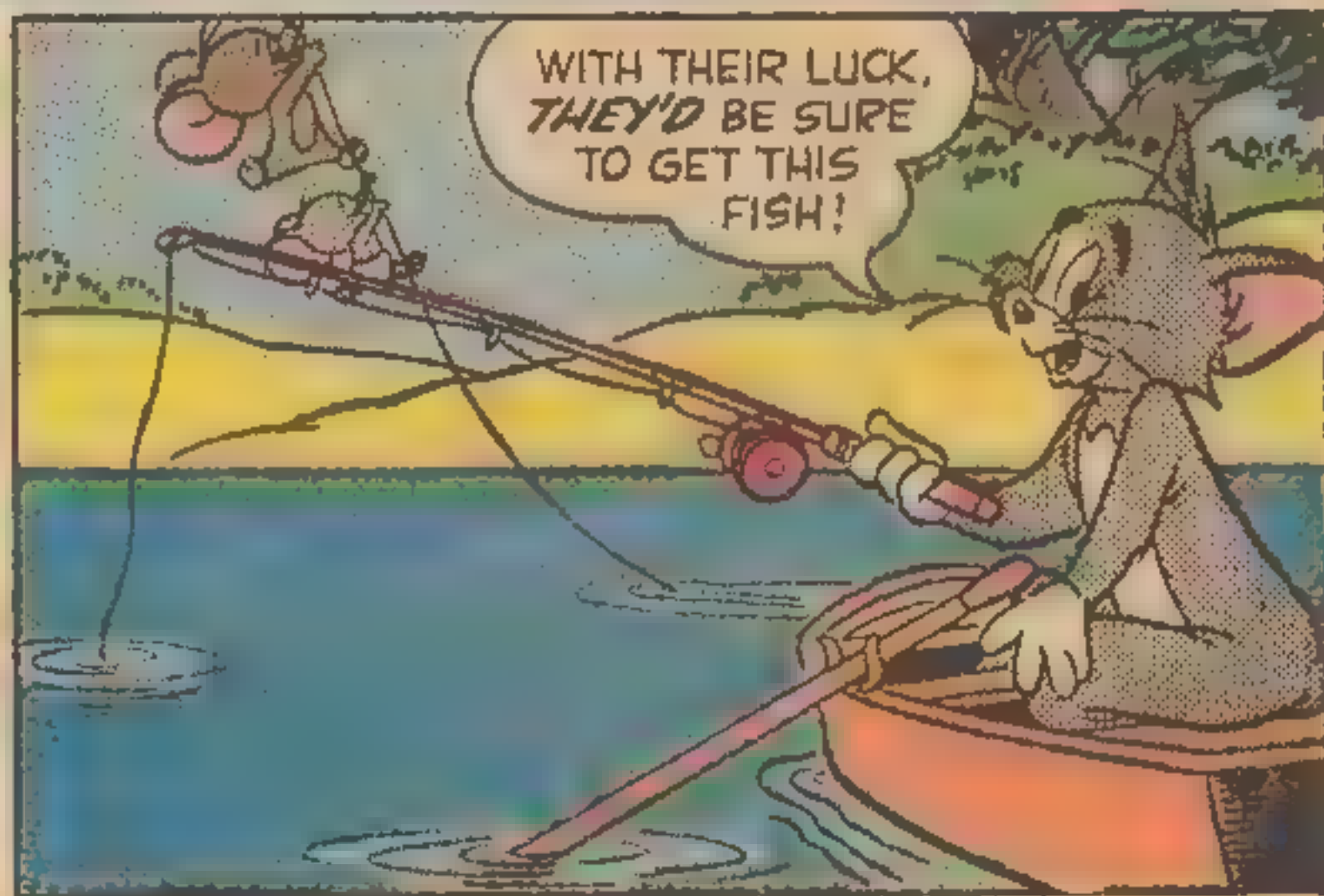
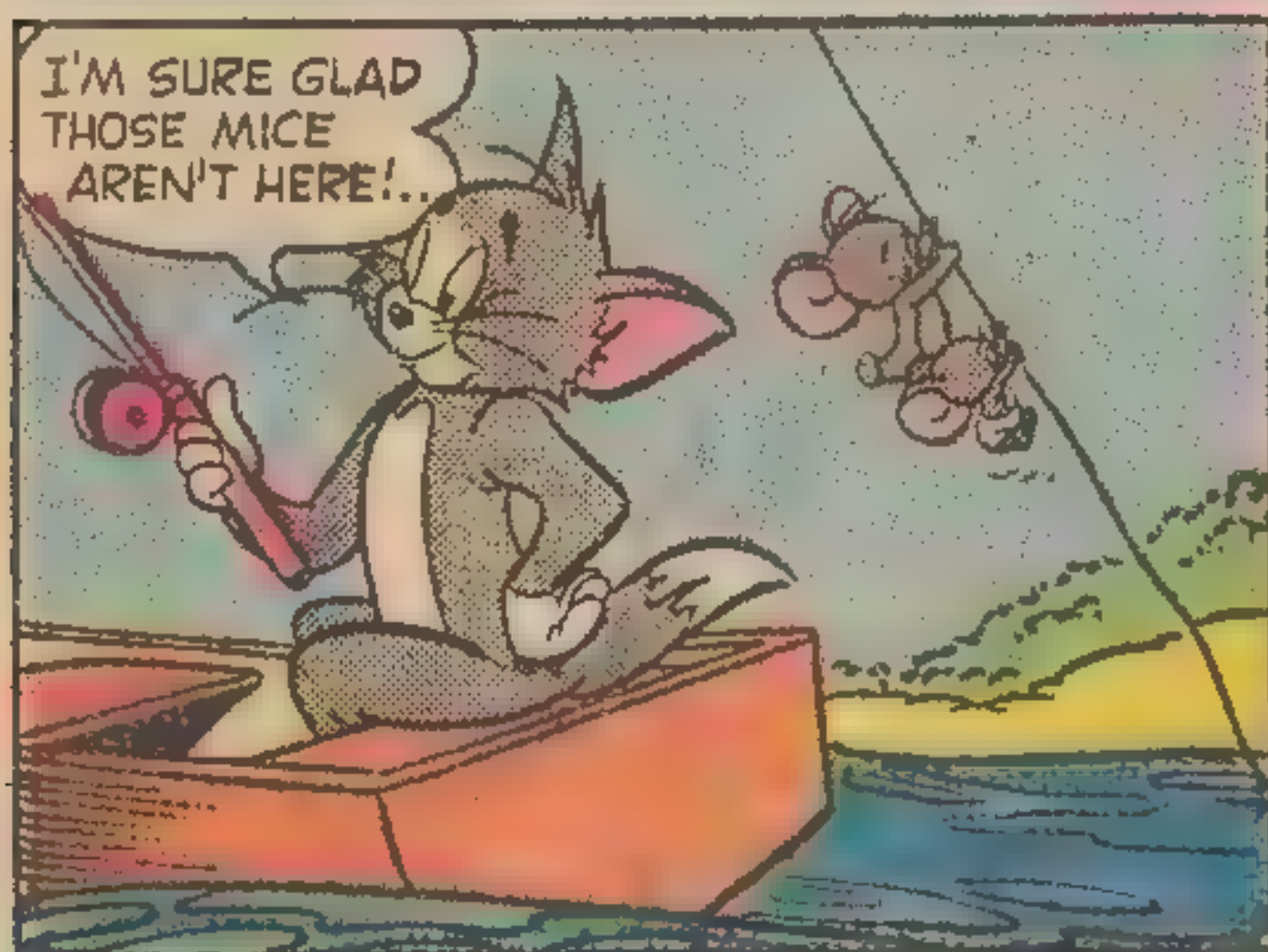
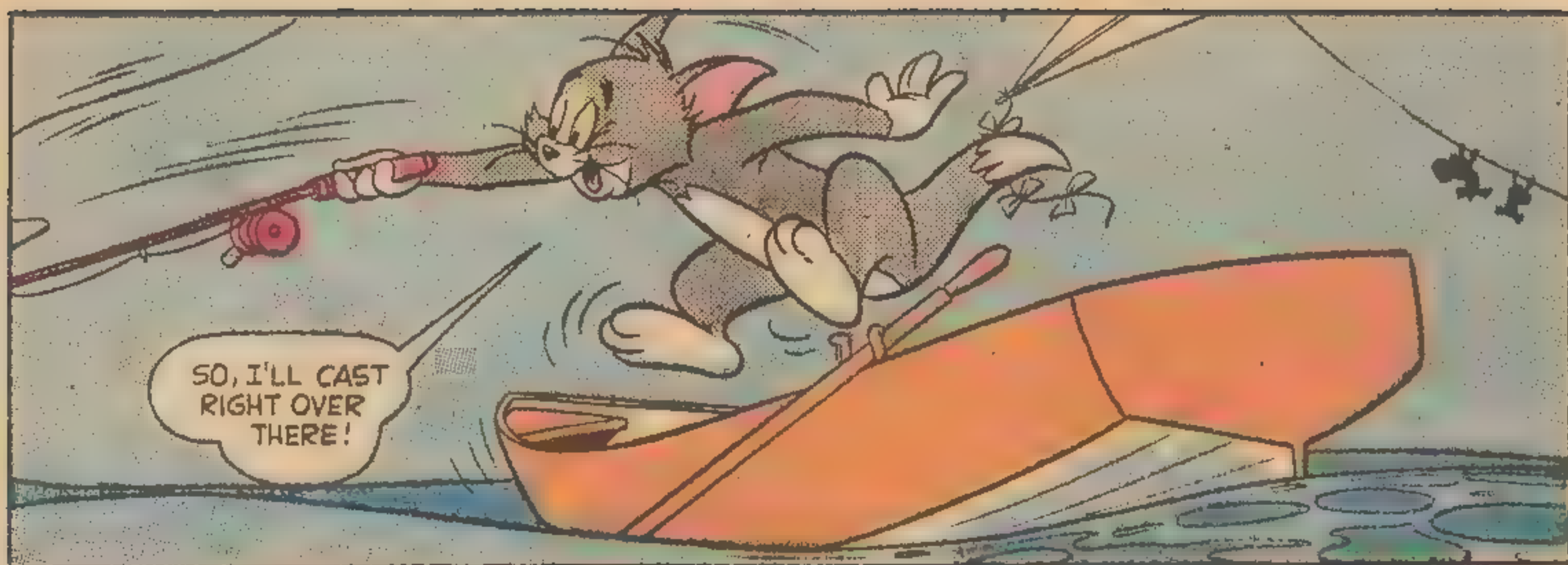
BUT I
HAVE AN
IDEA...

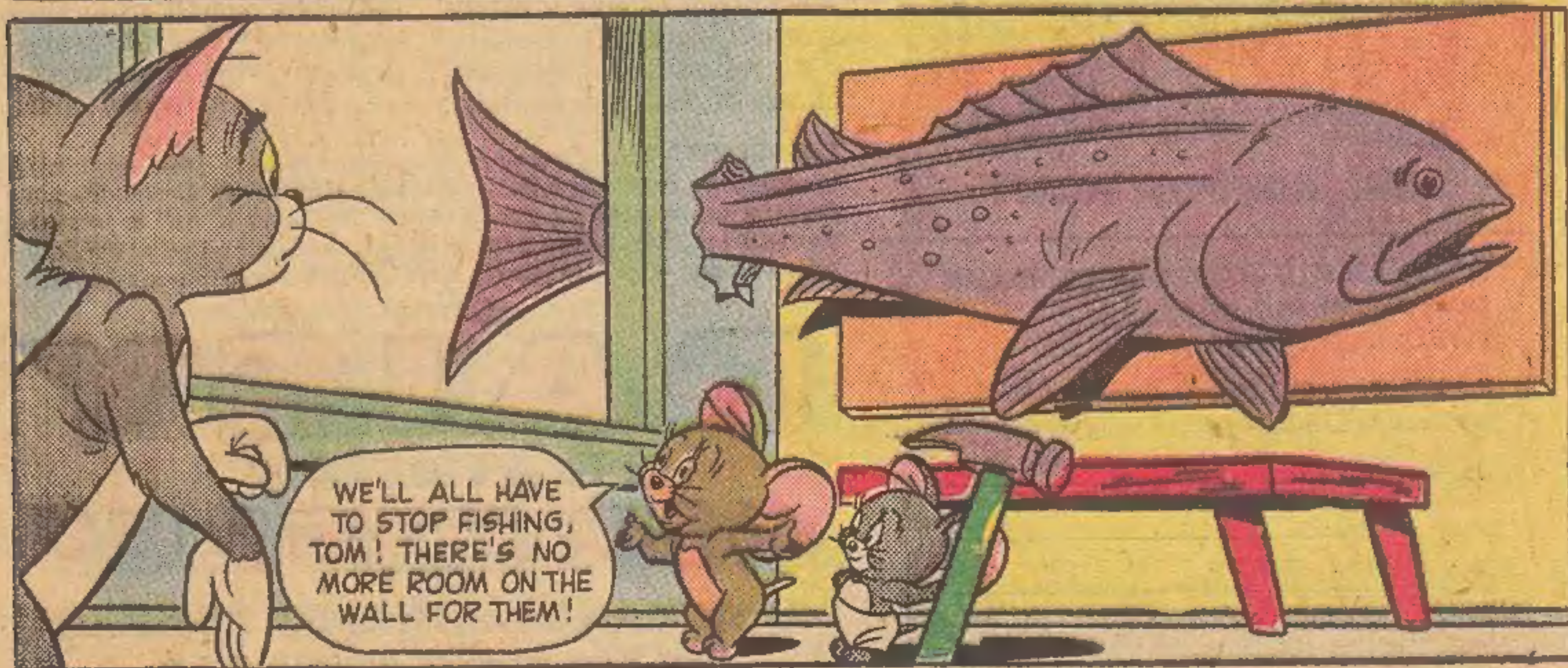
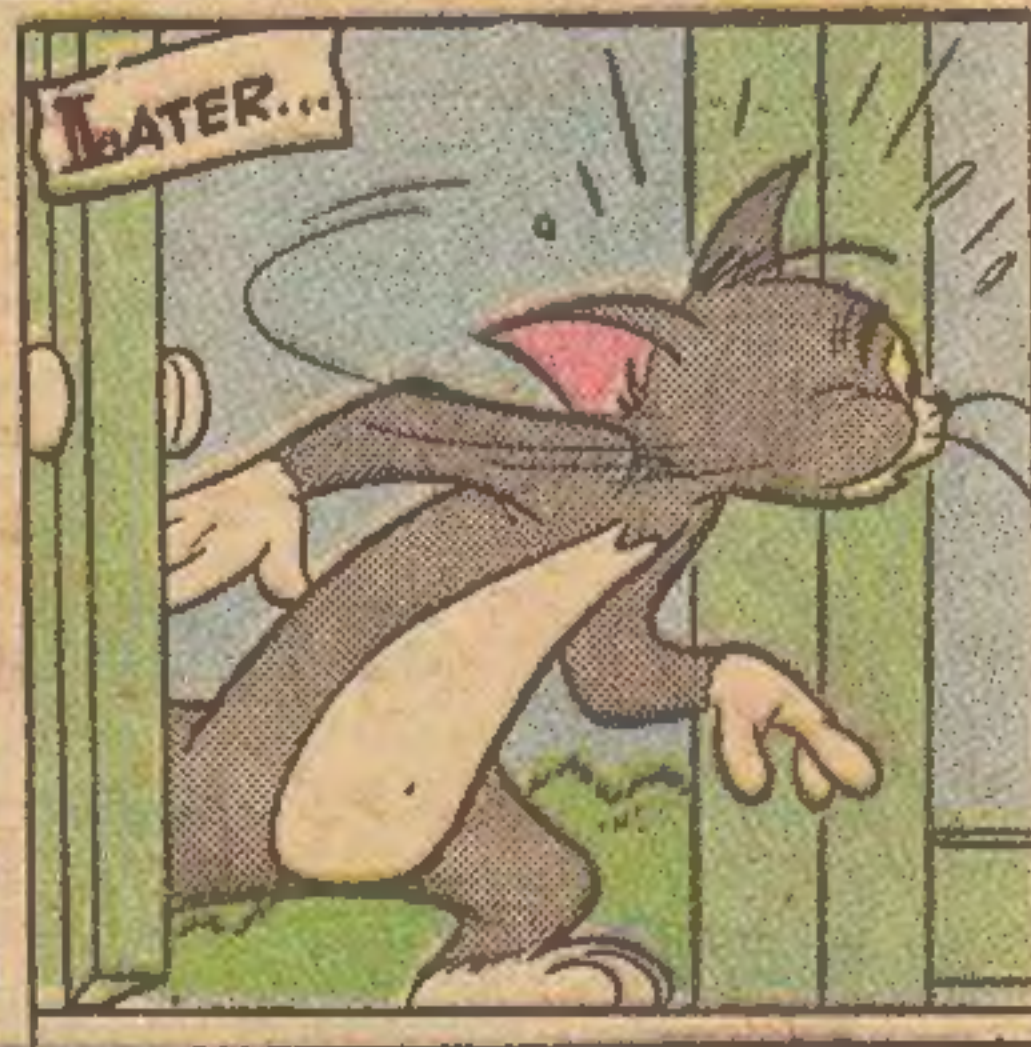
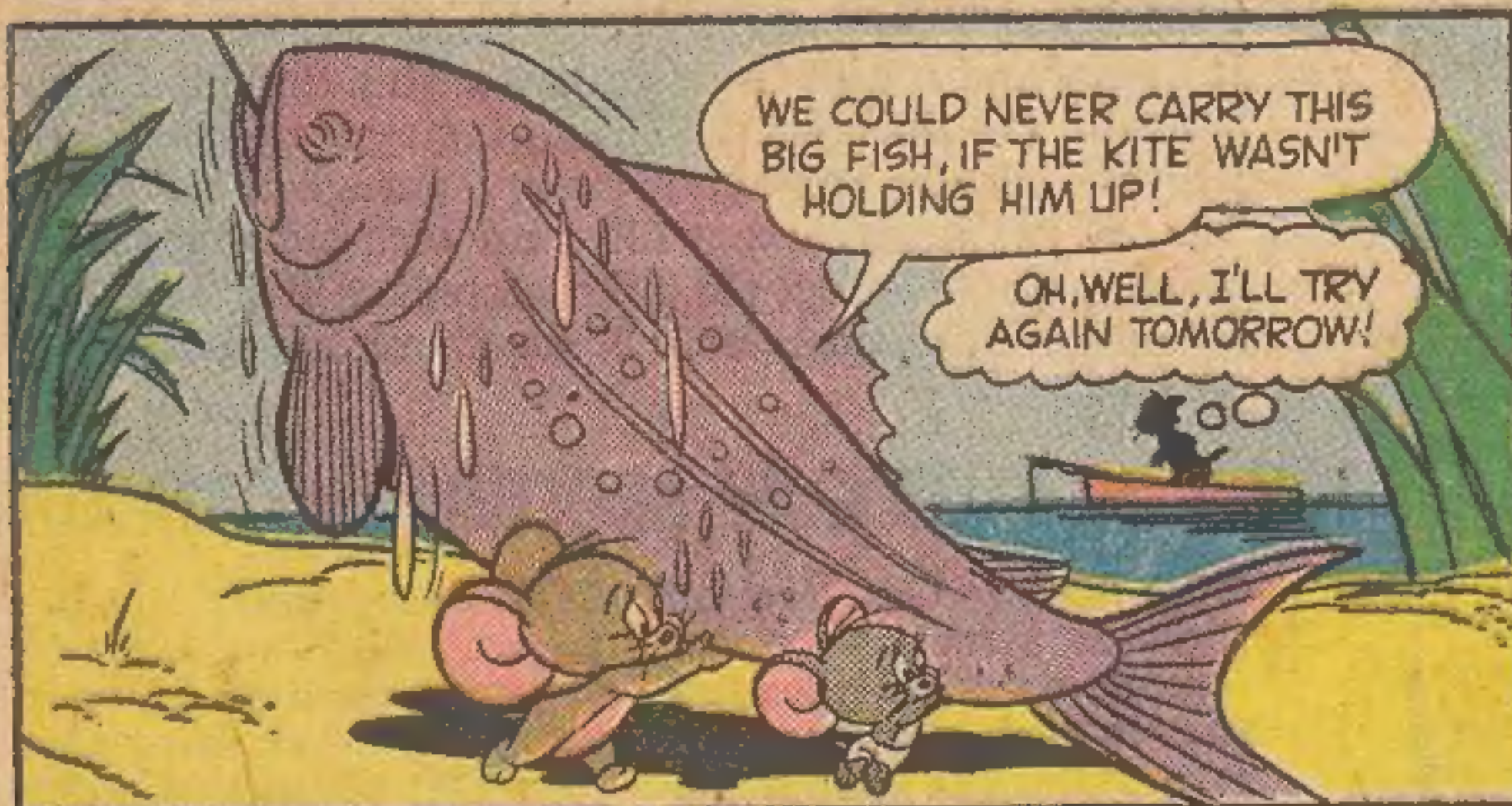
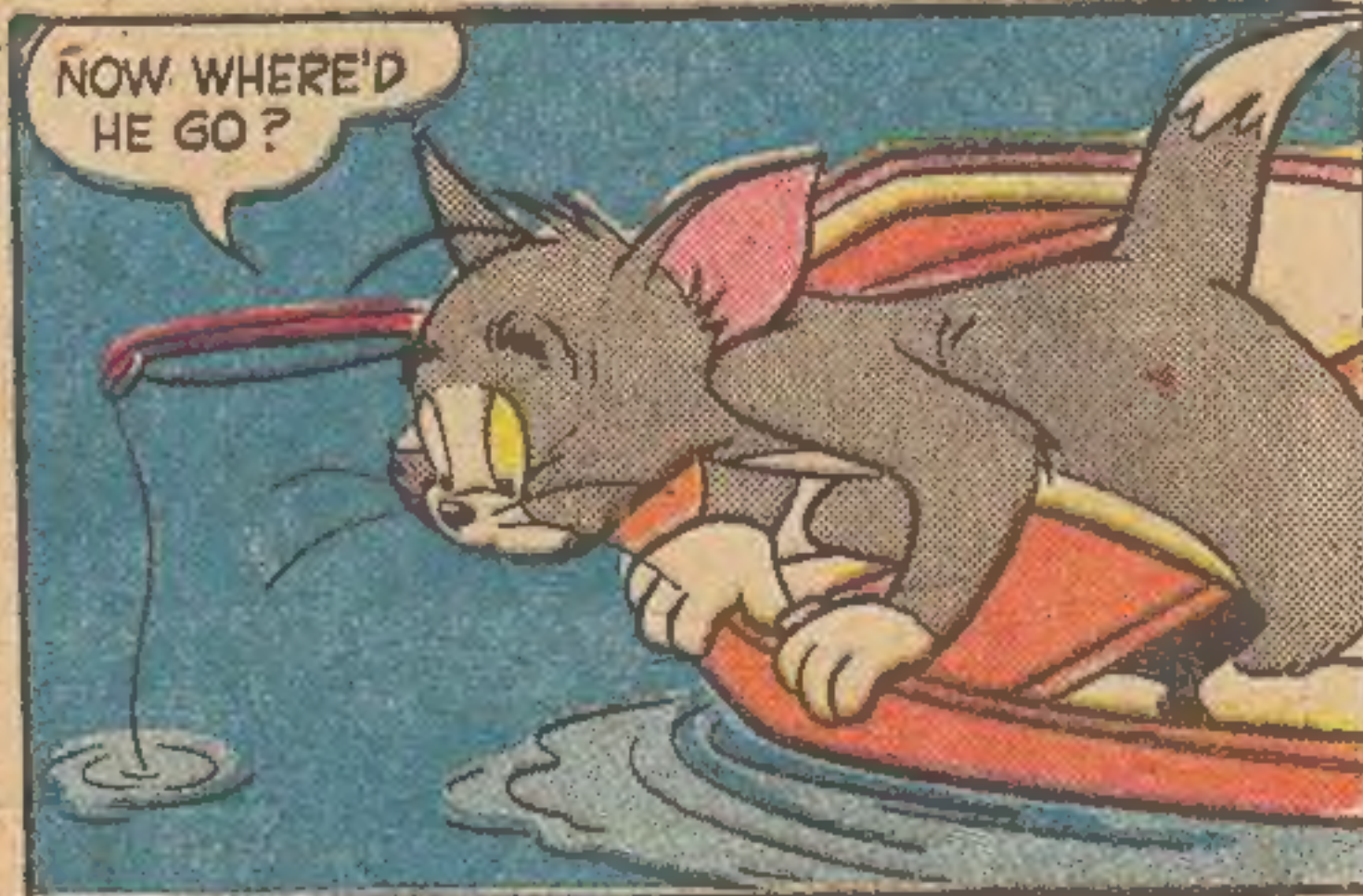
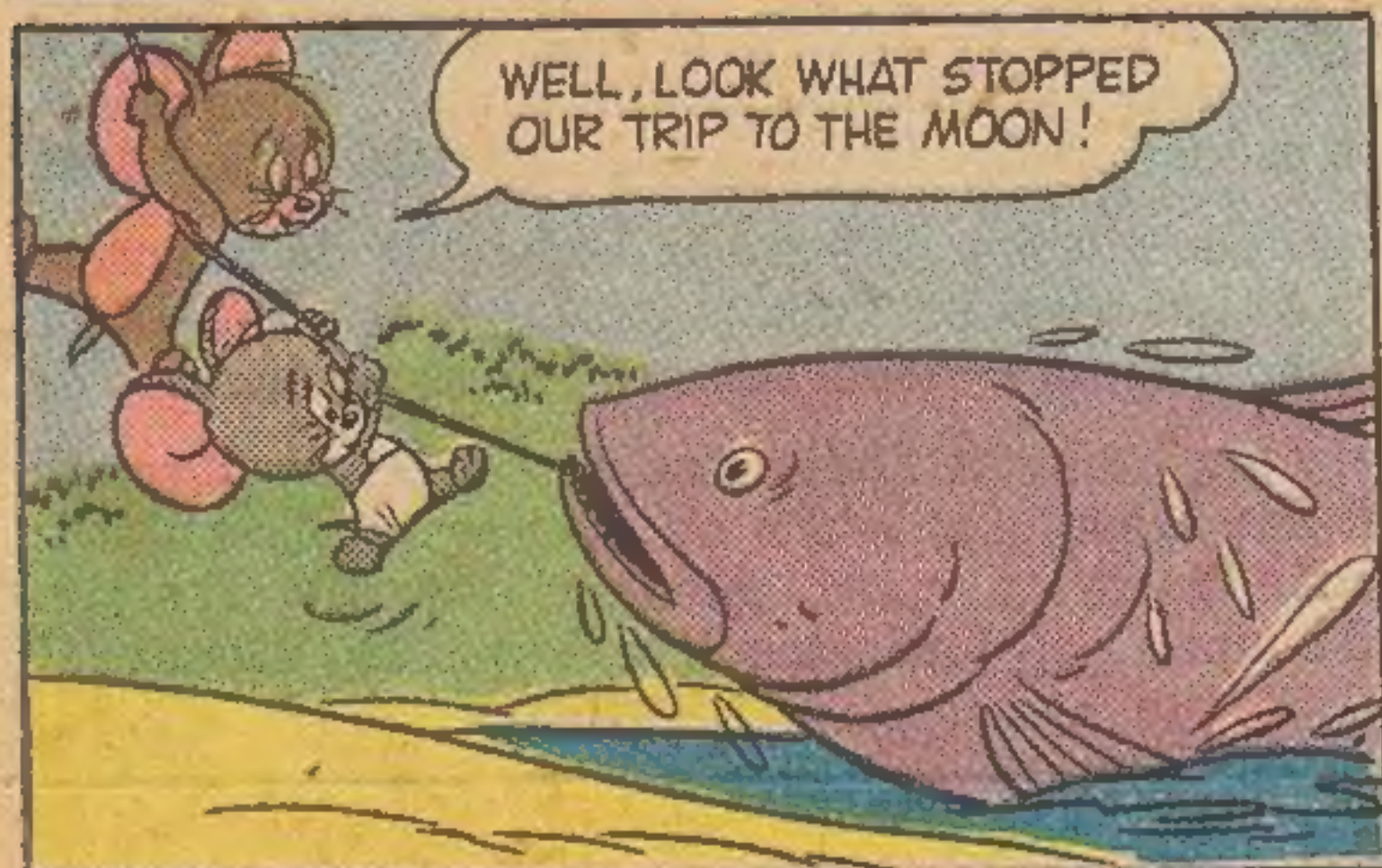
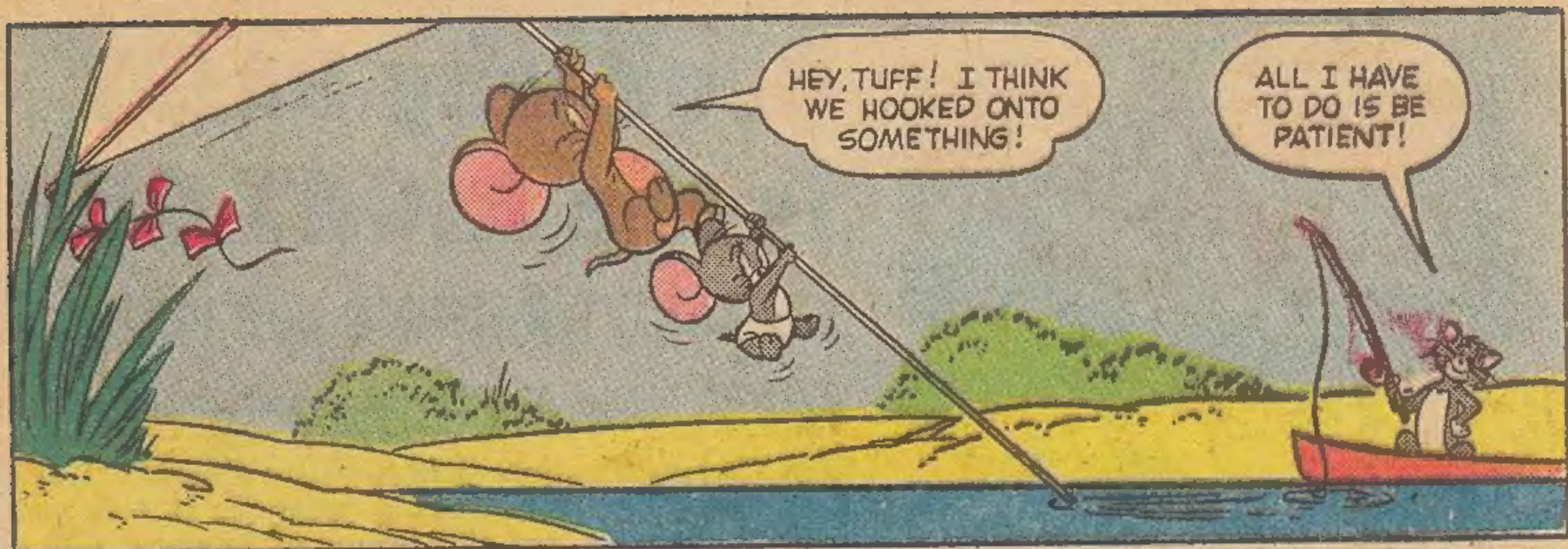
WHAT'RE YOU
GOING TO DO, TOM?

WHY, I'M GOING
TO MAKE SOMETHING,
BOYS!









DAD

(MOTHER, TOO)



National Rifle Association Medals



Boy Scouts of America Merit Badge

Read why DAISY is the RIGHT GUN

For EARLY TRAINING and FUN . . .

Since 1888 Daisy Air Rifles have used the same safer spring-type action—the safer short range—the safer low “factory limited” power! *Today* Daisys are approved for the marksmanship programs of National Rifle Association, the Boy Scouts of America. *Today* Daisys are used in schools, camps, air rifle clubs and homes to teach proper gun handling faster, more safely, more economically. Daisy is the accepted “first” gun.

Many Dads enjoy using the Daisy for inexpensive home target practice. Daisy shooting is also F-U-N for the whole family—from seven to seventy years old!

Buy your junior a Daisy and teach safety through skill. See Daisy Air Rifles on display today at your favorite hardware, sports goods or department store. Mail coupon now for instructive, free Daisy literature!

OTHER DAISY TRAINING ADVANTAGES

It's easy and fun to train juniors with a famous Daisy because: (1) the official NRA spring-type range is only 15 feet—shorter than your auto; a garage or 20' room will do; (2) store cartons filled up with old magazines make a safe backstop; (3) a Daisy costs as little as \$5.95; (4) ammunition costs only 5¢ for about 125 shots.

Free 32-PAGE GUN BOOK • 20-PAGE CLUB BROCHURE • CATALOG



MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Safety Training Dept. P-637
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Send Gun Book, Club Brochure, Catalog postpaid.
My ☐ son or ☐ daughter asked me to read this ad.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Man ☐ Woman. Write group name below
(if for any organization): _____

GUN BOOK: Gun Section pictures America's most famous historical rifles and pistols each described by gun collector authority. Also explains how a Daisy works. Lists NRA Qualification Course for BB guns, shows NRA BB gun medals!

CLUB BROCHURE: Big 20-page Book tells how to organize, conduct a junior air rifle club; explains how parents, children, communities benefit from this popular new 15 foot spring-type air rifle marksmanship program. Write now!

IMPORTANT! Because Daisys are often confused with other type air rifles, we emphasize: Daisy is NOT a high-power pneumatic, gas, pellet or compressed air gun. It cannot be “pumped up” to increase power. It has always been a spring-action, short range, low power, low-priced BB gun—best for training boys and girls seven through fourteen.

DAISY

TRAINING AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. P-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SINCE 1888—HEADQUARTERS FOR JUVENILE GUNS, EQUIPMENT



Summer FUN

Summertime is *Daisytime*. Get a Daisy — get in on the fun! Ask Dad to teach you proper gun handling and marksmanship *this summer* with the safer Daisy spring-type BB Rifle!

HOW TO GET YOUR DAISY FASTER

See Daisy ad at left? Tear it out now, hand it to your Dad after supper; ask him to please read it!



FREE!

Complete Daisy Catalog!



MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Please send Complete Daisy Catalog postpaid.

My Dad ☐ or Mom ☐ Did ☐ or Did Not ☐

Read the Other Daisy Ad on Opposite Page

Name

Street and No.

City Zone State



NO. 94: If you like *western* guns, you'll pick Daisy's Red Ryder* Cowboy Carbine, 1000-shot style; carbine ring, leather butt boot. **\$8⁹⁵**

NO. 25: This gleaming, gold-filled "engraved" Daisy Pump Gun will thrill you! Famous force-feed 50-shot repeater. Comes with special new screw-driver for taking gun apart in 2 pieces for vacation travel! Full oval stock. **\$9⁹⁵**

NO. 98: You'll be the proudest person in town with the Daisy Eagle! Looks like Dad's hunting rifle with real 2X Scope mounted and heavy top grain leather sling. 1000-shot style. **\$13⁹⁵**

NO. 1094: Or choose this Cowboy Shootin' Set; canteen, belt, holster, 1000-shot style air rifle. **\$9⁹⁵**

SHOOTERS: You get more BBs for your money in Daisy BB Pack!

PRICES HIGHER CANADA. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. NO DIRECT ORDERS ACCEPTED FROM CANADA.

WHERE TO BUY DAISYS: At hardware, sports goods or department stores. If your dealer is out of stock, send number of model you want (with remittance, name, address); we'll ship postpaid.

*C LICENSED BY RED RYDER ENTERPRISES, INC., N.Y.

DAISY

AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

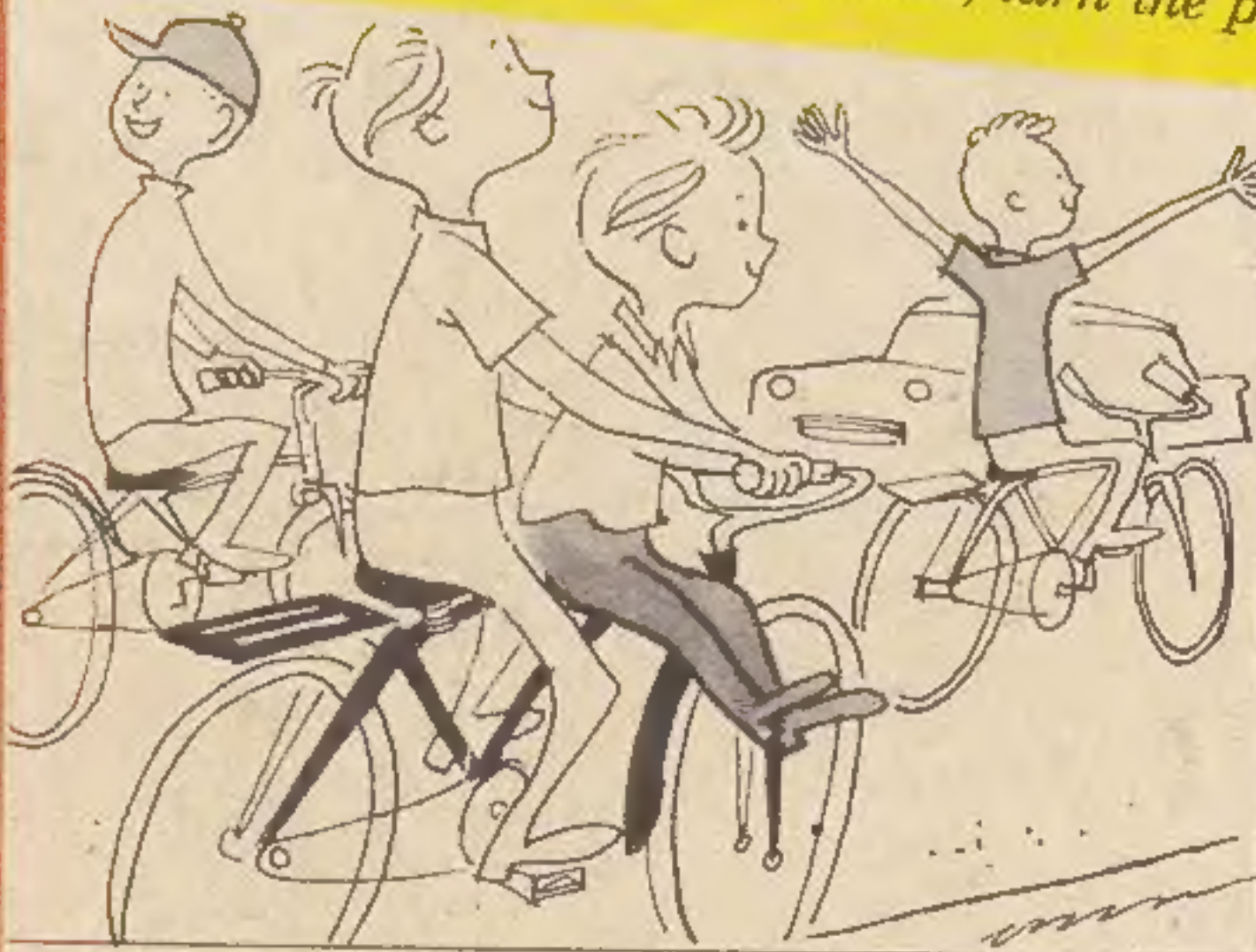
Have Some Fun!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE PICTURES

See if you can tell

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "twelve-star safety expert".

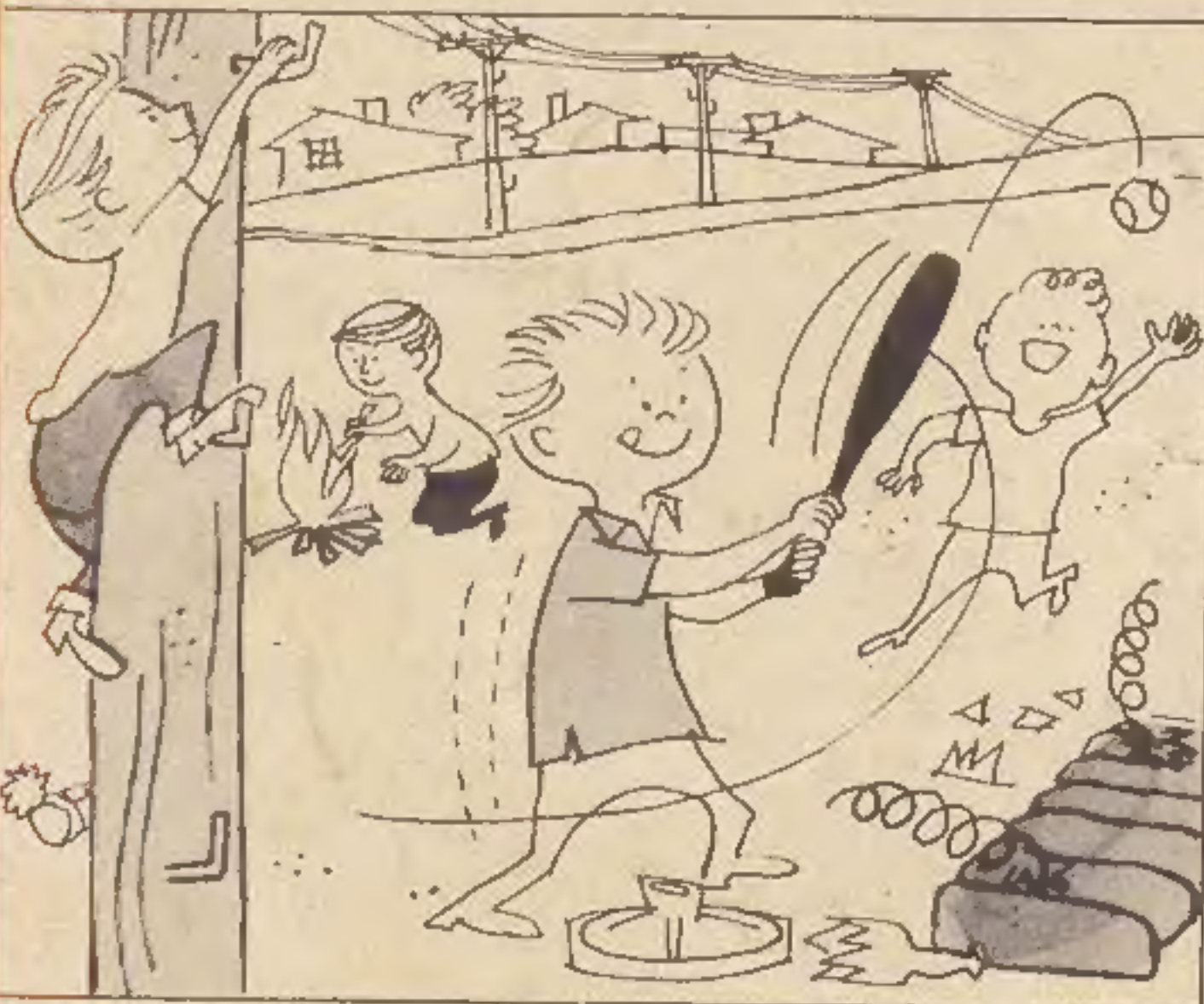
(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



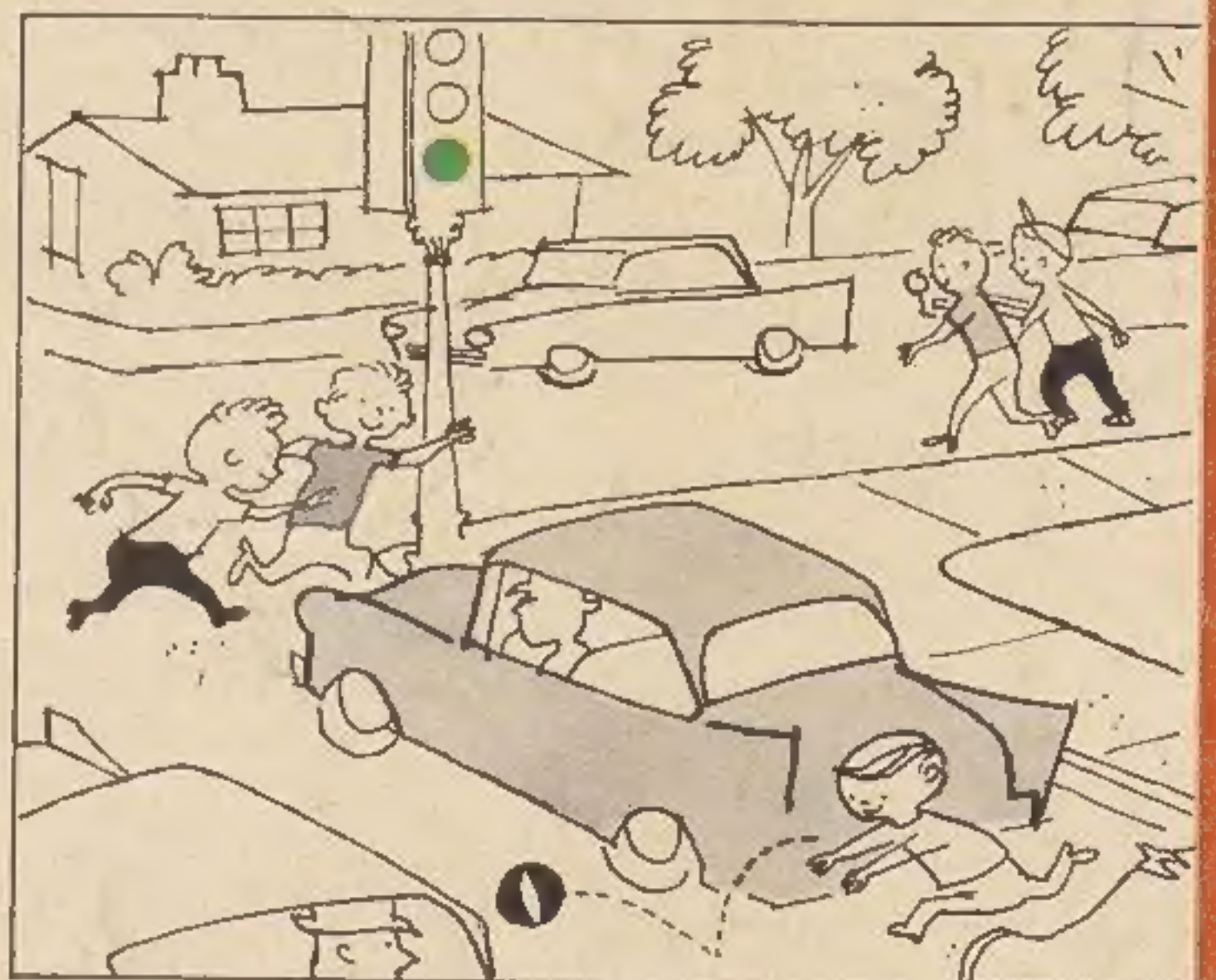
ANSWER: Boys riding double • Boy riding bike, not looking where he is going • Boy riding bike in street without using hands



ANSWER: "Ducking" another boy • Diving in shallow water near rocks • Fake calling for help



ANSWER: Dangerous telephone pole climbing • Youngster playing with fire • Playing where there is broken glass, rocks, etc.



ANSWER: Boys crossing between intersections • Boy chasing ball into street • Boys crossing against light

HERE'S ANOTHER RIGHT ANSWER!

Chew swell-tasting JUICY FRUIT GUM after every meal! The good, natural chewing helps keep teeth clean. Remind your Mom to bring some home.

